

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

H u m o r i s t.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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PART THE THIRD.

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CONTENTS OF THE THIRD PART

FOR 1845.

	PAGE
CONFESSIONS and Observations of a Water-Patient, in a Letter to the Editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.	1
The Mouser-Monarchy. By John Hamilton Reynolds, Esq.	17
The Privatter's-man, a Hundred Years ago. By Captain Marryat, R. N.	24, 176, 293, 379
The Man Most of us Know. By the Author of "Jacob Omnium"	32
Sonnet from Camoens By Thomas Roscoe	33
The Pirate's Wager. By Charles Hooton	34
The Brown Coach, or, the Lady-Killer. A Romance of Brighton	37
The "9" in the Weathercock Translated from the German of Karl Simrock By John Oxenford	50
The Robertses on their Travels. By Mrs Trollope	51, 163, 317, 448
The Rivers and Cities of Babylonia By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.	57
Death and Immortality From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. By John Oxenford	65
Nay, smile Again. By J. L. Forrest	67
The Wolves and the Sheep. (<i>Æsop Illustrated</i> .) By the Author of "Peter Priggins"	68
The Fortune of France, or, the Hotel de Cluny. By Dudley Costello, Esq.	80
How Shall I Meet Thee?	86
Lights and Shades in the Life of a Gentleman on Half-pay. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo" Nos. XV, XVI, XVII, XVIII	87, 184, 336, 464
Beauchamp, or, the Error By G. P. R. James, Esq.	94, 225, 253, 420
The British Archæological Society at Winchester	110
The Opera	117
The Viscountess's Vision of the Royal Ball. By Mrs Gore	127
Lazy Corner, or, Bed <i>versus</i> Business. From the Italian of Berni. By Leigh Hunt	143
Sonnet, to Miranda By Thomas Roscoe	148
The Travels and Opinions of Mr. Jolly Green	149, 327, 408
Reform your Waltzing	160
Dante By Thomas Roscoe	183
Morello, or, the Organ Boy's Progress. By L. Mariotti	193
Westminster Cloisters. By Andrew Winter	207
A Sketch of the Lives Lords Stowell and Eldon, together with some Corrections and Additions to Mr Twiss's Life of the Latter Part III. IV.	208, 472
Buried Alive. Translated from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. By John Oxenford	220
Oracles. By Angus B Reach	228
The Ancient Garden. By Andrew Winter	235
The Exploit of Moreno the Texan. By Charles Hooton	285
Have Faith in one Another. By J. E. Carpenter	300
The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing. (<i>Æsop Illustrated</i>) By the Author of "Peter Priggins"	345
Bat, the Portuguese. By Charles Hooton	402
Sonnet from Camoens. By T. Roscoe	417
The Rose's Funeral. By J. Oxenford	418
Sleep. By T. Roscoe	445
The Pimlico and Pentonville Direct Railway	446

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH (for September) [†] —Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara, in the years 1843-1845, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stodart and Captain Conolly. By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., L.L.D. &c.—The White Boy; a Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.—New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakspeare. Supplementary to all the Editions. By Joseph Hunter, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and an Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records.—Poetry.—The Story of a Royal Favourite. By Mrs. Gore.—The Practical Cook, English and Foreign. By Joseph Breghon and Ann Miller.—Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family. By Andrew Archibald Paton, Esq.	119—126
<hr/>	
(for October):—Antonio Perez et Philippe II. Par M. Mignet.—The Quaker City; or, the Monks of Monk Hall. By George Lippard, Esq.—Love and Mesmerism. By Horace Smith, Esq.—Delassements Culinaires. Par A. Soyer, du Reform Club.—Dashes at Life with a free Pencil. By N. P. Willis.—The Master Passion, and other Tales and Sketches. By Thomas Colley Grattan, Esq.—The Tiara and the Turban, or, Impressions and Observations of Character within the Dominions of the Pope and the Sultan. By S. S. Hill, Esq.—Revelations of Spain in 1845. By T. M. Hughes.—The Purgatory of Suicides a Prison Rhyme in Ten Books. By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist.—Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family. By Andrew Archibald Paton, —The English Gentlewoman.—Lord Aberdeen and the Amir of Bokhara, in Reply to the Edinburgh Review.—An Original History of Ancient America. By George Jones, R.S.I., &c., &c.—Collective Edition of Mrs. Bray's Novels.—Poetry.—Old Jolliffe, not a Goblin Story. By the Spirit of a Little Bell, awakened by "the Chimes" 237—252	237—252
<hr/>	
(for November) —The Despatches and Letters of Vice-admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, with Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G., Vol. IV.—The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. By Edward Holmes.—Rome its Ecclesiastical and Social Life.—The Attractive Man. By Mrs. Trollope.—History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon. By M. A. Thiery. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq.—Evenings at Haddon Hall. Edited by the Baroness de Calabrella.—The World surveyed in the Nineteenth Century; or, Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions, undertaken chiefly by command of Foreign Governments. Translated, and where necessary abridged, by W. D. Cooley. Vol. I. Journey to Ararat. By Dr. Friedrich Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Dorpat, &c.—Struggles for Fame. By Iliza Meteyard.—Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq.—The Foster-Brother: a Tale of the Chiozza. Edited by Leigh Hunt.—The Levite, or, Scenes Two Hundred Years Ago.—Poetry of the Month.—The Inaugural Address to the Members of the Temperance Institute. By the Vice-President.—Miscellaneous	358—378
<hr/>	
(for December):—Illustrated Works.—Pomfret; or, Public Opinion and Private Judgment.—Arrah Neil; or Times of Old. . By G. P. R. James, Esq.—Dunster Castle. By J. T. Hewlett, M.A.—Memoir of Prince Charles Stuart. By Charles Louis Klose, Esq.—La Soubrette.—The Impostor. By the author of "Anti-Coningsby."—Italy. By L. Mariotti.—Wise Saws and Modern Instances. By T. Cooper, the Chartist.—The O'Donoghue. By Charles Lever, Esq.—Paula Monti. By Eugene Sue.—Githa of the Forest. By the author of Lord Dacre of Gilsland.—Sixteen Years in the West Indies. By Lieut.-Colonel Capadore.—The British and Foreign Institute.—The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini. Translated by Emma Martin.—Mr. Halliwell's Case.—Confessions of a Water-Patient. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.—The Brittany Review.—Miscellaneous	483 to 500

710
13



THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONFESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF A WATER-PATIENT

'IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I am truly glad to see so worthily filled the presidency in one of the many chairs which our republic permits to criticism and letters—a dignity in which I had the honour to precede you, *sub consule Planco*, in the good days of William IV. I feel as if there were something ghost like in my momentary return to my ancient haunts, no longer in the editorial robe and purple, but addressing a new chief, and in great part, a new assembly: For the reading public is a creature of rapid growth—every five years a fresh generation pours forth from our institutes, our colleges, our schools, demanding, and filled with fresh ideas, fresh principles and hopes. And the seas wash the place where Canute parleyed with the waves. All that interested the world, when to me (then Mr Editor), now your humble servant, contributors addressed their articles—hot and seasoned for the month, and like all good articles to a periodical “warranted *not* to keep,” have passed away into the lumber-room where those old maids, History and Criticism, hoard their scraps and relics, and where, amidst dust and silence, things old-fashioned ripen into things antique. The roar of the Reform Bill is still, Fanny Kemble acts no more, the “Hunchback” awaits upon our shelves the resuscitation of a new *Julia*; poets of promise have become mute, Rubini sings no more, Macready is in the provinces; “Punch” frisks it on the jocund throne of Sydney Smith, and over a domain once parcelled amongst many, reigns “Boz.” Scattered and voiceless the old contributors—a new hum betrays the changing Babel of a new multitude. Gliding thus, say, ghostlike, amidst the present race, busy and sanguine as the past I feel that it best suits with a ghost’s dignity, to appear but for an admonitory purpose; not with the light and careless step of an ordinary visitor, but with meaning stride, and finger upon lip. Ghosts, we know have appeared to predict death—more gentle I, my apparition would only promise healing, and beckon not to graves and charnels, but to the Hygeian spring.

And now that I am fairly on the ground, let us call to mind, Mr Editor, the illustrious names which still overshadow it at once with melancholy and fame. Your post has been filled by men, whose fate precludes the envy which their genius might excite. By Campbell, the

Sept.—VOL. LXXV. NO. CCXCVII.

high-souled and silver-tongued, and by Hook from whom jest, and whim, and humour, flowed in so free and riotous a wave, that books confined and narrowed away the stream; to read Hook is to wrong him. Nor can we think of your predecessors without remembering your rival Hood, who, as the tree puts forth the most exuberant blossoms the year before its decay, showed the bloom and promise of his genius most when the worm was at the trunk. To us behind the scenes, to us who knew the men, how melancholy the contrast between the fresh and youthful intellect, the worn out and broken frame; for, despite what have seen written, Campbell when taken at the right moment, was Campbell ever. Not capable indeed, towards the last, of the same exertion, if manifested by those poor evidences of what is in us, that book parade, but still as powerful in his great and noble thoughts, in the ore poetry revealed by flashes and winged words, though unrounded in form. And Hook jested on the bed of death, as none but he could jest. And Hood! who remembers not the tender pathos, the exquisite humanity which spoke forth from his darkened room? Alas! what prolonged pangs, what heavy lassitude, what death in life did these men endure!

Here we are, Mr. Editor, in these days of cant and jargon, preaching up the education of the mind, forcing our children under melon-frame and babbling to the labourer and mechanic, "Read, and read, and read, as if God had not given us muscles, and nerves, and bodies, subjected to exquisite pains as pleasures—as if the body were not to be cared for and cultivated as well as the mind; as if health were no blessing instead of that capital good, without which all other blessings—save the hope of health eternal—grow flat and joyless"; as if the enjoyment of the world in which we are, was not far more closely linked with our physical than our mental selves; as if we were better than maimed and imperfect men so long as our nerves are jaded and prostrate, our senses dim and heavy, our relationship with Nature abridged and thwarted by the jaundiced eye, and failing limb, and trembling hand—the apothecary's shop between us and the sun! For the mind, we admit, that to render it strong and clear, habit and discipline are required;—how deal we (especially we Mr. Editor, of the London world—the of the literary craft—we of the restless, striving brotherhood)—how deal we with the body? We carry it on with us, as a post-horse, from stage to stage—does it flag? no rest! give it ale or the spur. We begin to feel the frame break under us;—we administer a drug, gain a temporary relief, shift the disorder from one part to another—forget our ailments in our excitements, and when we pause at last, thoroughly shattered, with complaints grown chronic, diseases fastening to the organs, send for the doctors in good earnest, and die as your predecessors and your rival died, under combinations of long-neglected maladies, which could never have been known had we done for the body what we do for the mind—made it strong by discipline, and maintained it firm by habit. Not alone calling to recollection our departed friends, but looking over the vast field of suffering which those acquainted with the lives of men who think and labour cannot fail to behold around them, I confess, though I have something of Canning's disdain of professed philanthropists, and do not love every knife-grinder as much as if he were my brother,—I confess nevertheless that I am filled with an earnest pity; and an anxious desire seizes me to communicate to others that simple process of healing and well being which has passed under my own experience, and

to which I gratefully owe days no longer weary of the sun, and night which no longer yearn for and yet dread the morrow.

And now, Mr. Editor, I may be pardoned, I trust, if I illustrate by my own case the system, I commend to others.

I have been a workman in my day. I began to write and to toil, and to win some kind of a name, which I had the ambition to improve, while yet little more than a boy. With strong love for study in books—without yet greater desire to accomplish myself in the knowledge of men—or sixteen years I can conceive no life to have been more filled by occupation than mine. What time was not given to the action was given to study; what time not given to study, to action—labour in both! To a constitution naturally far from strong, I allowed no pause or respite. The wear and tear went on without intermission—the whirl of the wheel never ceased. Sometimes, indeed, thoroughly overpowered and exhausted I sought for escape. The physicians said “Travel,” and I travelled. “Go into the country,” and I went. But in such attempts at repose as my ailments gathered round me—made themselves far more palpable and felt. I had no resource but to fly from myself—to fly into the other world of books, or thought, or reverie—to live in some state of being less painful than my own. As long as I was always at work it seemed that I had no leisure to be ill. Quiet was my hell.

At length the frame thus long neglected—patched up for a while by drugs and doctors—put off and trifled with as an intrusive dun—like a dun who is in his rights—brought in its arrears—crushing and terribly accumulated through long years. Worn out and wasted, the constitution seemed wholly inadequate to meet the demand. The exhaustion of to-day and study had been completed by great anxiety and grief. I had watched with alternate hope and fear the lingering and mournful death-bed of my nearest relation and dearest friend—of the person around whom was entwined the strongest affection my life had known—and when all was over, I seemed scarcely to live myself.

At this time, about the January of 1844, I was thoroughly shattered. The least attempt at exercise exhausted me. The nerves gave way at the most ordinary excitement—a chronic irritation of that vast surface we call the mucous membrane which had defied for years all medical skill rendered me continually liable to acute attacks, which from their repetition, and the increased feebleness of my frame, might at any time be fatal. Though free from any organic disease of the heart, its action was morbidly restless and painful. My sleep was without refreshment. A morning I rose more weary than I laid down to rest.

Without fatiguing you and your readers further with the *longa cohors* of my complaints, I pass on to record my struggle to resist them. I have always had a great belief in the power of WILL. What a man determines to do—that in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred I hold that he succeeds in doing. I determined to have some insight into a knowledge I had never attained since manhood—the knowledge of health.

I resolutely put away books and study, sought the airs which the physicians esteemed most healthful, and adopted the strict regimen on which all the children of Æsculapius so wisely insist. In short, I maintained the same general habits as to hours, diet (with the exception of wine, which in moderate quantities seemed to me indispensable), and, so far as my strength would allow, of exercise, as I found afterwards instituted at hydropathic establishments. I dwell on this to forestall in some manner the common

remark of persons not well acquainted with the medical agencies of water—that it is to the regular life which water-patients lead, and not to the element itself that they owe their recovery. Nevertheless I found that these changes, however salutary in theory, produced little if any practical amelioration in my health. All invalids know, perhaps, how difficult, under ordinary circumstances, is the alteration of habits from bad to good. The early rising, the walk before breakfast, so delicious in the feelings of freshness and vigour which they bestow upon the strong, often become punishments to the valetudinarian. Headache, languor, a sense of weariness over the eyes, a sinking of the whole system towards noon, which seemed imperiously to demand the dangerous aid of stimulants, were all that I obtained by the morning breeze and the languid stroll by the sea-shore. The suspension from study only afflicted me with intolerable *ennui*, and added to the profound dejection of the spirits. The brain, so long accustomed to morbid activity, was but withdrawn from its usual occupation to invent horrors and chimeras. Over the pillow, vainly sought two hours before midnight, hovered no golden sleep. The absence of excitement however unhealthy, only aggravated the symptoms of ill-health.

It was at this time that I met by chance, in the library at St. Leonard's, with Captain Claridge's work on the "Water Cure," as practised by Preinnitz, at Graafenberg. Making allowance for certain exaggerations therein, which appeared evident to my common sense, enough still remained not only to captivate the imagination and flatter the hopes of an invalid, but to appeal with favour to his sober judgment. Till then perfectly ignorant of the subject and the system, except by some such vague stories and good jests as had reached my ears in Germany, I resolved at least to read what more could be said in favour of the *aristocrudor*, and examine dispassionately into its merits as a medicament. I was then under the advice of one of the first physicians of our age, who had consulted half the faculty. I had every reason to be grateful for his attention, and to be confident in the skill, of those whose prescriptions had from time to time, flattered my hopes and enriched the chemist. But the truth must be spoken—far from being better, I was sinking fast. Little remained to me to try in the great volume of the herbal. See! what I would next, even if a quackery, it certainly might expedite my grave, but it could scarcely render life—at least the external life—more unjoyous. Accordingly I examined, with such grave thought as a sick man brings to bear upon his case, all the grounds upon which to justify to myself—an excursion to the snows of Silesia. But I own that in proportion as I found my faith in the system strengthen, I shrunk from the terrors of this long journey to the rugged region in which the probable lodging would be a labourer's cottage,* and in which the Babel of a hundred languages (so agreeable to the healthful delight in novelty—so appealing to the sickly despondency of a hypochondriac), would murmur and growl over a public table spread with no tempting condiments. Could I hope to find healing in my own land, and not too far from my own doctors in case of failure, I might indeed solicit the watery god—but the journey! I who scarcely lived through a day without leech o-

* Let me not disparage the fountain head of the water-cure, the parent institution of the great Preinnitz. I believe many of the earlier hardships complained of at Graafenberg have been removed or amended; and such as remain, are no doubt well compensated by the vast experience and extraordinary tact of a man who will rank hereafter amongst the most illustrious discoverers who have ever benefited the human race.

potion!—the long—gelid journey to Graafenberg—I should be sure to fall ill by the way—to be clutched and mismanaged by some German doctor—to deposit my bones in some dismal church-yard on the banks of the Father Rhine.

While thus perplexed, I fell in with one of the pamphlets written by Doctor Wilson, of Malvern, and my doubts were solved. Here was an English doctor, who had himself known more than my own suffering self, like myself, had found the pharmacopeia in vain—who had spent ten months at Graafenberg, and left all his complaints behind him—who, fraught with the experience he had acquired, not only in his own person, but from scientific examination of the cases under his eye, had transported the system to our native shores, and who proffered the proverbial salubrity of Malvern air and its holy springs, to those who, like me, had ranged in vain, from simple to mineral, and who had been come bold by despair—bold enough to try if health, like truth, lay at the bottom of a well.

I was not then aware that other institutions had been established in England of more or less fame. I saw in Doctor Wilson the first transporter—at least as a physician—of the Silesian system, and did not pause to look out for other and later pupils of this innovating German school.

I resolved then to betake myself to Malvern. On my way through town I paused, in the innocence of my heart, to inquire of some of the faculty if they thought the water-cure would suit my case. With one exception, they were unanimous in the vehemence of their denunciation. Granting even that in some cases, especially of rheumatism, hydropathy had produced a cure—to my complaints it was worse than inapplicable—it was highly dangerous—it would probably be fatal. I had no stamina for the treatment—it would fix chronic ailments into organic disease—surely it would be much better to try what I had not yet tried. What had I not yet tried? A course of prussic acid! Nothing was better for gastric irritation, which was no doubt the main cause of my suffering! If, however, I were obstinately bent upon so mad an experiment, Doctor Wilson was the last person I should go to. I was not deterred by all these intimidations, nor seduced by the salubrious allusions of the prussic acid under its scientific appellation of hydriocam. A little reflection taught me that the members of a learned profession are naturally the very persons least disposed to favour innovation upon the practices which custom and prescription have rendered sacred in their eyes. A lawyer is not the person to consult upon bold reforms in jurisprudence. A physician can scarcely be expected to own that a Silesian peasant will cure with water the diseases which resist an armament of phials. And with regard to the peculiar objections to Doctor Wilson, I had read in his own pamphlet attacks upon the orthodox practice sufficient to account for—perhaps to justify—the disposition to depreciate him in return.

Still my friends were anxious and fearful; to please them I continued to inquire, though not of physicians, but of patients. I sought out some of those who had gone through the process. I sifted some of the cases of cure cited by Doctor Wilson. I found the account of the patients so encouraging, the cases quoted so authentic, that I grew impatient of delay. I threw physic to the dogs, and went to Malvern.

It is not my intention, Mr. Editor, to detail the course I undertook—

The different resources of water as a *médicament*, are to be found in many works easily to be obtained, and well worth the study. In this letter I suppose myself to be addressing those as thoroughly unacquainted with the system as I myself was at the first, and I deal therefore only in generals.

The first point which impressed and struck me was the extreme and utter innocence of the water-cure in skilful hands—in any hands indeed not thoroughly new to the system. Certainly when I went, I believed it to be a kill or cure system. I fancied it must be a very violent remedy—that it doubtless might effect great and magical cures—but that if it failed it might be fatal. Now, I speak not alone of my own case but of the immense number of cases I have seen—patients of all ages—all species and genera of disease—all kinds and conditions of constitution, when I declare, upon my honour, that I never witnessed one dangerous symptom produced by the water-cure, whether at Doctor Wilson's or the other Hydropathic Institutions which I afterwards visited. And though unquestionably fatal consequences might occur from gross mismanagement, and as unquestionably have so occurred at various establishments I am yet convinced that water in itself is so friendly to the human body that it requires a very extraordinary degree of bungling, of ignorance, and presumption, to produce results really dangerous; that a regular practitioner does more frequent mischief from the misapplication of even the simplest drugs, than a water doctor of very moderate experience does, or can do, by the misapplication of his baths and friction. And here must observe, that those portions of the treatment which appear to the uninitiated as the most perilous, are really the safest,* and can be applied with the most impunity to the weakest constitutions; whereas those which appear, from our greater familiarity with them, the least startling and most innocuous,† are those which require the greatest knowledge of general pathology and the individual constitution. I shall revert to this part of my subject before I conclude.

The next thing that struck me was the extraordinary ease with which under this system, good habits are acquired and bad habits relinquished. The difficulty with which, under orthodox medical treatment, stimulants are abandoned is here not witnessed. Patients accustomed for half a century to live hard and high, wine drinkers, spirit-bibbers, whom the regular physician has sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry here voluntarily resign all strong potations, after a day or two cease to feel the want of them, and reconcile themselves to water as if they had drunk nothing else all their lives. Others, who have had recourse for years and years to medicine,—their potion in the morning, their cordials at noon, their pill before dinner, their narcotic at bed-time, cease to require these aids to life, as if by a charm. Nor this alone. Men to whom mental labour has been a necessary—who have existed on the excitements of the passions and the stir of the intellect—who have felt, these with drawn, the prostration of the whole system—the lock to the wheel of the entire machine—return at once to the careless spirits of the boy in his first holiday.

Here lies a great secret; water thus skilfully administered is in itself a wonderful excitement, it supplies the place of all others—it operates powerfully and rapidly upon the nerves, sometimes to calm them, some

* Such as the wet-sheet packing.

† The plunge-bath—the Douche.

times to irritate, but always to occupy. Hence follows a consequence which all patients have remarked—the complete repose of the passion during the early stages of the cure; they seem laid asleep as if by enchantment. The intellect shares the same rest; after a short time mental exertion becomes impossible; even the memory grows far less tenacious of its painful impressions, cares and griefs are forgotten; the sense of the present absorbs the past and future; there is a certain freshness and youth which pervade the spirits, and live upon the enjoyment of the actual hour. Thus the great agents of our mortal wear and tear—the passions and the mind—calmed into strange rest,—Nature seems to leave the body to its instinctive tendency, which is always towards recovery. All that interests and amuses is of a healthful character; exercise instead of being an unwilling drudgery, becomes the inevitable impulse of the frame braced and invigorated by the element. A series of reactions is always going on—the willing exercise produces refreshing rest the refreshing rest willing exercise. The extraordinary effect which water taken early in the morning produces on the appetite is well known amongst those who have tried it, even before the water-cure was thought of; an appetite it should be the care of the skilful doctor to check into moderate gratification; the powers of nutrition become singularly strengthened, the blood grows rich and pure—the constitution is not only amended—it undergoes a change.*

The safety of the system then, struck me first;—its power of replacing by healthful stimulants the morbid ones it withdrew, whether physical or moral, surprised me next;—that which thirdly impressed me was no less contrary to all my preconceived notions. I had fancied that whether good or bad, the system must be one of great hardship, extremely repugnant and disagreeable. I wondered at myself to find how soon it became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings as to dwell upon the mind amongst the happiest passages of existence. For my own part despite all my ailments, or whatever may have been my cares, I have ever found exquisite pleasure in that sense of *being* which is as it were the conscience, the mirror, of the soul. I have known hours of as much and as vivid happiness as perhaps can fall to the lot of man; but amongst all my most brilliant recollections I can recall no periods of enjoyment as once more hilarious and serene than the hours spent on the lonely hills of Malvern—none in which nature was so thoroughly possessed and appreciated. The rise from a sleep sound as childhood's—the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh, and the birds first sang—the sense of an unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made a light of the steep ascent to the holy spring—the delicious sparkle of the morning draught—the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below—the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirit into religious joy; and this keen sentiment of present pleasure rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I witnessed in others—that that very present was but the step—the threshold—into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigour;—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride.

But here I must pause to own that if on the one hand the danger a

* Doctor Wilson observed to me once, very truly I think, that many regular physicians are beginning to own the effect of water as a stimulant who yet do not receive its far more complicated and beneficial effects as an alterative.

discomforts of the cure are greatly exaggerated (exaggerated is too weak a word)—so on the other hand, as far as my own experience, which perhaps not inconsiderable, extends, the enthusiastic advocates of the system have greatly misrepresented the duration of the curative process. I have read and heard of chronic diseases of long standing cured permanently in a very few weeks. I candidly confess that I have seen and known such. I have, it is true, witnessed many chronic diseases perfectly cured—diseases which had been pronounced incurable by the first physician—but the cure has been long and tedious. Persons so afflicted who to this system must arm themselves with patience. The first effects of the system are indeed usually bracing, and inspire such feelings of general well-being that some think they have only to return home and carry out the cure partially to recover. A great mistake—the alterative effects begin long after the bracing—a disturbance in the constitution takes place, prolonged more or less, and not till this ceases does the cure really begin. Not that the peculiar “crisis,” sought for so vehemently by the German water-doctors, and usually under the hands manifested by boils and eruptions, is at all a necessary part of the cure—it is, indeed, as far as I have seen, of rare occurrence—but critical action, not single, not confined to one period, or one series of phenomena, is at work, often undetected by the patient himself during a considerable (and that the later) portion of the cure in most patients where the malady has been grave, and where the recovery becomes permanent. During this time the patient should be under the eye of his water-doctor.

To conclude my own case: I staid some nine or ten weeks at Malvern and business, from which I could not escape, obliging me then to be in the neighbourhood of town, I continued the system seven weeks longer under Doctor Weiss, at Petersham; during this latter period the agreeable phenomena which had characterised the former, the cheerfulness, the *bien être*, the consciousness of returning health vanished; and were succeeded by great irritation of the nerves, extreme fretfulness, and the usual characteristics of the constitutional disturbance to which I have referred. I had every reason, however, to be satisfied with the care and skill of Doctor Weiss who fully deserves the reputation he has acquired, and the attachment entertained for him by his patients; nor did my judgment ever despond or doubt of the ultimate benefits of the process. I emerged at last from these operations in no very portly condition. I was blanched and emaciated—washed out like a thrifty housewife’s gown—but neither the bleaching nor the loss of weight had in the least impaired my strength; on the contrary, all the muscles had grown as hard as iron, and I was become capable of great exercise without fatigue; my cure was effected, but I was compelled to go into Germany. On my return homewards I was seized with a severe cold which rapidly passed into high fever. Fortunately I was within reach of Doctor Schmidt’s magnificent hydropathic establishment at Boppard; thither I caused myself to be conveyed; and now I had occasion to experience the wonderful effect of the water-cure in acute cases; slow in chronic disease, its beneficial operation in acute is immediate. In twenty-four hours all fever had subsided, and on the third day I resumed my journey, relieved from every symptom that had before prognosticated a tedious and perhaps alarming illness.

And now came gradually, yet perceptibly, the good effects of the system I had undergone; flesh and weight returned, the sense of health

became conscious and steady; I had every reason to bless the hour when I first sought the springs of Malvern. And here, I must observe that it often happens that the patient makes but slight apparent improvement, when under the cure, compared with that which occurs subsequently. A water-doctor of repute at Brussels, indeed, said frankly to a grumbling patient, "I do not expect you to be well while here—it is only on leaving me that you will know if I have cured you." •^.

It is as the frame recovers from the agitation it undergoes, that it gathers round it power utterly unknown to it before—as the plant watered by the rains of one season, betrays in the next the effect of the grateful dews.

I had always suffered so severely in winter, that the severity of our last one gave me apprehensions, and I resolved to seek shelter from my fear at my beloved Malvern. I here passed the most inclement period of the winter, not only perfectly free from the colds, rheums, and catarrhs which had hitherto visited me with the snows, but in the enjoyment of excellent health; and I am persuaded that for those who are delicate, and who suffer much during the winter, there is no place where the cold is so little felt as at a water-cure establishment. I am persuaded also, and in this I am borne out by the experience of most water doctors, that the cure is most rapid and effectual during the cold season—from autumn through the winter. I am thoroughly convinced that consumption in its earlier stages can be more easily cured, and the predisposition more permanently eradicated by a winter spent at Malvern, under the care of Doctor Wilson, than by the timorous flight to Pisa or Madeira. It is by hardening rather than defending the tissues that we best secure them from disease.

And now, to sum up, and to dismiss my egotistical revelations, I desire in no way to overcolour my own case; I do not say that when I first went to the water-cure I was affected with any disease immediately menacing to life—I say only that I was in that prolonged and chronic state of ill health, which made life at the best extremely precarious—I do not say that I had any malady which the faculty could pronounce incurable—I say only that the most eminent men of the faculty had failed to cure me. I do not even now affect to boast of a perfect and complete deliverance from all my ailments—I cannot declare that a constitution naturally delicate has been rendered Herculean, or that the wear and tear of a whole manhood have been thoroughly repaired. What might have been the case had I not taken the cure at intervals, had I remained at it steadily for six or eight months without interruption, I cannot do more than conjecture, but so strong is my belief that the result would have been completely successful that I promise myself, whenever I can spare the leisure, a long renewal of the system. These admissions made, what have I gained meanwhile to justify my eulogies and my gratitude?—an immense accumulation of the *capital of health*. Formerly it was my favourite and querulous question to those who saw much of me, "Did you ever know me twelve hours without pain or illness?" Now, instead of these being my constant companions, they are but my occasional visitors. I compare my old state and my present to the poverty of a man who has a shilling in his pocket and whose poverty is therefore a struggle for life, with the occasional distresses of a man of 5000*l.* a year, who sees but an appendage endangered, or a luxury abridged. All the good that I have gained, wholly unlike what I have ever derived either from medicine or the German

mineral baths: in the first place, it does not relieve a single malady alone; it pervades the whole frame; in the second place, far from subsiding, seems to increase by time, so that I may reasonably hope, that the latter part of my life, instead of being more infirm than the former, will become—so far as freedom from suffering, and the calm enjoyment of external life are concerned—my real, my younger, youth. And it is this profound conviction which has induced me to volunteer these details, in the hope (I trust a pure and kindly one) to induce those, who more or less have suffered as I have done, to fly to the same rich and bountiful resource. We ransack the ends of the earth for drugs and minerals—we extract our potions from the deadliest poisons—but around us and about us, Nature, the great mother, proffers the Hygeian fount, unsealed and accessible to all. Wherever the stream glides pure, wherever the spring sparkles fresh there, for the vast proportion of the maladies which Art produces, Nature yields the benignant healing.

It remains for me to say, merely as an observer, and solely with such authority as an observer altogether disinterested, but without the least pretence to professional science, may fairly claim, what class of disease I have seen least and most tractable to the operations of the water cure, and how far enthusiasts appear to me to have over-estimated, how far sceptics have under-valued, the effects of water as a medicament. There are those (most of the water doctors especially) who contend that all medicine by drugs is unnecessary—that water internally and outwardly applied suffices in skilful management for all complaints—that the time will come when the drug doctor will cease to receive a fee, when the apothecary will close his shop, and the water cure be adopted in every hospital and by every family. Dreams and absurdities! Even granting that the water cure were capable of all the wonders ascribed to it, its process is so slow in most chronic cases—it requires such complete abstraction from care and business—it takes the active man so thoroughly out of his course of life, that a vast proportion of those engaged in worldly pursuits cannot hope to find the requisite leisure. There are also a large number of complaints (perhaps the majority) which yield so easily to sparing use of drugs under a moderately competent practitioner that the convenient plan of sending to the next chemist for your pill or potion can never be superseded, nor is it perhaps desirable that it should be. Moreover, as far as I have seen, there are complaints curable by medicine which the water cure utterly fails to reach.

The disorders wherein hydropathy appears to me to be least effective are, first neuralgic pains, especially the monster pain of the Tic Douloureux. Not one instance of a cure in the latter by hydropathy has come under my own observation, and I have only heard of one authentic case of recovery from it by that process. Secondly, paralysis of a grave character in persons of an advanced age. Thirdly, in tubercular consumption. As may be expected, in this stage of that melancholy disease, the water cure utterly fails to restore, but I have known it even here prolong life, beyond all reasonable calculation, and astonishingly relieve the most oppressive symptoms. In all cases where the nervous exhaustion is great and of long standing, and is accompanied with obstinate hypochondriacal hydropathy, if successful at all, is very slow in its benefits, and the patience of the sufferer is too often worn out before the favourable turn takes place. I have also noticed that obstinate and deep-rooted maladies in persons otherwise of very athletic frames, seem to yield much more

tardily to the water cure than similar complaints in more delicate constitutions; so that you will often see of two persons afflicted by the same genera of complaints, the feeble and fragile one recover before the stout man with Atlantic shoulders evinces one symptom of amelioration.

Those cases, on the other hand, in which the water cure seems an absolute panacea, and in which the patient may commence with the most sanguine hopes, are, First, rheumatism, however prolonged, however complicated. In this the cure is usually rapid—nearly always permanent. Secondly, gout. Here its efficacy is little less startling to appearance than in the former case; it seems to take up the disease by the roots; it extracts the peculiar acid, which often appears in discolorations upon the sheets used in the application, or is ejected in other modes. But here, judging always from cases subjected to my personal knowledge, I have not seen instances to justify the assertion of some water doctors, that returns of the disease do not occur. The predisposition—the tendency, has appeared to me to remain. The patient is liable to relapses—but I have invariably found them *far* less frequent, less lengthened; and readily susceptible of simple and speedy cure, especially if the habits remain temperate.

Thirdly, that wide and grisly family of affliction classed under the common name of *dyspepsia*. All derangements of the digestive organs, imperfect powers of nutrition—the *malaise* of an injured stomach, appear precisely the complaints on which the system takes firmest hold, and in which it effects those cures that convert existence from a burden into a blessing. Hence it follows that many nameless and countless complaints proceeding from derangement of the stomach, cease as that great machine is restored to order. I have seen disorders of the heart which have been pronounced organic by the learned authorities of the profession, disappear in an incredibly short time—cases of incipient consumption, in which the seat is in the nutritious powers, hæmorrhages, and various congestions, shortness of breath, habitual fainting fits, many of what are called improperly, nervous complaints, but which, in reality, are indications from the main ganglionic spring; the disorders produced by the abuse of powerful medicines, *especially mercury* and iodine, the loss of appetite, the dulled sense, and the shaking hand of intemperance, skin complaints, and the dire scourge of scrofula—all these seem to obtain from hydropathy relief—nay, absolute and unqualified cure, beyond not only the means of the most skilful drug doctor, but the hopes of the most sanguine patient.*

The cure may be divided into two branches—the process for acute complaints—that for chronic; I have just referred to the last. And great as are there its benefits, they seem commonplace beside the effect the system produces in acute complaints. Fever, including the scarlet and the typhus, influenza, measles, small-pox, the sudden and rapid disorders of children, are cured with a simplicity and precision which must, I am persuaded, sooner or later, render the resources of the hydropathist the ordinary treatment for such acute complaints in the hospitals. The principal remedy here employed by the water doctor is, the wet-sheet packing, which excites such terror amongst the uninitiated, and which, of all the

* Amongst other complaints, I may add dropsy, which in its simple state, and not as the crowning symptom of a worn out constitution, I have known most successfully treated; cases of slight paralysis; and I have witnessed two instances

curatives adopted by hydropathy, is unquestionably the safest—the one that can be applied without danger to the greatest variety of cases, and which I do not hesitate to aver, can rarely, if ever, be misapplied in any cases where the pulse is hard and high, and the skin dry and burning. I have found in conversation so much misapprehension of this very easy and very luxurious remedy, that I may be pardoned for re-explaining what has been explained so often. It is not, as people persist in supposing, that patients are put into wet sheets and there left to shiver. The sheets, after being saturated, are well wrung out—the patient quickly wrapped in them—several blankets tightly bandaged round, and a feather-bed placed at top; thus, especially where there is the least fever, the first momentary chill is promptly succeeded by a gradual and vivifying warmth perfectly free from the irritation of *dry* heat—a delicious sense of ease is usually followed by a sleep more agreeable than anodynes ever produced. It seems a positive cruelty to be relieved from this magic girdle in which pain is lulled, and fever cooled, and watchfulness lapped in slumber. The bath which succeeds, refreshes and braces the skin, which the operation relaxed and softened; they only who have tried this, after fatigue or in fever, can form the least notion of its pleasurable sensations, or of its extraordinary efficacy; nor is there any thing startling or novel in its theory. In hospitals now water-dressings are found the best poultice to an inflamed member; this expansion of the wet dressing is poultice to the whole inflamed surface of the body. It does not differ greatly, except in its cleanliness and simplicity, from the old remedy of the ancients—the wrapping the body in the skins of animals newly slain, or placing it on dunghills, or immersing it, as now in Germany, in the soft slough of mud-baths.* Its theory is that of warmth and moisture—those friendliest agents to inflammatory disorders. In fact, I think the duty of every man, on whom the lives of others depend, to make himself acquainted with at least this part of the water cure:—the wet sheet, the true life preserver. In the large majority of sudden inflammatory complaints, the doctor at a distance, prompt measures indispensable, will at the least arrest the disease, check the fever, till, if you prefer the drugs, the drugs can come,—the remedy is at hand, wherever you can find a bed and a jug of water; and whatever else you may apprehend after a short visit to a hydropathic establishment, your fear of that bug bear—the wet sheet—is the first you banish. The only cases, I believe, where it can be positively mischievous is where the pulse scarcely beats—where the vital sense is extremely low—where the inanition of the frame forbids the necessary reaction in cholera, and certain disorders of the chest and bronchia; otherwise at all ages, from the infant to the octogenarian, it is equally applicable, and in most acute cases, equally innocent.

Hydropathy being thus rapidly beneficial in acute disorders, it follows naturally that it will be quick as a cure in chronic complaints in proportion as acute symptoms are mixed with them, and slowest where such complaints are dull and lethargic—it will be slowest also where the nervous exhaustion is the greatest. With children, its effects, really an

* A very eminent London physician, opposed generally to the water-cure, told me that he had effected a perfect cure in a case of inveterate leprosy, by swathing the patient in wet lint covered with oil skin. This is the wet sheet packing, by which there are patients who would take kindly to wet lint, and shudder at the idea of a wet sheet!

genuinely can scarcely be exaggerated; in them, the nervous system not weakened by toil, grief, anxiety, and intemperance, lends itself to the gracious element as a young plant to the rains. When I see now son tender mother coddling, and physicking, and preserving from every breath of air, and swaddling in flannels, her pallid little ones, I long to pounce upon the callow brood, and bear them to the hills of Malvern, at the diamond fountain of St. Anne's—with what rosy faces and robust limbs I will promise they shall return—alas! I promise and preach vain—the family apothecary is against me, and the progeny are doomed to rhubarb and the rickets.

The water-cure as yet has had this evident injustice,—the patients resorting to it have mostly been desperate cases. So strong a notion prevails that it is a desperate remedy, that they only who have found all else fail have dragged themselves to the Bethesda Pools. That all thus only abandoned by hope and the College, but weakened and poisoned the violent medicines absorbed into their system for a score or so of years,—that all should not recover is not surprising! The wonder is that the number of recoveries should be so great;—that every now and then we should be surprised by the man whose untimely grave we predict when we last saw him, meeting us in the streets ruddy and stalwart fresh from the springs of Graafenberg, Boppard, Petersham, or Malvern.

The remedy is *not* desperate; it is simpler, I do not say than any *drug* but than any *course* of medicine—it is infinitely more agreeable—it admits no remedies for the complaint which are inimical to the constitution. It bequeathes none of the maladies consequent on blue pill and mercury on purgatives and drastics—on iodine and aconite—on leeches and lancet. If it cures your complaint, it will assuredly strengthen your whole frame; if it fails to cure your complaint it can scarcely fail to improve your general system. As it acts, or ought, scientifically treated, first on the system, lastly on the complaint, placing nature herself the way to throw off the disease, so it constantly happens that patients at a hydropathic establishment will tell you that the disorder which they came is not removed, but that in all other respects their health is better than they ever remember it to have been. Thus, I would only recommend it to those who are sufferers from some grave disease but to those who require merely the fillip, the alterative, or the brace which they now often seek in vain in country air or a watering-place. For such, three weeks at Malvern will do more than three months at Brighton or Boulogne; for at the water-cure the whole life is a remedy; the hours, the habits, the discipline—not incompatible with gaiety and cheerfulness (the spirits of hydropathists are astounding, in high spirits all things are amusement) tend perforce to train the body to the highest state of health of which it is capable. Compare this, O merchant, O trader, O man of business, escaping to the sea-shore with that which you there lead—with your shrimps and your shell-fish and your wine and your brown stout—with all which counteracts in the evening, the good of your morning dip and your noonday stroll. Well I own, I should envy most is the robust, healthy man, only a little knocked down by his city cares or his town pleasures, after his second week at Dr. Wilson's establishment—yea, how I should envy the exquisite pleasure which he would derive from that robustness made clear and sensible to him. The pure taste, the iron muscles, the exuberant spirit

water-cure gives hours of physical happiness which the pleasures of the grosser senses can never bestow, what would it give to the strong man from whose eye it has but to lift the light film—in whose mechanism attuned to joy, it but brushes away the grain of dust, or oils the solid wheel.

I must bring my letter to a close. I meant to address it through you Mr. Editor, chiefly to our brethren—the over-jaded sons of toil and letters—behind whom I see the warning shades of departed martyrdom. But it is applicable to all who ail—to all who would not only cure complaint, but strengthen a system and prolong a life. To such, we will so far attach value to my authority, that they will acknowledge at least, I am no interested witness—for I have no institution to establish—no profession to build up—I have no eye to fees, my calling is but that of an observer—as an observer only do I speak. It may be with enthusiasm—but enthusiasm built on experience and prompted by sympathy;—to such then as may listen to me, I give this recommendation: pause if you please—inquire if you will—but do not consult your doctor. I have no doubt he is a most honest, excellent man—but you cannot expect a doctor of drugs to say other than that doctors of water are but quacks. Do not consult your doctor whether you shall try hydropathy, but find out some intelligent person in whose shrewdness you can confide—who have been patients themselves at a hydropathic establishment. Better still, go for a few days—the cost is not much—into some such institution yourself, look round, talk to the patients, examine with your own eyes, hear with your own ears, before you adventure the experiment. Become a witness before you are a patient; if the evidence does not satisfy you, turn and flee. But if you venture, venture with a good heart and a stout faith. Hope but not with presumption. Do not fancy that the disorder which has afflicted you for ten years ought to be cured in ten days. Beware, above all, lest, alarmed by some phenomena which the searching element produces, you have recourse immediately to drugs to disperse them. The water-boils, for instance, which are sometimes, as I have before said, but by no means frequently, a critical symptom of the cure, are, in all cases that I have seen, cured easily by water, but may become extremely dangerous in the hands of your apothecary. Most of the few solitary instances that have terminated fatally, to the prejudice of the water-cure have been those in which the patient has gone from water to drugs. It is the axiom of the system that water only cures what water produces. Do not leave a hydropathic establishment in the time of any “crisis,” however much you may be panic-stricken. Hold the doctor responsible for getting you out of what he gets you into; and if your doctor be discreetly chosen, take my word he will do it.

Do not begin to carry on the system at home, and under any eye but that of an experienced hydropathist. After you know the system, and the doctor knows you, the curative process may *probably* be continued at your own house with ease—but the commencement must be watched, and if a critical action ensues when you are at home, return to the only care that can conduct it safely to a happy issue. When at the institution, do not let the example of other patients tempt you to overdo—to drink more water, or take more baths than are prescribed to you. Above all, never let the eulogies which many will pass upon the *douche* (the popular bath), tempt you to take it on the sly, unknown to your adviser. The

douche is dangerous when the body is unprepared—when the heart affected—when apoplexy may be feared.

For your choice of an establishment you have a wide range. Institutions in England are now plentiful, and planted in some of the loveliest spots of our island. But as I only speak from personal knowledge, I can but here depose as to such as I have visited. I hear, indeed, a high character of Doctor Johnson, of Stansted-Bury, and his books show great ability. Much is said in praise of Doctor Freeman, of Cheltenham, though his system, in some measure, is at variance with the received notions of hydropathists. But of these and many others, perhaps no less worthy confidence, I have no experience of my own. I have sojourned with advantage at Doctor Weiss's, at Petersham; and for those whose business and avocations oblige them to be near London, his very agreeable house proffers many advantages, besides his own long practice and great skill. To those who wish to try the system abroad, and shrink from the long journey to Graafenberg, Dr. Schmidt at Boppard, proffers a princely house comprising every English comfort, amidst the noble scenery of the Rhine; and I can bear ready witness to his skill; but it is natural that the place which has for me the most grateful recollections, should be that where I received the earliest and the greatest benefit, viz., Doctor Wilson's at Malvern; there even the distance from the capital has its advantages. The cure imperatively demands, at least in a large proportion of cases, abstraction from all the habitual cares of life, and in some the very neighbourhood of London suffices to produce restlessness and anxiety. For certain complaints, especially those of children, and such as are attended with debility, the air of Malvern is in itself Hygeian. The water is immemorably celebrated for its purity—the landscape is perpetual pleasure to the eye—the mountains furnish the exercise most suited to the cure—“*Man muss Geterge haben*,” “one must have mountains,” is the saying of Preisnitz. All these are powerful auxiliaries, and yet all these are subordinate to the diligent, patient care—the minute unwearyed attention—the anxious, unaffected interest, which Doctor Wilson manifests to every patient, from the humblest to the highest, who may be submitted to his care. The vast majority of difficult cures which I have witnessed, have emanated from his skill. A pupil of the celebrated Broussais, his anatomical knowledge is considerable, and his tact in diseases seems intuitive; he has that pure pleasure in his profession that the profits of it seem to be almost lost sight of, and having an independence of his own, his enthusiasm for the system he pursues is at least not based upon any mercenary speculation. I have seen him devote the same time and care to those whom his liberal heart has led him to treat gratuitously as to the wealthiest of his patients, and I mention this less to praise him for generosity than to show that he has that earnest faith in his own system, which begets an earnest faith in those to whom he administers. In all new experiments, it is a great thing to have confidence, not only in the skill, but the sincerity, of your adviser—his treatment is less violent and energetic than that in fashion on the continent. If he errs, it is on the side of caution, and his theory leads him so much towards the restoration of the whole system, that the relief

* Dr. Gully, whose writings on medicinal subjects are well known, is also established at Malvern, and I believe rather as a partner or associate than a rival to Dr. Wilson. As I was not under his treatment, I cannot speak farther of his skill than that he seemed to have the entire confidence of such of his patients as I became acquainted with.

052
NEW/M
VOL. 75

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of the particular malady will sometimes seem tedious in order to prove complete. Hence he inspires in those who have had a prolonged experience of his treatment a great sense of safety and security. For your impatient self, you might sometimes prefer the venture of a brisker process—for those in whom you are interested, and for whom you are fearful—you would not risk a step more hurried. And since there is no small responsibility in recommending any practitioner of a novel school, so it is a comfort to know that whoever resorts to Doctor Wilson, will at least be in hands not only practised and skilful, but wary and safe. He may fail in doing good, but I never met with a single patient who accused him of doing harm. And I may add, that as in all establishments much of comfort must depend on the lady at the head, so, for female patient especially, it is no small addition to the *agrémens* of Malvern, to find in Mrs. Wilson the manners of a perfect gentlewoman, and the noiseless solicitude of a heart genuinely kind and good!

Here then, O brothers, O afflicted ones, I bid you farewell. I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever made—the familiar intimacy with Water. Not Undine in her virgin existence more sportive and bewitching, not Undine in her wedded state more tender and faithful than the Element of which she is the type. In health may you find in the joyous playmate, in sickness the genial restorer and soft assuager. Round the healing spring still literally dwell the jocund nymphs in whom the Greek poetry personified Mirth and Ease. No drink, whether compounded of the gums and rosin of the old Falernian, or the alcohol and acid of modern wine, gives the animal spirits which rejoice the water-drinker. Let him who has to go through severe bodily fatigue try first whatever—wine, spirits, porter, beer—he may conceive most generous and supporting; let him then go through the same toil with no draughts but from the chrysal lymph, and if he does not acknowledge that there is no beverage which man concocts so strengthening and animating as that which God pours forth to all the children of nature, I throw up my brief. Finally, as health depends upon healthful habits, let those who desire easily and luxuriously to glide into the courses most agreeable to the human frame, to enjoy the morning breeze, to grow epicures in the simple regimen, to become cased in armour against the vicissitudes of our changeable skies—to feel, and to shake off, light sleep as a blessed dew, let them while the organs are yet sound, and the nerves yet unshattered, devote an autumn to the water-cure.

And you, O parents! who, too indolent, too much slaves to custom to endure change for yourselves, to renounce for awhile your artificial natures, but who still covet for your children hardy constitutions, pure tastes, and abstemious habits—who wish to see them grow up with manly disdain to luxury—with a vigorous indifference to climate—with full sense of the value of health, not alone for itself, but for the powers it elicits, and the virtues with which it is intimately connected—the serene unfretful temper—the pleasure in innocent delights—the well-being that content with self, expands in benevolence to others—you I adjure not to scorn the facile process of which I solicit the experiment. Dip your young heroes in the spring, and hold them not back by the heel. May my exhortations find believing listeners, and may some, now unknown to me, write me word from the green hills of Malvern, or the groves of Petersham, “We have hearkened to you—not in vain.”

Adieu, Mr. Editor, the ghost returns to silence.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE MOUSER-MONARCHY.

BY JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence,—or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way.
 MACBETH.

I come, Grimalkin !
 MACBETH.

I QUOTE from the interesting journal of Percy Bysshe Shelly—so interestingly edited by Mrs. Shelly—the following notice of Mr. G. Lewis's marvellous stories, told at Geneva in August, 1816, to amuse Shelly and the party, Lord Byron being one of them. I think also the narration may have been intended to keep up Lewis's character as a "wonder-worker." How many of these *dismal*-Andrew Marvels have appeared in print—I cannot remember; but I never saw the Cat tale before in prose. From an old childish impression on my memory, it would seem that this "Cat—a Mystery" (not Cain), must have been founded on an antiquated story in *doggerel* verse (ill-suited to cats, one would think), as related from nurse to nurse, gossip to gossip, and to children in shady hours, or in the lone nurseries, or beetling kitchen-chimneys on winter evenings. The first tale is but one of the many Littletoniana; but it is shadowy and good, with the relish of a festival (always essential in ghost histories), and must have been effective on a princess who was a "true believer," and had read "Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene!"

JOURNAL OF P. B. SHELLEY.

"Geneva, August 18, 1816.

"See 'Apollo's Sexton,'* who tells so many mysteries of his trade. We talk of ghosts. Neither Lord Byron nor M. G. L. seem to believe in them; and they both agree, in the very face of reason, that none could believe in ghosts without believing in God. I do not think that all the persons who profess to discredit these visitations, really discredit them; or if they do in the daylight, are not admonished by the approach of loneliness and midnight, to think more respectfully of the world of shadows.

"Lewis recited a poem which he had composed at the request of the Princess of Wales. The Princess of Wales, he premised, was not only a believer in ghosts, but in magic and witchcraft, and asserted that prophecies made in her youth had been accomplished since. The tale was of a lady in Germany.

* Mr. Matthew G. Lewis—so named in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." When Lewis first saw Lord Byron, he asked him earnestly, "Why did you call me Apollo's Sexton?" The noble poet found it difficult to reply to this *categorical* species of reproof. The above stories have, some of them, appeared in print; but as a ghost story depends entirely on the mode in which it is told, I think the reader will be pleased to read these, written by Shelly, fresh from their relation by Lewis.—M. S.

"This lady, Minna, had been exceedingly attached to her husband, and they had made a vow that the one who died first, should return after death to visit the other as a ghost. She was sitting one day alone in her chamber, when she heard an unusual sound of footsteps on the stairs. The door opened, and her husband's spectre, gashed with a deep wound across the forehead, and in military habiliments, entered. She appeared startled at the apparition, and the ghost told her, that when he should visit her in future, she would hear a passing bell toll, and these words distinctly uttered close to her ear, "Minna, I am here." On inquiry, it was found that her husband had fallen in battle on the very day she was visited by the vision. The intercourse between the ghost and the woman continued for some time, until the latter laid aside all terror, and indulged herself in the affection which she had felt for him while living. One evening she went to a ball, and permitted her thoughts to be alienated by the attentions of a Florentine gentleman, more witty, more graceful, and more gentle, as it appeared to her, than any she had ever seen. As he was conducting her through the dance, a death-bell tolled. Minna, lost in the fascination of the Florentine's attentions, disregarded, or did not hear the sound. A second peal, louder and more deep, startled the whole company, when Minna heard the ghost's accustomed whisper, and raising her eyes, saw in an opposite mirror the reflection of the ghost standing over her. She is said to have died of terror.

"Lewis told four other stories—all grim."*

I omit three other wonders, two of them relating, of course, to Lord Lytton, of wrist-marked memory; the third is a strange anecdote of the Cats—which I, together with the Legend, out of which its marvel would appear to have escaped into Mr. G. Lewis's mind—beg to send for the perusal of such of your readers as may happen to be curious.

"A gentleman on a visit to a friend who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some hours among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it, he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked, he thought it prudent to look through the window. He saw a multitude of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman, startled at this unusual sight, and imagining that he had arrived among the retreats of fiends or witches, mounted his horse and stole away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who had sat up for him. On his arrival his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of trouble visible in his face. He began to recount his adventure, after much difficulty, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friends should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with a crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, saying, 'Then I am the King of the Cats!' and scrambled up the chimney, and was seen no more."†

* Vol. ii., p. 96,

† Vol. ii., p. 102.

The "Owre True Tale."

1

Away—miles and miles from Lancaster town,
There stood a brown house that look'd falling down—
 But it never fell ; oh ! the same
Dazed look of age, it wore like a coat,
Making no shade, though it look'd o'er a moat,
 Where the shrubs were cowering and tame.
 * * * * *
 Elm trees shook
 Their home of the rook,
And nothing lived round but the wind and the reeds,
And self-sowing flowers, and cold water-weeds.
* * * * *

2

The Fair was over—'twas Saturday night—
Out—one after one—went the outskirt light—
 A Wayfarer sallied late,
From an inn near the bridge, and he took his road
To—away on the hills—a friend's abode,
 And he shook as he paid the gate,—
 And the last light left;
 The wind, warmth-bereft,
Welcomed him on to a drear highway,
Which he shunn'd for a bridle-path;—went he astray !

3

A Yorkshire cross-road is dismal to tell,
Through half thatch-shed village and treeless fell,
 And many a ruinous nook,
Going down through brambles, like exorcised sprite,
In the wondrous force of darkness's might,
 To tell to the deep night-brook—
 When a Wayfarer comes,
 Amid the glooms,
That a life may be had, ere the moon gets forth,
To silver the bleak sterile wolds of the north.

4

Here and there, at a low thatch'd cot,
A film of light show'd the cotter was not
 Gone to his hard-earn'd rest ;
And now, just on entering the path to a tarn,
A house-dog bark'd at the back of a barn—
 To horror his lonely guest.

The Mouser-Monarchy.

But silence, at last,
Slept thrillingly fast ;
And now the hills stretch'd wild dreary before,
With a dim thread of path through the heath, and—no more !

5

Then, then, the Wayfarer thought of his home,
And wish'd he had never been ask'd to roam ;
 (For, if ask'd, he could not deny.)
He gave the rein to his horse, and pray'd
For safety in error, and, all dismay'd,
 Look'd up to the black sky, and sigh'd !
 The path was gone,
 And trackless, alone,—
He committed himself to a sullen heath,
Where all was as stern and as dull as Death !

6

What a soul is in darkness ! what soul is in light !
Instead of the dreadful desolate night—
 Haunting this man forlorn ;
How joyous had been his wayfaring fate,
Had he heard the high throbbing lark, elate,
 Over the grass-like corn ;
 And felt the brook run,
 Hymning the sun,
And seen the wild flowers, so fairy-like small,
Earth's own tinted stars that come forth at spring's call !

7

But no !—On,—on—with nothing to see ;
And yet once the Wayfarer dream'd that he
 Caught the distant sound of the Lune ;
Faintly disturb'd, where the shallows stray,
And muttering at night o'er a river's delay,
 But the wind in its lightest swoon,
 Carried elsewhere,
 The joy from his ear,
And nothing now lived but some whimpering rills—
Becks—that came down from the uppermost hills.

8

At length (oh, blessing to wanderer's eye !)
At a distance, all suddenly—far on—on high—
 Lo ! lo ! a lone house show'd lights !
The Wayfarer push'd apace—apace—
For, even though Death should inhabit the place,
 'Twere welcome on such sad nights !

Time brought him near,
All was drear !
A house, with a moat, and elm-trees he found,
A dull bridge he cross'd—by dim light led,—no sound !

9

The moon now peer'd o'er the distant heath,
And just silver'd the hillocks of all beneath,
The traveller search'd for the door.
But nor portal—nor door—nor entry—nor way,
Found he, in that hill-side mansion, away !
Like a spectre house on a moor !
But the windows shone
Solemnly on—
And he rein'd his horse, and alighted, and tried
To look in the rooms—Mercy !—Death he descried !

10

Enwrapt for awhile, entranced, he stood !
But the moon gave the air its illumined food ;—
And he bent him forth amain—
In a silent dream—amazed he rode—
And he caught the path to his craved abode,
And reach'd it through dell and lane.
The host received
The man mind-bereaved ;
He placed on the board a goodly repast
Of meats, wine, and ales ; but the friend sat aghast !

11

“ Now, how stands our goodly Lancaster town ?
Come, pledge me in ruby, or quaff me in brown ;
And how are our dear ones there ?
Were the bees and the flocks in abundance to-day ? ”—
But, ah ! let the startled host say what he may,
He met a distracted air ;
Till press'd, and press'd,
The bewilder'd guest,
Stammer'd out he had miss'd his way on the heath,
And had seen an enchanted house of death !

12

The host drew the table more near to the grate,
And, trimming the candle, sat breathless to wait
For the mystery now at its birth.
Closer were drawn goblet, flagon, and jug,
And the feet of the two stretch'd forth on the rug,
Might have roused the old cat from the hearth,

The Mouser-Monarchy.

But it merely stirr'd,
 And dozingly purr'd,
 And closed its green eyes, while the wayfarer said
 His tale to his host of the wondrous Dead!

The Wayfarer's Narrative.

13

"Oh, miles and miles out of Lancaster town,
 I saw a brown house that did nothing but frown,
 Down on a sunk, dull moat;
 There was no shadow, for all was shade!
 Save when the uprising moon display'd
 Weeds, and dyke-brakes, deep remote!
 And elm-trees high,
 Met the night's sigh."—
 "Then you've seen," cried the host, "the house on the moor!
 With windows, but no living thing—and *no door!*"

14

"It *had* windows—and wild living things—but *no door!*
 And stood like a robber's retreat on a moor;
 But the casements were pale with light;
 I peer'd through and saw a brown wainscotted room,
 With a few tall tapers to show the gloom,
 And,—gramercy! what a sight!—
 —In the midst, a small grave—
 Carved through oak,—and save
 The ropes, planks, and pick-axe, (and no earth) and spade,
 There was nothing the Hall or oak floor to invade.

15

"—But anon (first announced by a wild rush of rats
 And mice in dismay) a procession of cats,
 Funereal cats, came on.
 One carried a banner with mouse couchant
 For the crest, and emblazon'd with talon and fang,
 And another, its head upon,
 The black plumes bore,
 And on each side the floor
 Troops of cats with long staves all black and gold,
 Attended in order—strange to behold.

16

"At length came borne by eight huge black cats,
 With scarves of crape and gold round their hats
 (Which they mournfully laid apart),
 The coffin all splendidly purple enpall'd,
 And with a rich crown on the top install'd,
 Followed by one, whose heart

In her white breast
Heaved sorely distress'd,
And the Queen of the Cats walk'd with weeping and sighs,
And ne'er took her cambric once from her eyes.

17

" Menial cats in funereal robes,
Pulsed their furs with o'erwhelming sobs ;
Royal banners were borne on high,
The service with sad caterwauling was done,
By an elderly tabby—and not in one !
Could I see a dry emerald eye.
While the tears were shower'd,
The coffin was lower'd,
The grave was closed, the procession departed,
And the queen was supported away, broken-hearted.

18

" I left—I have finish'd,—such scene I'd ne'er seen,
And shall never again perchance—ah! the poor queen
To lose her great Feline King,—"
—The host scream'd out, in terror, " What's that?"
For bolt from the rug up mounted his cat,
That seem'd such a soft sleeping thing,—
His tail enlarged,
His eye appear'd charged
With dilated green glory—he looked doubly furr'd—
And he grew majestic in whisker,—and purr'd.

19

Breathless the Wayfarer stared,—so the Host !
As though they had suddenly seen the ghost
Of the mouser-monarch inurn'd ;—
But 'twas no deception,—the terrible Tom
Bounded up on the window-sill—and therefrom
For a moment haughtily turn'd—
Then dash'd a mass
Of hole in the glass—
And squall'd, leaping down to the garden plats,
" HE'S DEAD!—WELL THEN I AM—KING OF THE CATS!"

A'ENVOY.

Nor Host—nor the Wayfarer, to their heart's bane,
Found the house, or the moat, or the lost Cat again ;
But to all fairy tale-tellers—credent with youth,—
They are ready at all times to vouch for the truth !

THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.



We are Pursued by Two Schooner-Privateers, and failing to Escape them a Terrible Contest Ensues—Three Acts of a Murderous Naval Drama—We are Worst—Captain Weatherall is Killed—I am Plundered and Wounded.

ABOUT six weeks after the unlucky affair before described, we met with a still greater disaster. We had cruised off the Spanish Main and taken several prizes; shortly after we had manned the last and had parted company, the *Revenge* being then close in shore, a fresh gale sprung up, which compelled us to make all sail to clear the land. We beat off shore during the whole of the night, when the weather moderated, and at day-break we found out that we had not gained much offing, in consequence of the current; and what was more important, the man who went to the look-out at the mast-head, hailed the deck, saying there were two sail in the offing. The hands were turned up to make sail in chase, but we found that they were resolutely bearing down upon us; and as we neared each other fast, we soon made them out to be vessels of force. One we knew well—she was the *Esperance*, a French schooner-privateer, of sixteen guns, and one hundred-and-twenty men; the other proved to be a Spanish schooner-privateer, cruising in company with her, of eighteen guns, and full manned.

Now our original complement of men had been something more than one hundred, but, by deaths, severe wounds in action, and manning our prizes, our actual number on board was reduced to fifty-five effective men. Finding the force so very superior, we made every attempt with sails and sweeps to escape, but the land to leeward of us, and their position to windward rendered it impossible. Making, therefore, a virtue of necessity, we put a good face upon it, and prepared to combat against such desperate odds.

Captain Weatherall, who was the life and soul of his crew, was not found wanting on such an emergency. With the greatest coolness and intrepidity, he gave orders to take in all the small sails, and awaited the coming down of the enemy. When every thing was ready for the unequal conflict, he ordered all hands aft, and endeavoured to inspire us with the same ardour which animated himself. He reminded us how often we had fought and triumphed over vessels of much greater force than our own; that we had already beaten off the French privateer on a former occasion; that the Spaniard was not worth talking about except to swell the merits of the double victory, and that if once we came hand to hand, our cutlasses would soon prove our superiority. He reminded us that our only safety depended upon our own manhood, for we had done such mischief on the coast, and our recent descent upon the plantation was considered in such a light that we must not expect to receive quarter if

we were overcome. Exhorting us to behave well, and to fight stoutly, he promised us the victory. Our men had such confidence in the captain that we returned him three cheers, when, dismissing us to our quarters, he ordered St. George's ensign to be hoisted to the main-masthead, and hove to for the enemy.

The French schooner was the first which ranged up alongside; the wind was light, and she came slowly up to us. The captain of her hailed, saying that his vessel was the *Esperance*, and our captain replied that he knew it, and that they also knew that his was the *Revenge*. The French captain, who had hove to, replied very courteously that he was well aware what vessel it was, and also of the valour and distinguished reputation of Captain Weatherall, upon which, Captain Weatherall, who stood on the gunnel, took off his hat in acknowledgment of the compliment.

Now Captain Weatherall was well known, and it was also well known that the two vessels would meet with a severe resistance, which it would be as well to avoid, as even if they gained the victory, it would not be without great loss of men. The French captain therefore addressed Captain Weatherall again, and said he hoped, now that he was opposed to so very superior a force, he would not make a useless resistance, but as it would be no disgrace to him, and would save the lives of many of his brave men, his well known humanity would induce him to strike his colours.

To this request our commander gave a gallant and positive refusal. The vessels lay now close to each other, so that a biscuit might have been thrown on board of either. A generous expostulation ensued, which continued till the Spanish vessel had also ranged up alongside.

"You now see our force," said the French captain. "Do not fight against impossible odds, but spare your brave and devoted men."

"In return for your kind feeling towards me," replied Captain Weatherall, "I offer you both quarter, and respect to private property, upon hauling down your colours."

"You are mad, Captain Weatherall," said the French captain.

"You allow that I have lived bravely," replied Captain Weatherall, "you shall find that I will conquer you, and if necessary I will also die bravely. We will now fight. In courtesy I offer you the first broadside."

"Impossible," said the French captain, taking off his hat.

Our captain returned the salute, and then slipping down from the gunwale, ordered the sails to be filled, and after a minute, to give the Frenchman time to prepare, he fired off in the air his fusee, which he held in his hand, as a signal for the action to begin. We instantly commenced the work of death by pouring in a broadside. It was returned with equal spirit, and a furious cannonading ensued for several minutes, when the Spaniard ranged up on our lee quarter with his rigging full of men to board us. Clapping our helm a-weather and hauling our fore-sheets to windward, we fell off athwart his hawse, and raked him with several broadsides fore and aft; our guns having been loaded with langridge and lead bullets, and his men being crowded together forward, ready to leap on board of us, her deck became a slaughter-house. The officers endeavoured in vain to animate their men, who, instead of gaining our decks, were so intimidated by the carnage that they forsook their own. The Frenchman perceiving the consternation and distress of his consort, to

give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her perilous condition, now put his helm a-weather, ran us on board, and poured in his men ; but we were well prepared, and soon cleared our decks of the intruders. In the meantime the Spaniard, by cutting away our rigging in which his bowsprit was entangled, swung clear of us, and fell away to leeward. The Frenchman perceiving this sheered off, and springing his luff, shot ahead clear of us. Such was the first act of this terrible drama. We had as yet sustained little damage, the enemy's want of skill and our own good fortune combined, having enabled us to take them at such a disadvantage.

But although inspirited by such a prosperous beginning, our inferiority in men was so great that our captain considered it his duty to make all sail in hopes of being able to avoid such an unequal combat. This our enemies attempted to prevent by a most furious cannonade, which we received and returned without flinching, making a running fight of it, till at last our fore yard and foretop-mast being shot away, we had no longer command of the vessel. Finding that our fire continued unabated, although we were crippled and could not escape, both the vessels again made preparations for boarding us, while we on our part prepared to give them a warm reception.

As we knew that the Frenchman, who was our most serious opponent, must board us on our weather bow, we traversed four of our guns loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, over to receive him, and being all ready with our powder flasks and hand grenades, we waited for the attack. As he bore down for our bows, with all his men clinging like bees, ready for the spring, our guns were discharged and the carnage was terrible. The men staggered back, falling down over those who had been killed or wounded, and it required all the bravery and example of the French captain, who was really a noble fellow, to rally the remainder of his men, which at last he succeeded in doing, and about forty of them gained our forecastle, from which they forced our weak crew, and retained possession, not following up the success, but apparently waiting till they were seconded by the Spaniard's boarding us on our lee quarter, which would have placed us between two fires, and compelled us to divide our small force.

By this time the wind, which had been light, left us, and it was nearly a calm, with a swelling sea, which separated the two vessels; the Spaniard, who was ranging up under our lee, having but little way and not luffing enough, could not fetch us, but fell off and drifted to leeward. The Frenchmen who had been thrown on board, and who retained possession of our forecastle, being thus left without support from their own vessel, which had been separated from us by the swell, or from the Spaniard which had fallen to leeward, we gave three cheers, and throwing a number of hand-grenades in among them, we rushed forward with our half-pikes, and killed or drove every soul of them overboard, one only, and he wounded in the thigh, escaped by swimming back to his own vessel. Here, then, was a pause in the conflict, and thus ended, I may say, the second act.

Hitherto the battle had been fought with generous resolution; but after this hand to hand conflict, and the massacre with which it ended, both sides appeared to have been roused to ferocity. A most infernal cannonade was now renewed by both our antagonists, and returned by us

with equal fury; but it was now a dark calm, and the vessels rolled so much with the swell, that the shot were not so effective. By degrees we separated more and more from our enemies, and the firing was now reduced to single guns. During this partial cessation our antagonists had drawn near to each other, although at a considerable distance from us. We perceived that the Spaniard was sending two of his boats full of men to supply the heavy loss sustained by his comrade. Captain Weatherall ordered the sweeps out, and we swept our broadside to them, trying by single guns to sink the boats as they went from one vessel to the other. After two or three attempts, a gun was successful; the shot shattered the first of the boats, which instantly filled and went down. The second boat pulled up and endeavoured to save the men, but we now poured our broadside upon them, and daunted by the shot flying about them, they sought their own safety by pulling back to the vessel, leaving their sinking companions to their fate. Failing in this attempt, both vessels recommenced their fire upon us, but the distance and the swell of the sea prevented any execution, and at last they ceased firing, waiting till a breeze should spring up which might enable them to renew the contest with better success.

At this time it was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the combat had lasted about five hours. We refreshed ourselves after the fatigue and exertion which we had undergone, and made every preparation for a renewal of the fight. During the engagement we were so excited, that we had no time to think; but now that we were cool again and unoccupied, we had time to reflect upon our position, and we began to feel dejected and apprehensive. Fatigued with exertion, we were weak and dispirited. We knew that our best men were slain or groaning under their severe wounds, that the enemy were still numerous, and as they persevered after so dreadful a slaughter, that they were of unquestionable bravery and resolution. Good fortune, and our captain's superior seamanship had, up to the present, enabled us to make a good fight, but fortune might desert us, and our numbers were so reduced, that if the enemy continued resolute, we must be overpowered. Our gallant captain perceived the despondency that prevailed, and endeavoured to remove it by his own example and by persuasion. After praising us for the resolution and courage we had already shown, he pointed out to us that whatever might be the gallantry of the officers, it was clear that the men on board of the opposing vessels were awed by their heavy loss and want of success, and that if they made one more attempt to take us by the board and failed, which he trusted they would do, no persuasion would ever induce them to try it again, and the captains of the vessels would give over such an unprofitable combat. He solemnly averred that the colours should never be struck while he survived, and demanded who amongst us were base enough to refuse to stand by them. Again we gave him three cheers, but our numbers were few, and the cheer was faint compared with the first which had been given, but still we were resolute, and determined to support our captain and the honour of our flag. Captain Weatherall took care that our feeling should not subside—he distributed the grog plentifully; at our desire he nailed the colours to the mast, and we waited for a renewal of the combat with impatience. At four o'clock in the afternoon a breeze sprung up, and both vessels trimmed their sails and neared as fast—not quite in such gallant

trim as in the morning it is true—but they appeared now to have summoned up a determined resolution. Silently they came up, forcing their way slowly through the water; not a gun was fired, but the gaping mouths of the cannon, and their men motionless at their quarters, portended the severity of the struggle, which was now to decide the hitherto well-contested trial for victory. When within half a cable's length, we saluted them with three cheers, they returned our defiance, and running up on each side of us, the combat was renewed with bitterness.

The Frenchman would not this time lay us on board until he was certain that the Spaniard had boarded us, to leeward—he continued luffing to windward and plying us with broadsides until we were grappled with the Spaniard, and then he bore down and laid his gunwale on our bow. The Spaniard had already boarded us on the quarter, and we were repelling this attack, when the Frenchman laid us on the bow. We fought with desperation, and our pikes gave us such an advantage over the swords and knives of the Spaniards, that they gave ground, and appalled by the desperate resistance they encountered, quitted our decks strewn with their dead and dying shipmates, and retreated in confusion to their own vessel. But before this repulse had been effected, the French had boarded us on the weather-bow, and driving before them the few men which had been sent forward to resist them, had gained our main deck, and forced their way to the rise of the quarter deck, where all our remaining men were now collected. The combat was now desperate, but after a time our pikes, and the advantage of our position, appeared to prevail over numbers. We drove them before us—we had regained the main deck, when our brave commander, who was at our head, and who infused spirit into us all, received a bullet through his right wrist; shifting his sword into his left hand, he still pressed forward encouraging us, when a ball entered his breast and he dropped dead. With his fall, fell the courage and fortitude of his crew so long sustained—and to complete the mischief, the lieutenant and two remaining officers also fell a few seconds after him. Astonished and terrified, the men stopped short in their career of success, and wildly looked round for a leader. The French, who had retreated to the fore-castle, perceiving our confusion, renewed the attack, our few remaining men were seized with a panic, and throwing down our arms, we asked for quarter where a moment before victory was in our hands—such was the finale of our bloody drama.

Out of fifty-five men twenty-two had been killed in this murderous conflict, and almost all the survivors desperately or severely wounded. Most of the remaining crew after we had cried for quarter jumped down the hatchway, to avoid the cutlasses of our enraged victors. I and about eight others having been driven past the hatchway, threw down our arms and begged for quarter, which we had little reason to expect would be shown to us. At first no quarter was given by our savage enemies, who cut down several of our disarmed men and hacked them to pieces. Perceiving this, I got on the gunwale ready to jump overboard, in the hopes of being taken up after the slaughter had ceased, when a French lieutenant coming up protected us, and saved the poor remains of our crew from the fury of his men. Our lives however were all we counted upon preserving—we were instantly stripped and plundered without mercy. I lost every thing I possessed; the watch, ring, and sword I had taken from the gallant Frenchman were soon forced from me, and not

stripping off my apparel fast enough to please a Mulatto sailor, I received a blow with the butt-end of a pistol under the left ear which precipitated me down the hatchway, near which I was standing, and I fell senseless into the hold.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

We are put on Board the *Revenge*, and treated with Great Cruelty—Are afterwards recaptured by the *Hero* Privateer, and Retaliate on the French—I am taken to the Hospital at Port Royal, where I meet the French Lady—Her Savage Exultation at my Condition—She is Punished by one of my Comrades.

On coming to my senses I found myself stripped naked, and suffering acute pain. I found that my right arm was broken, my shoulder severely injured by my fall; and as I had received three severe cutlass wounds during the action, I had lost so much blood that I had not strength to rise or do any thing for myself. There I laid, groaning and naked, upon the ballast of the vessel, at times ruminating upon the events of the action, upon the death of our gallant commander, upon the loss of our vessel, of so many of our comrades, and of our liberty. After some time the surgeon, by the order of the French commander, came down to dress my wounds. He treated me with the greatest barbarity. As he twisted about my broken limb I could not help crying on the anguish which he gave me. He compelled me to silence by blows and maledictions, wishing I had broken my rascally neck rather than he should have been put to the trouble of coming down to dress me. However, dress me he did, out of fear of his captain, who he knew well would send round to see if he had executed his orders, and then he left me with a kick in the ribs by way of remembrance. Shortly afterwards the vessels separated. Fourteen of us, who were the most severely hurt, were left in the *Revenge*, which was manned by an officer and twenty Frenchmen, with orders to take her into Port-au-Paix. The rest of our men were put on board of the French privateer, who sailed away in search of a more profitable adventure.

About an hour after they had made sail on the vessel, the officer who had charge of her, looking down the hatchway, and perceiving me naked and forlorn condition, threw me a pair of trousers, which had been rejected by the French seamen as not worth having, and a check shirt, in an equally ragged condition, I picked up in the hold; this with a piece of old rope to tie round my neck as a sling for my broken arm, was my whole wardrobe. In the evening I gained the deck, that I might be refreshed by the breeze, which cooled my feverish body, and somewhat restored me.

We remained in this condition for several days, tortured with pain, but more tortured, perhaps, by the insolence and bragging of the Frenchmen, who set no bounds to their triumph and self-applause. Among those who had charge of the prize were two, one of whom had my watch and the other my ring; the first would hold it to me grinning, and asking if monsieur would like to know what o'clock it was; and the other would display the ring, and tell me that his sweetheart would value it when she knew it was taken from a conquered Englishman. This was their

practice every day, and I was compelled to receive their gibes without venting a retort.

On the eleventh day after our capture, when close to Port-au-Paix, and expecting we should be at anchor before nightfall, we perceived a great hurry and confusion on deck; they were evidently making all the sail that they could upon the vessel; and then hearing them fire off their stern-chasers, we knew for certain that they were pursued. Overjoyed at the prospect of being released, we gave three cheers. The French from the deck threatened to fire down upon us, but we knew that they dared not, for the *Revenge* was so crippled in the fight, that they could not put sail upon her so as to escape, and their force on board was too small to enable them to resist if overtaken—we therefore continued our exulting clamours. At last we heard guns fired, and the shot whizzing over the vessel—a shot or two struck our hull, and soon afterwards a broadside being poured into us, the Frenchmen struck their colours, and we had the satisfaction of seeing all these Gasconaders driven down into the hold to take our places. It was now their turn to be dejected and downcast, and for us to be merry; and now also the tables had to be turned, and we took the liberty of regaining possession of our clothes and other property which they carried on their backs and in their pockets. I must say we showed them no mercy.

"What o'clock is it, monsieur?" said I to the fellow who had my watch.

"At your service, sir," he replied, humbly taking out my watch, and presenting it to me.

"Thank you," said I, taking the watch, and saluting him with a kick in the stomach, which made him double up and turn round from me, upon which I gave him another kick in the rear to straighten him again. "That ring, monsieur, that your sweetheart will prize."

"Here it is," replied the fellow, abjectly.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, saluting him with the double kick which I had given to the former. "Tell your sweetheart I sent her those," cried I, "that is, when you get back to her."

"Hark ye, brother," cries one of our men, "I'll trouble you for that jacket which you borrowed of me the other day, and in return here are a pair of iron garters (holding out the shackles), which you must wear for my sake—I think they will fit you well."

"Mounseer," cries another, "that wig of mine don't suit your complexion, I'll trouble you for it. It's a pity such a face as yours should be disfigured in those curls. And while you are about it, I'll thank you to strip altogether, as I think your clothes will fit me, and are much too gay for a prisoner."

"I was left naked through your kindness the other day," said I to another, who was well and smartly dressed, "I'll thank you to strip to your skin, or you shall have no skin left." And I commenced with my knife cutting his ears as if I would skin them.

It was a lucky hit of mine, for in his sash I found about twenty doubloons. He would have saved them and held them tight, but after my knife had entered his side about half an inch, he surrendered the prize. After we had plundered and stripped them of every thing, we set to to kick them, and we did it for half an hour so effectually that they were

all left groaning in a heap on the ballast, and we then found our way on deck.

The privateer which had recaptured us proved to be the *Hero*, of New Providence; the Frenchmen were taken out, and some of her own men put in to take us to Port Royal; we being wounded and not willing to join her, remained on board. On our arrival at Port Royal we obtained permission to go to the King's hospital to be cured. As I went up stairs to the ward allotted to me, I met the French lady whose husband had been killed, and who was still nursing her son at the hospital, his wounds not having been yet cured. Notwithstanding my altered appearance, she knew me again immediately, and seeing me pale and emaciated, with my arm in a sling, she dropped down on her knees and thanked God for returning upon our heads a portion of the miseries we had brought upon her. She was delighted when she heard how many of us had been slain in the murderous conflict, and even rejoiced at the death of poor Captain Weatherall, which, considering how very kind and considerate he had been to her, I thought to be very unchristian.

It so happened that I was not only in the same ward, but in the cradle next to her son, and the excitement I had been under when we were recaptured, and my exertion in kicking the Frenchmen, had done me no good. A fever was the consequence, and I suffered dreadfully, and she would look at me exulting in my agony, and mocking my groans, till at last the surgeon told her it was by extreme favour that her son was in the hospital instead of being in the prison, and that if she did not behave herself in a proper manner he would order her to be denied admittance altogether, and that if she dared to torment suffering men in that way, on the first complaint on my part her son should go to the gaol and finish his cure there. This brought her to her senses, and she begged pardon, and promised to offend no more; but she did not keep her word for more than a day or two, but laughed out loud when the surgeon was dressing my arm, for a piece of bone had to be taken out and I shrieked with anguish. This exasperated one of my messmates so much that not choosing to strike her, and knowing how to wound her still worse, he drove his fist into the head of her son as he laid in his cradle, and by so doing re-opened the wound that had been nearly healed.

"There's pain for you to laugh at, you French devil," he cried.

And sure enough it nearly cost the poor young man his life.

The surgeon was very angry with the man, but told the French lady as she kneeled sobbing by the side of her son, that she had brought it upon herself and him by her own folly and cruelty. I know not whether she felt so, or whether she dreaded a repetition, but this is certain, she tormented me no more. On the contrary, I think she suffered very severely as she perceived that I rapidly amended, and that her poor son got on but slowly. At last my hurts were all healed, and I left the hospital, hoping never to see her more.

THE MAN MOST OF US KNOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACOB OMNIUM."

Circæis nata forent, an
 Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
 Ostrea, callebat primo dependere morsu,
 Et semel aspecti litus dicebat echine.

JUVENAL.

SUPPOSING that "echinus" were the Latin for a haddock, which my eldest boy, who is at Eton, offers to bet me five to one is not the case, the above-quoted passage would apply, even better than it already does, to that middle-aged man, verging on corpulency, who is to be seen every morning in pleasant converse with Mr. Grove, the worthy and well-known fishmonger of Bond-street.

Mr. Stuart Puddicome is of a florid and jovial countenance, healthy yet inactive looking, neatly but easily dressed—not a tight string or button about him. With him digestion is the main object of life; he despises the possessor of a weak stomach, and envies a Goul.

Yet Puddicome is no gormandiser; he is too far-sighted for that, although he considers it a duty which he owes to himself to obtain daily as good victuals as talent and money can procure; he so contrives that the dinner of to-day shall not impair the breakfast of to-morrow; he stoically abstains from a third help of turtle on the Monday, prudently mindful of the haunch to which he is bidden on the Tuesday.

Puddicome rises early—with him health is every thing—for without health digestion will not go on, and without digestion appetite is not.

A walk in the parks prepares him for his breakfast, a light but dainty meal. A little broiled fish, some marmalade, a pat of Bruce's butter, a couple of rounds of crisp toast, and one cup of choice tea from Antrobus, that is all.

The lighter parts of the *Morning Herald*, police reports, fashionable news, murders, and horse advertisements, occupy his mind agreeably till eleven. He then strolls down to Grove's to ascertain whether the day's supply be good, and also to discover from the directions pinned on the fish already bespoke, what dinner parties are about to come off.

At twelve, Puddicome proceeds to his club, to collate the police reports of the *Herald* with those of the *Chronicle* and *Times*; he also takes occasion to learn how the previous day's dinner has agreed with such of his trencher fellows as he falls in with; he speaks approvingly of A.'s dry champagne, of which he fears there can be but little remaining, and joins earnestly in the damnation of B.'s thirty-four claret, a rough and loaded wine.

Puddicome compiles a party to Greenwich or Richmond for the following Sunday, selecting the component members of it rather from the brilliancy of their stomachs than their wits, cautiously excluding "poor devils who have no guts," of whom he speaks with contemptuous compassion, and ardently enrolling "fellows who don't say much, but enjoy their bottle of claret."

In order to fill up the vacuum in his existence caused by the interval between the publication of the morning and evening papers, he is ready to take a walk with any body any where. Though he knows and cares nought about horses or betting, he will willingly accompany you to Tattersall's; or he will as willingly stroll with you in the city to look at the New Exchange, though he has already seen it a dozen times—merely because with him exercise and appetite are cause and effect.

At four the evening papers recall him to his club. If not already provided for, he lays himself out for being picked up by some Amphytrion in good repute. He shakes hands warmly with the owner of the woodmill salmon he saw in the morning at Grove's, he tells the Dublin Bay haddock a capital story, he whispers a bit of scandal into the ear of the cod's head and shoulders, he affirms that he has not for many years seen the John Dory looking so fresh.

Being a jolly, entertaining fellow, and an A 1 trencherman, Puddicome generally succeeds in making one of these fish bite; but if their tables happen to be full, he cheerfully proceeds to order his dinner in the club coffee-room, and looks out for a pleasant companion to eat it with him.

This he does carefully and deliberately, not writing down rashly from the bill of fare those dishes whose names hit his fancy most, but ascertaining surely, by a personal interview with the steward or cook, what soups are freshest, what vegetables least in season.

Wishing to rest his viscera, he stints himself to a pint of sherry and a bottle of "intermediate" claret, after which he tops up with a cup of coffee and a glass of curaçoa. He then betakes himself half price to the play, or knocks the balls about apathetically in the billiard-room for half an hour, or indulges in a French novel and a snooze in the library till midnight, and then to bed.

Puddicome belongs to three or four of the best clubs, has a small lodging somewhere, and is to be seen about town all the year round; saving now and then a week at Brighton or Paris. He is not much given to ladies' society, and thinks in his heart that they rather spoil a party than otherwise. They on their part aver that his love of eating is disgusting, yet are mighty civil to him when he dines at their houses, for they fear his influence over their husbands, and know that he is recognised as a just though severe judge in all matters of culinary interest.

Puddicome lives on agreeably and merrily,—if, indeed, his career be not abruptly terminated by apoplexy,—till dyspepsia and reflection overtake him, and then I decline to trace his course any farther, for it is a melancholy one, and in this vale of sorrows we stumble over more than sufficient causes of sadness without going out of our way to seek them.

SONNET,

FROM CAMOENS.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

SWEET sainted one! who mortal weeds so young
 Cast off as scorning in earth's guise to dwell,
 Or draw thy being from less pure a well
 Than seraph-life's first fountain—why so long
 Leavest thou me lingering—doom'd to bonds too strong
 To sunder?—Hear! if in that bleak sphere,—tell
 Dwells memory of our love—that one deep spell
 That draws me towards thee those bright seats among.
 If fond faith chasten'd as thine own—if grief
 For loss of thee—sole hope—may aught avail,
 Ask the prime mover of all grace relief—
 That as he made thy sojourn here so brief,
 He may these mortal days as swift curtail,
 As those which snatch thee from this tearful vale.

THE PIRATE'S WAGER.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

Fytte the First.

'Twas at the isle of Sambalee, off the coast of Yucatan,
That the pirate fleet assembled, under Bill the Englishman.
And he had for noble seconder a mate named Roche Brazil;
A gallant pair who knew no fear, were Roche and English Bill!

Two men of better mettle the proud sea never bore,
For their names were more than thunder upon ev'ry southern shore ;
And every skyeey latitude along the Spanish main,
Had seen its waters ruddy with the blood of those they'd slain.

The Indian in the forest, and the planter on the hill
Paled, when they saw the streamers of this Roche and English Bill.
For they held all men as cowards, and they made all convoys yield ;—
Their sabres were their sickles, and the world their harvest field.

They reap'd of other's sowing,—of their cash, and goods, and gear:—
A plague of human locusts that destroy'd the merchant's year.
The land they made a desert, and the sea a waste of fright,
And the day a time of darkness, and to horror turn'd the night.

But the land was not a desert, nor a frightful waste the mare,
To Roche Brazil and English Bill, and all who with them were:
On land they lived in revelry, they gloried on the flood,
And play'd at sinking merchantmen as often as they could.

So these two sat down one morning beneath a sail for shade,
And they drank their wine like water, and at cards like devils play'd.
And in the deck their daggers, at hand they stuck upright,
That, should they chance to quarrel, they might spring up and fight.

And they swore at one another, and they cursed each luckless chance,
And thank'd the Lord for fortune, as they led this demon's dance.
And their eyes grew wild and bloodshot, and their blood like running fire,
And frenzied grew their laughter, and fiercer grew their ire:—

And the play raged like a battle, although no blood was spilt.—
Of a fray 't had all the terror, if it had not all the guilt.
The seamen bold look'd solemn ; and their glittering eyes betray'd
It were better far the captain on that morn had never play'd:—

Or had his wine been water, so that his brain were cool,
Since valiant Bill the Englishman in drink was aye a fool:
While Roche Brazil grew savage, and like a man insane,
Such tempests did the liquor raise in his stormy brain.

"I've lost a thousand dollars, and my bag contains no more,—
My play is done!" cried English Bill, and the cards dash'd on the floor.
"What ! not another stiver left to carry on the strife ?"
Said Roche, in scorn, "then, beggarman, I'll play thee for thy life!

"Against thy life my own I'll stake, and whoso wins the day,
Himself the other's life shall take, just when and how he may.
And if I win, I'll captain be of all this gallant fleet,
And if I lose, my blood I'll spill like water at thy feet !"

"Done! On my life a bargain! Done! Now one of us shall go:
I swear by yonder burning sun I'll run thee through and through!
Upon my sabre spitted fast, thy blood shall fall like rain;
I'll pin thee to the mizen-mast, and take my gold again !"

'Twas thus outspoke the captain brave; and then he call'd his crew,
And said to them, "My noble men! my bonny hearts and true!
Since Roche or I this day must die, whichever chance may please,
And leave the kingdom of the waves, the glory of the seas,

"By you to be inherited;—if I should chance to fall,
Respect the corpse of English Bill, and be a sail its pall.
Remember how, in former times, it led you out to sea,
And took their ships, and sack'd their towns, and knew but victory.

"Slip it into the ocean, boys, without your silly pray'rs,
For all such stuff as you can say, think you God Almighty cares?
It suits your parson in his gown, to flam the folks ashore,
But the pray'r for me be the rippling sea, and my burial rite its roar.

"Long have I known the treachery of jealous Roche Brazil;—
How to be captain of this crew, his captain he would kill.
Long has he sought occasion deep, of quarrel to the knife,—
He's not my equal while I live, and so would have my life.

"But I have scorn'd to try the knave for treason to our band,
Just give a villain rope enough, he'll hang by his own hand.
And now, my bold companions old, take either side you will:
IT MAY BE NEEDFUL WE SHOULD KNOW THE FRIENDS OF ENGLISH BILL!"

Spite the Second.

THEN twenty out of fifty men took side with English Bill,
And thirty, whom he had seduced, went o'er to Roche Brazil.
To see how few were at his back, the captain's heart grew sad;
He wish'd he'd no'er a pirate been, or a trustier crew had had.

A vision of his earlier times rose like a painted scene,—
A vision of the thing he was, and what he *might* have been.
Once more he saw himself a boy, joying in sunshine bright,
And feeling that alone *to live*, was to enjoy delight.

And now, the ruin of a man, whose way of life had been
Cast upon tempest, crime, and fight. One dark and bloody scene
Of actions fierce, and passions wild,—of thoughts that bring no joy,
But make a man in sadness wish he were again a boy.

As on a stone a moment fall drops of bright promise-rain,
So on his lashes shook a tear, and then dried up again.
The turmoil of remorseful thought, the fiery sense of sin,
Distill'd this dew, but hotter Pride call'd the betrayer in.

And English Bill once more stood up, a man whose heart was steel,
Whose only shame it was to own, that ever he could feel.
The weakness of that self-reproach which towards conscience call,
He held to be a woman's gift, nor fit for man at all.

Into his hands he took the cards:—"Now, Fate my servant be,
And what false Roche has robb'd me of, may God restore to me!"
'Twas thus he spoke; but Roche Brazil shriek'd like a savage fell,
And wish'd that if he lost the day in fire his soul might dwell.

The play was deep—the play was still—the silence painful grew;
It was a breathless agony to all that braggart crew.
Within their hearts they hop'd and fear'd; within their souls they swore;
But outwardly it seem'd no word might e'er be spoken more.

And faces, rusted by the heat, grew darker and grew pale
Alternately as Roche did win, and then again did fail.
Until at length bold English Bill look'd upwards to the sun,
And cried, as the last card he threw, "Thank God, two lives I've won!"

The Pirate's Wager.

A shout, that shook the sails like wind, rose from his twenty men,
And a murmur like hoarse thunder replied to them again.
Then daggers from their sheaths came out, and thirty voices swore
If Roche Brazil must die that day, that they would die before.

"A mutiny! a mutiny!" cried English Bill, with rage,—
"Shoot down the rebels, bonny men, and in an iron cage
False Roche Brazil shall naked hang, in burning day, mast high,
Until his blood has solid grown, and his bones are white and dry!"

With fury then the fight began, and friend by friend was slain:
In truth, none else could conquer them upon the Spanish main.
And some together hook'd themselves fast by the body belt,
That neither man might get away till the blow of death was dealt.

Oh! fighting is a thing insane,—a madness of the mind,—
The frenzy of a burning brain when reason staggers blind.
It proves no right, it tests no good, since wickedness may win;
Yet truth is truth, though drown'd in blood, and sin, though conqueror, sin!

Of thirty men one half lay dead,—of twenty men but seven.—
'Tis sad so frightfully to die, and have no hope of heaven!
To die, and think that death *concludes* all scenes, as birth began;
While CHANGE alone, in all things else, is nature's law to man.

Just then one cried, "A fleet, a fleet comes o'er the starboard bow!"
The battle ceased, all eyes look'd out, and found 'twas even so.
For on the south horizon near, five men of war they see,
With sails full set and bowsprits wet, bearing for Sambalee.

"Oh, fools and knaves!" cried English Bill, "to slaughter one another,
While in the world beyond ourselves we own no man a brother.
We're enemies to all, and all are enemies of ours,—
Fly to your guns, ye madmen all, and join again your pow'rs."

The word was said, the thing was done; the common danger made
Friends, where before each man in blood his fellow-man had laid,
A weathercock, a wayward thing, is man at best or worst;—
One moment ready to be bless'd, the next to be accursed.

As sweeps an eagle on her prey, so swept the Spanish fleet,
Until it hid the sun, and threw a shadow at their feet.
Then iron rain fell o'er the main, from thunderclouds of smoke,
And lightning from the pirate's guns, amidst, in darkness broke.

"Now, Roche Brazil!" cried English Bill, "I freely pass the past,—
Ply well your trade! no good can be where bitterness doth last.
Yon noble ships that come for us, we in our turn will take,—
Out on the play we've had to-day! These all amends shall make."

Then, hard and well they to it fell, and so put in their lead,
That three good ships became their own, while two like cowards fled.
When all was o'er brave Roche Brazil felt humbled to the knee,
And low before the braver Bill ask'd pardon full and free.

That night on Sambalee's flat isle a frantic party met,
They sang the songs of other times, and kiss'd the maids of jet.
They danced and drank the deep red wine, they toasted healths and swore
No life was worth a curse on earth, save the pirate's life ashore!

THE BROWN COACH;

OR,

THE LADY KILLER.

A ROMANCE OF BRIGHTON.

I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids.

I.

ADMIRATION FIGSBY.

THE sun was taking his usual briny bath, and the fog that prematurely closes a Brighton December day was fast coming over the sea, when the homeward-bound loungers were enlivened by the appearance of a strange vehicle progressing westward, as if leaving Kemp Town for the more genial climate of the lower squares.

It was a large, roomy, dark brown family coach, with brown hammer-cloth and brown liveries, drawn by a pair of fine sleek brown horses, whose glossy coats were neither damped by unwonted exertion, nor chilled by hanging about making calls.

There is nothing perhaps so indicative of circumstances as a carriage. It is the barometer of riches. It is also a criterion of taste. In it you see reflected the image of the owner's mind. You may almost read a carriage as you would a book. A dirty person is sure to have a dirty carriage. If, however, the taste incline to flash and finery, what opportunities the liveries, the harness, the lamps, the linings, the bindings, the braidings, the panels of the vehicle itself afford for the most unlimited display. There is scarcely a point that does not offer a peg to hang ostentation upon, from the flowing rosettes at the horses' ears, to the dangling footmen-holders at the carriage back.

Carriages are of as many grades as there are orders in society. There's the ducal [equipage with the cocked-hatted footmen, and apoplectic-looking coachman; the lordly landau, the easy caleche, the elegant barouche, the dashing mail phaeton, the comfortable chariot, the luxurious *vis-à-vis*, the economical Clarence, down to the *demi fortune* of a Brougham, or of those anonymous productions attempting the convenience of both close and open carriages, and accomplishing neither. Recent times have introduced strange innovations among carriages.

The carriage of which we spoke was of the sober but substantial family order—upper and under springs, patent axletrees, lined with rich silk tabaret, bullion tassels, spring blinds, globe lamps, and concealed door hinges, all the appliances usually set forth in an advertisement. Every thing about it was rich but plain. It glided along on its easy well-adjusted springs with a noiseless sort of hum, even the paved crossings and flaggings elicited nothing but an increased boom as it lilted and tilted over their inequalities, so unlike the jingling tambourens of Brighton flies and country-built carriages. The coachman was of fair proportions, neither looking as though he had really indented the hammer-cloth with his weight, nor so lean as to be liable to be jerked from his seat like a parched pea from a drum-head. The footman, too, was of the same character; neat, perhaps smart, but apart from his carriage, there was nothing about him to excite observation, nothing to

make the little boys exclaim, as he picked along, taking care of his stockings, "Oh, my! what a swell Johnny!"

At the time of which we write, carriages were not much in use at Brighton; the great people exhibited their humility in flies, driving from one end of the shore-stretching town to the other, in the most martyrlike way, and of course the snobocracy imitated them. The sea air is bad for horses, bad for varnish, bad for polish, bad for every thing about carriages. Brighton was a different sort of place before the dredging-machine of politics brought the sediments of society to the surface, and people were not afraid of compromising their station. With things in that state, it will readily be imagined that an equipage such as we have described would create no little sensation in that region of shrimps and idleness, nor was the effect at all diminished by the appearance of a widow's lozenge in brown relief on the panel, and a couple of smart bonnets inside. Two bonnets in a large family coach afford food both for speculation and reflection—for speculation as to whether the number is really reduced to two, and for reflection on the presumption of the owner in building a vehicle, calculated to carry so many more. Moreover, there is something interesting in the "lozenge" carriage, particularly in a well turned-out one—for it is capable of Hyde-parkical demonstration that widows in general are no great hands at turning out carriages.

These—or ideas something like these—glanced through the mind of Admiration Figsby, as, sucking his gold-headed cane, he stood at the door of the East Cliff library, looking first to the east then to the west, with the air of a man—as he was—thoroughly disengaged. Figsby had nothing to do—nothing to do! We beg pardon—he had a great deal to do—he was a lady-killer! Some would call him a fortune-hunter, but that was not the right term—he was a lady-killer—a lady-killer, who would have no objection, perhaps, to kill two birds with one stone, and get a fortune too, but his primary, *bona fide* occupation was lady-killing.

Oh! for the pen of a Jenkins to do justice to the genius our cross-grained goose-quill has conjured up! Oh! for a model man to set before us like one of Mr. Truefit's wax wig and whisker blocks, wherewith to draw the portrait of a fancy man. But who would take upon himself to describe the curiosities lovely women invest with the title of "charming men!—delightful men!—*killing* men!" Echo answers, "*Who.*"

Nevertheless, we will grapple with the subject the best way we can—to say that Admiration was a fool would be almost superfluous, for all lady-killers are fools. It is an order founded on self-sufficiency, fostered by impudence, and perfected by female flattery. The greatest misfortune that can happen to a man is to be "taken up" by a pretty woman at the outset of life. There never, perhaps, was a more thoroughly odious self-sufficient puppy than George Figsby, called "Admiration" from the terms he was on with himself. In height he was five feet five and a half—at least with the aid of a pair of very high-heeled boots—and like most little men he was correspondingly conceited—that is to say, in the inverse ratio—little man, great conceit. He was a good-looking, impudent-looking little fellow, with an audacious stare, and a most consequential strut. His oval face was fringed with a pair of

most regular black, box-border kind of whiskers terminating in a beard below his chin, and pushing his pointed gills off his pink and white cheeks. His eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, capable of staring any woman of moderate modesty out of countenance without the aid of a tortoise-shell encircled glass, with which he framed and glazed his right one; a proceeding that always makes one long to take an umbrella point, and stick the glass permanently in. In face, Figsby was what the ladies call "a pretty man." He was more like worthy Messrs. Ross and Sons' wood-cut on the advertising sheet of the *New Monthly*, with directions for measuring the head for an "invisible peruke," than any thing else we know, only instead of the perfect baldness which characterises that great work of art, ridiculing as it were the assertion that the change for "this unique head of hair" is only so much, Admiration had very full flowing jet black locks, kept in perfect order by a Macassar-oiling, cosmetic-using valet. In addition to this, Figsby's figure, though short, was far from faulty. Whatever dress could do to set this off was used. His clothes were of the brightest colours and tightest fit—his figured satin cravats were the admiration of the ladies, and he was extensively turned up with silk and velvet at the collars, cuffs, skirts, everywhere, in short, where silk and velvet could be laid on. In jewellery he could vie with a pawnbroker's son on a Sunday.

Figsby was a regular watering-place man. He followed the seasons just as Richardson's booth, or Pollito's beasts follow the fairs—now staring out of the Plough, or lounging to Pittville at Cheltenham—now sauntering up that damp slice of Regent-street, called Leamington—now entombing himself in that grave of the living called Bath—now capering in Hyde Park—now attitudinising as we find him at Brighton, Dover, Hastings, Broadstairs, and minor places he took as alterative medicine. Wherever he went, Figsby was always conspicuous—always a man for others to avoid, and for mammas to make inquiries about. He could stand the brunt of inquiry too, for though the name was not aristocratic, it was borne by a most inestimable banker, who had signified his intention of making this swell nephew his heir. And here let us observe that there is nothing so convenient as having a banker uncle. We know thoughtless young men will laugh at the very name of "uncle," associating it with quite another sort of person, but in the sense in which we use it, we contend that a *bona fide* "banker uncle" is a most valuable ally. Nobody ever takes exception to a banker—all other trades and callings are liable to be sneered at, but a banker is every body's friend. We hold that there could not be a finer introduction for a young man like Figsby, than to have it known that he was heir to a banker—it sounds so substantial—we may abuse lawyers, physicians, soldiers, sailors—nay, the very meek and luxury-denying clergy themselves, but no man in his senses would think of abusing a banker, because it would be presumptive evidence that he had been wanting to borrow money, and been refused.

Figsby found his "uncle" convenient—he was as much run after by the women as avoided by the men—still he was a cautious bird—he knew how far to go. When parents began to press, he would "spread his light wings," and fly elsewhere, there to enact over again the scenes he had just left. If driven into a corner he fell back on "nunkey," who invariably returned for answer "that he was far too young

to marry," that he wouldn't hear of such a thing—cut him off with a shilling, and so on.

Figsby's pleasure was courting—he did not like to go further. He liked to be talked of for girls, to have it said that the beautiful Miss Peacock, or the lovely Mrs. Hopkins was dying for Mr. Figsby.

Once only had he been caught—or rather booked. For four-and-twenty hours he was an engaged man, and the agony he suffered during that period of probation—the dreary blank that all after-life appeared before him, damped the energy of his ardour. He then turned his attention to married women, entering their service in the fetch and carry line, as we see elderly gentlemen who wish to be thought young do.

Years had rolled on since "booking time," and now as Figsby stood sucking his gold-headed cane, nine and twenty summers had fled away with watering-place celerity. Nine and twenty, to a man of forty, seems nothing—the mere experience of a boy—but nine and twenty to the man of nine and twenty, is an awful, a tremulous time. Thirty is always looked upon by youth as the last drawbridge over the moat of life before entering the portals of age. "Old enough to be her father," that dreaded denunciation so common on the lips of mothers who would not care to marry their daughters to men old enough to be their grandfathers (if they were worth having), frightens youth more than any thing we know.

Though verging on the once dreaded period, Admiration Figsby stood undismayed before his looking-glass. Time—relentless time—had made no ravage on him. No envious silvery thread shot through the raven locks of his well-parted, well-arranged head. Crow's-feet were strangers to his large, but vacant eyes ; his forehead was unfurrowed ; and if Time's graver had traced the outlines of future age-marks, they were not yet "bit in," as the artists say. Neither had his figure shown any symptoms of preparing to degenerate into corpulence. His hour-glass waist was small as ever, his taper hand required the smallest glove, and his foot would have served as a model for a last maker. Altogether, he was quite a pocket Adonis.

Notwithstanding all these providential dispensations, Admiration Figsby had an inward conviction that his irresistible charms would not last for ever. He had also felt a certain lowness and depression of spirit on nights when the blaze of light and the same eternal tunes were not drawing the visitors of the sea-washed town to the one focus of attraction ; and when, after fruitlessly searching the York or Albion coffee-rooms for a companion, he had retired to the seclusion of his own apartments, there to brood over the past, and contemplate the future.

"If," thought Admiration Figsby, after a long deep reverie, "I could meet with a being of angelic kind—

Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind—

with a pretty good fortune, I really think I would marry."

With sentiments such as these, Admiration saw the good brown coach glide past where he stood, and no sooner did he see it—or perhaps the widow's lozenge and the two bonnets—than one of those sudden impulses that prompt men to murder, matrimony, and other mischances, decided him on following and seeing where it set down. The two ends of Brighton in those days were connected by a sort of lsth-

mus of Suez in the shape of a very dark, narrow, crooked, dirty lane, striking off near the confectioner's, and emerging into civilisation near old Mahommed's shampooing place, and this marine Hanway passage being generally blocked with carts, carriages, and miscellaneous equipages, especially towards "fog time," when people were all cutting home, a very favourable opportunity was afforded the pedestrian, on the slightly raised *trottoir*, of inspecting the contents of the carriages.

Of this privilege Admiration Figsby availed himself, and one of Wigney's drags entangling itself with the usual meeting of the waters, as if for the purpose of facilitating his designs, a sudden jerk preceded the stop of the well-hung coach, and caused one of the bonnets to bend forward, as if for the purpose of reconnoitring the jerk, or perhaps looking at any thing that might happen to be passing—(women like to be seen, especially when in "review order.") The glance Admiration Figsby got was satisfactory, and progressing a few paces on, he suddenly returned, as if appalled by the conflict of carriages. He was now in the right line for inspecting the contents of the family coach; for though it is a general rule, that whatever is worth looking at is to be found on the back seats, still there is no rule without an exception, and the brown coach cargo was one of them.

The few steps Admiration Figsby had taken enabled him to get himself into "killing" order, and with eye-glass fixed, arms well squared, and bantam-cock strut, he again passed the carriage. The look he now got confirmed the impression of the glance. The eyes of the younger lady met his, and Admiration Figsby thought she was basilisk'd by the look. Another look, and he was past. The impression the side view had made may be gleaned from the circumstance of his turning on the pivot of his high-heel as soon as he met the open breeze of the Steine, and retracing his steps through the tortuous and miry alley. The late angry collision was over; the ruffled drayman had carried the day, grazing three fly panels and upsetting a truck, and the stream of pleasure-seeking humanity had subsided into the usual string of comers and goers, leaving occasional space for a foot passenger to be splashed.

The brown coach had reached the Old Ship before Admiration Figsby got another sight of it; indeed, then he only saw the point of the footman's cane bobbing in unison with his hat, as the vehicle wormed its way through the multiplicity of carriages that thronged the line. Never had Admiration Figsby been detected in a run before, but the excitement of the moment threw the man of measurement off his guard, and with a desperate energy he elbowed his way among friends and strangers, without looking to the right or to the left. Not that he expected to overtake the concern, his object merely being to mark down his game. As the coachman turned from the annoyance of vehicles and the roughness of the newly laid M'Adam into the smooth, well-gravelled drive up Regency-square, he sprang his horses into a cantering trot, and bowled away like a man who did not clean his own horses, your regular strip-and-strap fellows being always on the look out to get theirs in cool. This sudden spirt distanced the now-panting exquisite, and as he laboured up the square he saw a house-door fly open in concert, as it were, with the carriage one, and a pair of exquisitely-

turned ankles descend from below the richly-worked flounces of a lavender-coloured merino gown; black gown followed, and the footman, having drawn up the blinds, left the coachman to depart with the carriage, while he fulfilled his part of the "whole duties of man," by shutting the house-door which the butler had left open.

II.

MRS. DEPECARDE AND HER DAUGHTER.

"I saw you last night," said Mrs. Pryington, with a nod and a knowing look as she met our hero doing the dejected sentimentalist, downcast collars, careless neckcloth, on the Marine Parade next day.

Mrs. Pryington was one of your "seen better day" convenient sort of bodies, found at most watering-places, who undertake the "go between" in the affairs of life, bargain for houses, negotiate introductions, hire music, arrange quadrilles, procure washerwomen, and attend dinner-parties on the shortest notice. They know every body and every body's affairs, or pretend they do, which is much the same thing as far as our story is concerned.

"I saw you last night," she repeated, with a tone and air that plainly said it was no use deceiving her. "You had better make a *confidante* of me at once." (*Mem*:—Mrs. Pryington's price for bachelors was two dozen of sparkling Champagne *down*, and what they "pleased" after.) Figsby had employed her before, and knew her price to a far-thing.

"That's the best spec in Brighton," she said, with a wink, for Mrs. Pryington was quite a man of business, and went to her point at once.

"Is she indeed?" exclaimed Admiration, meeting her half way. "Just take a turn up this side of the Steine," added he, pointing to the least frequented part, "and tell me all about her."

"She'll be difficult," said Mrs. Pryington, obeying the invitation.

"Will she?" replied Admiration Figsby, with delight, for that was just the thing he wanted—excitement, in fact.

"An only child," said Mrs. Pryington.

"But only children are to be won," observed little Admiration, shouldering his cane.

"Always difficult though," rejoined Mrs. Pryington.

"Is she rich?" inquired Figsby, carelessly.

"Rolling in money," was the pleasing reply.

"Then you know all about her," observed Admiration.

"Something," said Mrs. Pryington, thinking it was not safe to pretend too much.

The fact was, she knew a lady, who knew another, who knew them.

"The father is dead, I see," said Admiration Figsby.

"Been dead these two years," replied Mrs. Pryington, who knew that much through the medium of her third hand copy of the *Post*.

"They are very retiring people," added she, thinking it well to enhance the difficulties, "and don't seem desirous of visiting or making acquaintance."

"That may all be," replied Admiration Figsby, "but I never knew

a mother yet, who did not want to get her daughter off, and that too as quick as possible."

"There is something in that," said Mrs. Pryington, smiling at the truism.

"I dare say you could manage an introduction," observed Figsby.

"I'll see what I can do," was the encouraging reply. "I suppose you are in earnest," added she, scrutinising Admiration's countenance.

"Honour bright," replied he, laying his hand upon his heart.

Mrs. Depecarde, for that was the name of our hitherto anonymous friend, went on quite a different tack to what most mothers do, and thought to procure her daughter admirers by retiring unobtrusiveness rather than by the tinsel glare of perpetual parties. The *ruse* took, and after a week's residence at Brighton, Mrs. Depecarde's daughter was more talked of than any girl in the place. Even the most knowing ones were deceived, and mothers, whose bile would have been bitterly roused by the intrusion of so well-looking, well-gilt a girl, now turned the voluble batteries of their minds against her mamma for keeping the poor thing moped up in that way. "So unfair—so selfish—so improper—poor thing, she had no opportunities." They then hugged themselves with the idea that they did not do so with their own daughters.

It is rarely that a man is a match for a woman in the matrimonial trickery of life, but in this case, Admiration Figsby's estimate of female character was not erroneous. Three days after, he was seen strutting along the parade by the side of Miss Depecarde, with all the energy of a besieging lover, bending, siding, ogling, laughing, smirking, making as great a fool of himself as his most inveterate enemy could desire.

In an hour's time the news was all over Brighton, Admiration Figsby was engaged to Miss Depecarde. Then came the torrent of speculation as to how he got acquainted with her, followed by the most lavish abuse and assertions that he could only be taking her for her money—she was not near as good looking as half a dozen girls he had jilted. He was a nasty, mean, mercenary, contemptible, *abominable* man—a man that ought not to be admitted into respectable society—a man that ought to be shunned—some said shot—and altogether he was just as bad a man as could possibly be, and the old ladies wound up their denunciations by the most unmeasured expressions of pity for the poor girl. Mrs. Depecarde, too, came in for her share of abuse.

"So all her pretended exclusiveness was mere make believe—a mere *ruse* to catch the men. Exclusiveness indeed! Pretty thing for her to set herself up as better than other people—would like to know who she was—dare say she was nobody. Well, she had made a pretty mess of her daughter—taken the most profligate, shameless man in all Brighton—impudent, nasty, contemptible puppy—some people had no sense of decency. (Faugh!)"

They then went to call and offer their most sincere congratulations. "Nicest match they ever heard of." "So nice—so glad." "Mr. Figsby was *such* a favourite." "Some thought they traced a likeness between Mr. Figsby and Miss Depecarde. It might be fancy, but they couldn't help thinking it," and so on.

Oh, world! world! what a queer customer thou art! How lucky it is we don't hear all that's said of us!

Admiration got on swimmingly.

On the second day he was intrusted with the Italian greyhound, which he led with a red string attached to a bell-ringing collar, as he grimaced by the side of the ladies; and on the third day he was installed in the family coach, and taken all along the cliffs, nearly to Hove, and up the London road. Women are never satisfied until they have paraded a man.

Whatever indifference Mrs. Depecarde had shown about making acquaintances, there seemed no disposition to let the grass grow under her feet now that she had formed one. Indeed, Admiration Figsby had never been engaged in such active service before. Morning, noon, and night he was in constant requisition. On the third day the footman ushered him up without giving him the trouble of going through the form of asking if Mrs. Depecarde was at home, and the housemaid hung over the bannisters to see what sort of a gent her young missis had got. Whenever he left, Mrs. Depecarde always fixed an hour for his return—"adjourned the meeting," in short, instead of allowing it to run out and have to be begun "*de novo*."

"Then we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at eleven to-morrow," she would say, as he took his departure for the night; or, "You'll be back at six," as he stepped out of the carriage from the daily drive.

This, though contrary to Admiration Figsby's practice, was pleasant. He had always been a man of time—a procrastinator—with "marry in haste, repent at leisure," for a motto. Now, however, he was hurried along with a delicious but irresistible rapidity—like the boatman borne on to the cataract, he felt as though he could neither stop nor check his career. But why should he? Admiration Figsby had settled it in his own mind that it was time for him to marry. Tom Halifax, Jem Twopenny, Harry Hitchens, Sam Lees, had all married, and he was left like the last rose of summer, &c. Here was every thing that man could wish—youth, beauty, wealth, comforts of every kind, and a most inestimable mother-in-law! Still he would like a little time—they got on too quick—there was none of the romance of love-making—he liked the sighing, squeezing, walking, riding, driving, poetising work—he had an album full of pretty things to write, but somehow they never were separate, to allow him an opportunity of writing. By the end of the week, he felt like one of the family—he began to be treated as one too. On the fifth day the champagne and silver soup-tureen had disappeared, and now, on the seventh, the side-dishes took their departure. Say what they will, good feeding is a great conductor of love—it makes an agreeable variety.

Admiration Figsby had felt the spur matrimonial before, but never so keenly from so promising a quarter—he began to fear Mrs. Pryngton had represented him as a greater catch than he really was—money is so variously estimated. It would be awkward if his means should not come up to Mrs. Depecarde's expectations—he determined to call on Mrs. Pryngton, and hear what she had said.

Accordingly he paid her a passing visit, and after inquiring how the Champagne drank, at once proceeded to ask what she had said.

Oh, she had said nothing at all, except that he was a most agreeable man, and very much smitten with Miss Depecarde. Indeed, she had

not gone so far as that in the first instance, but communicated through Miss Doubletale, an intimate friend of the family, and so it had passed with the usual post-office alacrity that characterises ladies' communications respecting each other, good, bad, and indifferent. Some ladies keep a sort of register of each other's likes and dislikes, with here and there a blank page to enter any promiscuous opinion they may catch up. "Oh, Mrs. Daniel hates Mrs. Hutton," or "I know Miss Currie can't bear Mrs. Poynder."

But to our hero.

"One step further would Mrs. Pryington go to serve him?"

"With all the pleasure in the world," replied Mrs. P.

"Would she go to Miss Doubletale, and ask what she had said?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Pryington; "but there was no occasion; she knew all that had passed."

"What was it?" eagerly inquired Figsby.

"Well," drawled Mrs. Pryington, "as nearly as she could recollect, Miss Doubletale had just made a morning call, and in the course of conversation, talking over first one person and then another, she had let drop an insinuation, that there was a gentleman very much smitten with Miss Depecarde."

"Yes," said Admiration, eagerly.

"And of course Mrs. Depecarde inquired who it was, and so on, and then—"

"Ay, but did she say nothing about money?" interrupted Figsby.

"She said you were well off, which every body knows," replied Mrs. Pryington; "but of course she could not enter into particulars," added she.

This, we may remark, was not a true return of what passed, for Miss Doubletale, knowing that Figsby had retained Mrs. Pryington, thought it would be more to her interest to enter the service of Mrs. Depecarde. Accordingly, she informed Mrs. Depecarde that Mr. George Figsby, or Mr. Figsby as he was now called, a gentleman of large fortune, keeping his carriage, saddle horses, and other "sundries" as the bankers say, professed to be violently smitten with her daughter, at the same time adding a pretty broad hint that the said Mr. Figsby was a desperate flirt, and ought to be sharply looked after. That is to say, if Mrs. Depecarde thought well of him she ought to keep a tight hand upon him. The money seemed to be the main consideration with Mrs. Depecarde, and after various inquiries as to why Miss Doubletale thought him rich, and how Miss Doubletale knew him to be rich, and many other hows and whys, Mrs. Depecarde bowed Miss Doubletale out, and shortly after complimented her kindness with a "T. Cox Savory" toast-rack with a silver handle.

Figsby was satisfied with Mrs. Pryington's assurance. He had never known a quail of modesty before, and he was rejoiced to find that it was to his irresistible face and figure—those victors in a hundred fights—that he owed the success of this occasion.

"They can't withstand me," said he to himself, as he strutted along as big a man as Carus Wilson, "they can't withstand me," repeated he, as he caught the reflection of himself in Madame Furbelow's big window.

Figsby had gone through so many sieges that he could calculate "overhauling time" to a nicety. Accordingly, considering the pace they had gone, he was not at all surprised when on the eighth morning he found Mrs. Depecarde alone, with a somewhat museful countenance. She received him in her usual motherly way, and invited him to sit beside her on the sofa, for which purpose she ejected the Italian greyhound.

After the usual common places about the weather, the news, the state of the sea, and the general dirtiness of the King's-road, she came to a short pause, which, Figsby being a bit of a wagerer, laid himself two of Silvani's diamond shirt studs to a brass button, was the prelude to business. Awful moment ! even for a Figsby—dreadful indeed to a beginner ; especially to one who feels that "overhauling" and "kicking out time" will be all one. Figsby was right.

"Considering my dear Mr. (hem) Figsby," said Mrs. Depecarde, with one of those nasty dry coughs with which old women generally preface their unpleasantness, "considering, my dear Mr. (hem) Figsby, that we were strangers but as (hem) yesterday, and the delicacy (hem) and difficulty (hem) of my (hem) situation, I am sure you will (hem) excuse a mother's, hem and (hem)."

"Oh, certainly !" interrupted Figsby, bowing, knowing what she was going to say as well as if she had said it. "Indeed, who doesn't?"

She then went on in a very dry, business-like way to say she thought it was time they had a little (hem) understanding together, "for the world was (hem) censorious, and a gentleman (hem) coming so constantly (hem) to their (hem) house (hem), could not but excite (hem) observation (hem) and conversation (hem) ; not that she wished (hem) to do any thing in a hurry (hem), *but*—" and there she ended.

Time was when Figsby would have said, "If you can't give me time to cultivate your daughter's affections as a *hearticultural* gardener ought to do, I must beg leave to take up my opera-hat and be off," but those days were past.

"Twenty-nine years of age ! Twenty-nine years of age !" sounded on the tympanum of Fig's ear, just as recalling Bow bells did on those of Whittington.

* Turn again Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.

Twenty-nine years of age ! twenty-nine years of age had subdued the proud spirit of impetuous youth, and made Admiration Figsby—if not a wiser—at all events a more knowing man.

Besides, the field of his hitherto exploits had been among those families of many, whose plurality constituted safety, for Admiration Figsby was never a man to live upon love, and his former recommendations being chiefly expectations, he could always back out with the aid of "Nunkey," who, to do him justice, was a very willing hack. Now Nunkey was gone the way of all flesh, and his comfortable but exaggerated wealth might be easily ascertained by a curious inquirer at Doctor's Commons.

Barring the pressure from mamma, however, there was no inducement to bolt ; on the contrary every encouragement to go on. Fine girl—capital house, excellent carriage, good cook, and though the champagne cock was cut off, still there was very fair sherry, and

excellent Malmsey Madeira. Above all, he recollected he was twenty-nine.

The cough and dryness of the old lady's delivery enabled Figsby to run all these things through his mind as she proceeded, and when she came to the *but* end of her oration, as we may call it, he resolved to pocket the affront, and proceed at once to confession—that is to say, to tell how much money he had, for as to supposing she wanted to know any thing else, he was not such a fool as that.

Accordingly he thus began.

"Well," said he, running his hand through his hair, "I have got twenty thousand pounds in the funds."

This he said with the air of a man delivering a knock-down argument.

Mrs. Depecarde was too good a general to betray any thing like pleasure or emotion, indeed, if her countenance indicated any thing it was disappointment—that, however, was sham.

"Well," said she, as if she were hearing a child its catechism, and encouraging it to go on; "well," repeated she.

This was rather a damper to Figsby, who began to think he had better have fired off a minor gun first.

"Well," repeated Mrs. Depecarde, in a tone that plainly said, "why don't you go on?"

"South Sea stock, five thousand," said Figsby, looking at his rings.

"Well," repeated Mrs. Depecarde, with the most provoking monotony.

"South Sea old annuities, five thousand," added Figsby, eyeing his well-varnished boots.

"Well," continued Mrs. Depecarde.

"Spanish bonds, seven thousand," continued he, looking up at the ceiling, as if in search of more stock.

"Do you think they are good?" inquired Mrs. Depecarde.

"I hope so," said Figsby.

"Well," continued Mrs. Depecarde, thinking to go through the list and argue the points after.

"Exchequer bills, fifteen hundred," said Figsby.

"Well," said Mrs. Depecarde, in the same tone as before.

"Lord Scamperton's bond for a thousand."

"Well," was the provoking rejoinder again.

Figsby, as we said before, was a man of experience in the overhauling line—he had undergone the tender inquiries of fathers and mothers, the siftings of uncles and probings of aunts, the interrogatories of guardians, and the earnest entreaties of solicitors, but if he had been taken before a committee of the House of Commons, or the Brighton bench of magistrates that day to state his opinion on oath, as to the relative magnetic powers of overhauling parties, he would have said that he had never been so regularly turned inside out, as he had been by dear Mrs. Depecarde—she almost found out how much silver he had in his pocket.

Once or twice his choler rose, and he was nearly rebelling, but twenty-nine years of age—twenty-nine years of age, the dreaded "old

enough to be her father," checked the impetuosity of his mind, and caused him to sit still and submit.

The thing was so well-timed, that John the footman came to say luncheon was ready just as Mrs. Depecarde had exhausted a string of, most penetrating questions, each of which sunk Figsby lower in his own opinion, as it raised Mrs. Depecarde higher in the scale of his fears. He saw she was a very *alarming* woman—quite a different sort of woman to what he had taken her for—old women often are.

"Now," said Mrs. Depecarde, rising, and resuming her usual bland smile, just as a lady would a mask at a carnival, "we will go down to luncheon, and you shall have an *opportunity* after. I should like the thing *settled*, for all Brighton is talking about it, which is *very* unpleasant. I have perhaps been imprudent," simpered she, "in allowing it to go so far without making *any* inquiries, *but*—" and here with a smirk and wave of the hand, she led the way to the door, and it was hard to say whether the dog or Admiration Figsby followed most submissively. Poor Fig didn't know what to make of it.

Mrs. Depecarde did not want much luncheon that day—the excitement had taken away her appetite, and she very soon retired to give Figsby the opportunity she had promised him.

Miss Sheridan when editing the "Comic Miscellany" used to say, it was hard to be witty to order, and assuredly poor Admiration Figsby found it hard to have to offer to order—nevertheless, there he was—he, whose poetic soul loved the lull of waters, the violets of spring, the labyrinths and lover's walks, the fresh freedom of the green fields, shut up in a dark dining-room in Regency-square, amid the wreck of poultry and mashed potatoes, and the remnant of an exhausted bone-scraped ham. Worse still, a quick-sighted passer-by on horseback, could almost see what was going on within—an "*almost*" that a conscious insider would construe into a certainty.

Miss Depecarde evidently expected an offer—indeed, she was arrayed for one. Her bright auburn hair was dressed with extra care, and if she had not had an early walk that morning, her beautiful fresh complexion, and bright hazel eyes did uncommon credit to the Brighton air, as did her elegant figure to the green satin dress of her Parisian milliner.

Poor Figsby! was there ever such a situation! Forced into what at other times would have been his greatest pleasure. Could but his lady loves, with their hosts of parents and friends, lawyers and guardians, have seen his predicament, the most insatiate would have exclaimed,

Now am I revenged!

There he sat at the unsentimentally-furnished luncheon-table, appetiteless and beggared for words. He, whose tongue was hung on the principle of an alarm-bell, regularly brought too. Mrs. Depecarde had frightened him—he saw she was not to be trifled with. As we frequently see the halest, stoutest men, soonest prostrated by illness, so the most impudent are sometimes the easiest abashed by women. No one would have imagined the little, dejected, yellow-looking man playing with a green handled butter-knife, was the bumptious cock-sparrow

thing who had strutted so consequentially, that people used to say the town wanted an enlargement act for his especial accommodation. There he sat silent and crest-fallen. A full half hour thus passed away.

Miss Depecarde was evidently mortified, and knowing the sanguine temperament of mamma, began to fear she might make a descent upon them before the performance was over, especially as she had heard sundry noises overhead indicative of moving. Still she was the least disconcerted of the two; indeed, women generally have more self-possession than men, and she amused herself with looking at the sleeves and waist of her new dress, and admiring her pretty foot as it peeped below her petticoats. And very pretty it was.

"We shall not get a walk to-day, I fear," she said, at last, looking towards the window, against which some drops of rain began to beat.

"We are very comfortable here," said Figsby, eyeing the white ashes of the expiring fire.

"Oh, very!" replied Miss Depecarde, with emphasis.

"Glad you think so, my dear," said he, perking up a little, and discarding the butter-knife. He then took a mouthful of Malmsey.

A worsted-work weight fell heavily overhead.

"Might I hope," he said, sideling his chair round the table-corner towards Miss Depecarde, "that our acquaintance so auspiciously commenced and so agreeably (here he took another sip of Malmsey) may lead to a—a—a—lengthened (more Malmsey)—"

"Well, I'm glad you've got it *all* settled," said Mrs. Depecarde, entering the room, "I'm glad you've got it *all* settled!" she repeated, seizing Figsby's hand as it dropped from her daughter's, "for really I was getting very nervous and uncomfortable. And, oh, my dear child! I hope you'll be happy," she exclaimed, giving her a hug, adding as she again turned to Adonis, "I'm sure if she's not, it will be her own fault for I never saw a sweeter disposition than yours. And now," she inquired, in the same breath, "will you take any more luncheon?"

Adonis declined.

"Then let us go up stairs; and Louisa, my dear, you must write and communicate the joyful intelligence to your sisters, and I will inform dear Arthur and Charles."

"Sisters! Arthur! and Charles!" ejaculated Figsby.

"Oh! there's a most charming family circle for you to be introduced to," replied Mrs. Depecarde, with the greatest effrontery. "Jane, Jemima, and Jesse, I left at school in Paris, and Arthur and Charles are with their regiments,—but in England."

Figsby thought he saw their nasty naked swords gleaming before him, and fainted.

THE "9" IN THE WEATHERCOCK.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL SIMROCK.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Hans Winkelsee the poacher in Eschenheim lies fast,
The vane upon the tow'r-top is rattling in the blast.
Quoth Hans, "I vow you've kept me for nine whole nights awake,
By whirling o'er my head there, a ceaseless noise you make.

"This is too long a torment for having—just a shot,
Besides I know 'twill end in a halter and a knot.
I call a death by kicking a sorry death at least,
The deer I kill by shooting,—I would not *hang* a beast.

"They do not know at Frankfort how good a shot am I,
Or here, among such rabble, they would not let me lie.
I'd do them all a favour, if I to-day were free,
A sample of my talent they presently should see.

"I know how I should manage, I turn'd it in my mind,
While kept awake by *that* thing, that rattles in the wind.
I'd mark, as some remembrance of all that I endure,
A 'nine' upon that vane there, with nine good balls, I'm sure."

The jailer chanced to hear him, and told the council all.
"The use of these same marksmen," said the president, "is small.
This rogue has shot so often, he well deserves a cord,
But yet the chance we'll give him, so let him keep his word."

To this the sheriff's, council, and citizens agreed:
"Oh surely let it be so, if thus it is decreed.
His rifle you may give him, and plainly tell him this.
We'll hang him, if one bullet—yes, only one, should miss."

Bold Hans takes up his rifle, and kisses it with love;
"This is the time, old comrade, thy wonted faith to prove.
Nine days and not a shot fired!—Well thou must mark a 'nine,'
If I can clear the score off—why then good luck be thine."

The councillors assemble, and—all the rabble too;
Hans coolly points his rifle, and keeps his mark in view.
A shot!—the very place too! Indeed, a noble shot!
The round hole in the vane there—you see it—do you not?

Attend, he shoots again now—he hits too—can it be?
Yes, close beside the first hole, a second hole I see.
A third—a fourth has follow'd—how saucy is his air;
The finest "nine" is mark'd on the vane, I must declare.

The mob are all huzzaing—the council whisper low:
"Hans Winkelsee, to serve thee a famous plan we know,
We want a rifle-captain†—wilt take the office? say—
If you refuse our kindness, you'll sure repent some day."

"I, city rifle-captain—no! faith, I will be none,
I'll take my rifle with me, and tramp the woods alone.
The vanes upon the house-tops make too much noise, 'tis plan
Good bye, sirs, Hans has been here, Hans will not come again."

* Upon the Eschenheim gate in Frankfort stands a tower, upon the top of which is a vane marked with holes, that form a figure "9." The legend which accounts for this fact is the subject of the above ballad. The ruggedness of metre belongs to (and is even softened from) the original.—J. O.

† "Rifle-captain" is a word put here for want of a better. The *Schützenhauptmann* is the head of the *Schützengilde*, or company of citizens who practice shooting at a target. "Captain of the city rifle band" would probably be the most correct expression.—J. O.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. XLVIII.

MRS. ROBERTS now found herself in a vastly more magnificent circle than she had ever been before, and her elevation of mind kept pace with her elevation of position. In Paris, the joint stock establishment of the ladies Moreton and Forton had been the brightest star in the constellation in which it was her glory to move about like a sort of vapour, occasionally catching and throwing back the rays that fell upon her. At Baden-Baden she most assuredly made a gigantic step in advance; for there it was no reflected light that she gave back from the pre-eminent Balcony House, for the Lynberry and the Montgomery might, in one sense at least, have signed themselves, like Hamlet, more hers than their own, and a princess and no less, had been one of her daily and almost familiar associates. But the transition from Baden-Baden to Rome, was like darting from the firmament where the nearer stars seem to "inhabit Heaven lax," into the bright vortex of the milky way. The two letters of introduction, together with the unshrinking display of personal attraction in the young ladies, the improving impudence and moustaches of their handsome brother, and the skilful restoration of all the silks and satins which the speculative spirit of their mother had collected for them all, produced a far greater splendour of success than any of them, even the eagle-hearted Agatha herself, had ever dreamed of.

Amidst the numerous and motley throng amidst which they were now admitted there were some who had no much better right to take a place among princes than herself, and among these were a certain Mrs. and Miss Stapleford, in whose society Mrs. Roberts found great attraction, though the impossibility of discovering any thing right honourable in their lineage gave her an occasional qualm of conscience, from feeling that the time wasted in their society might have been put to profit in wedging herself in among the magnificently sounding titles which made sweet, and now perpetual music in her ears on all sides. These scruples, however, were prevented from becoming any serious restraint upon the acquaintance, in consequence of her perceiving that, beyond the shadow of a doubt, Mrs. and Miss Stapleford knew a great many more princes and princesses than she did; and the question as to whether they might venture to permit the intimate tone assumed by these ladies to them (and to every body else), which was brought rather formally under discussion before the select committee formed by Mrs. Roberts, her daughters, and her son, was decided *nem. con.* in their favour. This important conversation terminated by the following remarks from the various parties engaged in it, all of which carried so much weight that no doubts were ever again suggested on the subject.

"There is no denying, you know, that let them be what they will themselves, the Staplefords are more really intimate with all the highest

titles here than any other people whatever, excepting just the first set among themselves: so at any rate there can be no danger of one's doing oneself harm by going on with them."

"That's quite true, isn't it, Edward?" demanded Maria, turning to her brother, who was, as usual, arranging his various capillary treasures to the best advantage before the looking-glass.

"True as gospel," he replied, with an expressive grimace, indicative of mixed terror and aversion, "if the girl were not so devilishly ugly, I should pass an hour in their drawing-room every day of my life. There is not a thing happens in Rome that the old one (I don't mean the devil, but the old woman), there is nothing either said or done in Rome that she does not know, and it is monstrously convenient to have such a scandalous chronicler to keep one *au courant*. But I can't stand that Miss Barbara with her red nose and all her talents; but her red nose can't make any difference, you know, to you and the girls, and therefore I decidedly vote for your cultivating the acquaintance."

"The acquaintance will be cultivated, you may depend upon it, Edward; I will undertake that on my own individual account. It is impossible to live in Rome without having access to Barbara Stapleford's caricatures."

These words, spoken in the authoritative voice of Agatha, were quite sufficient to decide the question, and what followed were mere desultory remarks, which could add nothing to the weight of what had been already uttered. Maria, for instance, asked Edward playfully, which he would rather flirt with for a whole evening, Miss Stapleford, or Bertha Harrington.

"Oh, Miss Stapleford, ten thousand times over!" he replied. "And yet, Maria," he added, with an expressive glance at his mother, "I fully intend that the detestable Bertha shall be Mrs. Edward Fitzherbert Roberts before the expiration of many weeks. You stare, girls; but I am quite in earnest, I promise you; so take care to provide yourselves with white satins, and all the rest of it."

The young ladies laughed, and their mamma chuckled, and then the family conclave was broken up, by the young man's going to meet a set of newly-made intimate friends, who had entered into a combination to take in the knowing ones at the next races; by Maria's retiring to her sleeping and robing apartment, for the purpose of composing some new mask in which to entangle hearts in the evening; by Agatha's going to prepare for the carriage which was to convey her to the Princess Yabiolporakiosky, and by Mrs. Roberts setting off on foot to pay an early visit in the most sociable and unceremonious manner possible to the Staplefords.

That Mrs. Roberts was admitted to them now, and at all other times and seasons whenever she presented herself, was solely owing to the wish and will of Miss Barbara. Mrs. Stapleford was a person, who though she eat, drank, and slept well and sufficiently, yet, nevertheless, seemed to live upon talking. At any rate, nobody acquainted with her could doubt that if this primal enjoyment were withdrawn from her she must perish. As to her daughter, Mrs. Stapleford had long known that it was perfectly useless to attempt talking to her; the young lady had told her many years ago (Miss Barbara was thirty-three years old) that she never did, and never should hear a single word that was addressed to her

while she was drawing; and as, when at home, she never did any thing else, her mother found it necessary to provide herself with listeners among her friends and acquaintance, and fortunately this was by no means difficult, for Mrs. Stapleford took such incessant pains to obtain the very earliest information of every thing that was going on in Rome, from the Vatican to the diligence office, that a great many people, both ladies and gentlemen, liked to begin the day by listening to her, and it was doubtless owing to this luxurious plenitude of morning visitors that Mrs. Stapleford had by degrees grown a little, though not very fastidious; and being so, she felt that the vast mass of information she had to bestow, the invaluable *catalogue raisonné* of dresses, the unquestionable information she ever possessed of all the most important acts of legislation proceeding from the Propaganda, and the little hints of heavy scandals which she sprinkled as she went, like Cayenne pepper giving flavour and animation to a rich ragoût, altogether rendered her discourse worthy of more distinguished ears than those of Mrs. Roberts. But on this point the steadfast will of her daughter Barbara silenced all opposition. The life of this decidedly clever young lady was chiefly spent in studying the features, expression, and attitudes of all her acquaintance, in sketching admirable caricature portraits of them, and for ever keeping awake the curiosity of the Roman world, by the most capricious showing and hiding that ever lady artist indulged in; which is saying a good deal both for the courage and the reserve of her exhibitions.

All who were at that time included in the motley mass which constituted the Anglo-Roman *beau monde*, became in succession the subjects of her often cruel, but always clever pencil; but though scarcely a single individual was entirely overlooked, the lady had her favourites, and there were some subjects to which she returned again and again, with ever increasing pleasure, and ever improving fidelity. The manner in which Mrs. Roberts inhaled, and sucked in, as it were, all her mother's long stories had in it a sort of charm for her of which she never seemed to weary, and it was for this reason that she was never greeted with a "*non receve*," unless some still greater favourite, or some very particularly precious group chanced to be in possession of the Stapleford boudoir.

Mrs. Roberts was assuredly very far from guessing the cause of this preference, but its value to her was enormous, a fact which may easily be made evident by giving a specimen of the conversation enjoyed by her during the visit of a single morning. The preceding evening, or rather night, had been passed by all the world at a ball given by one of the few Roman princes who still retain their state and revenues unimpaired. It had been crowded and magnificent, and kept up to so late an hour as to have been considered as altogether the most delightful *fete* that had as yet been given that year.

"Yes, ma'am, it was quite perfect," said Mrs. Stapleford, in reply to a speech of Mrs. Roberts, expressive of her admiration. "Nobody knows how to do these things like the Orinis. But yet it is a pity too, ma'am, isn't it, to see such abominable goings on as we witnessed last night! Did you ever see any thing like it in your life?"

Miss Barbara gave one glance at the features of the visiter as this question was asked, and her pencil moved with the quick, sure, eager vivacity of inspiration.

"Dear me!" replied Mrs. Roberts, literally trembling with eagerness, "I was so taken up with my daughters, and being introduced to all the gentlemen that wanted to dance with them, that I really do not believe I saw what you allude to, and I should be greatly obliged if you would have the great kindness to tell me about it. It will be quite charity, you know my dear Mrs. Stapleford, for it is such a great disadvantage for the mother of a family not to know a little what is going on."

"You are quite right there, ma'am," returned Mrs. Stapleford, "I don't know any thing more dangerous than going about everywhere as you do, and taking girls too, without knowing, as you say, what's going on. I am sure I would not refuse the worst enemy I have, if he asked the same thing of me."

"Indeed, Mrs. Stapleford, you are very, *very* kind," returned Mrs. Roberts, her countenance glowing with affectionate gratitude, "I do assure you that you will be doing me a great deal of real service, for it is quite dangerous not to know who one ought to speak to, and who one ought not."

"Oh, as to speaking and not speaking, that is rather an old-fashioned notion, ma'am. However that doesn't signify. What I was alluding to was the spick and span new flirtation which the Princess Bornorino is getting up with that poor silly boy, Belvolto."

"With who, ma'am?" said Mrs. Roberts, staring.

"The Duke de Belvolto," returned Mrs. Stapleford, taking a large pinch of snuff.

It was a good while since Mrs. Roberts had felt herself more completely aware of her own rapid elevation than at that moment. It *was* delightful to hear a person with whom she was so very intimate call a duke a "poor silly boy." But she felt that she owed it to herself, and to her station in society, to take the same tone, and she exclaimed with a sigh, "Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow indeed! I have no patience with him," returned her friend. "There was the poor dear Princess Marianne looking as white as a sheet."

"Was she indeed?" returned Mrs. Roberts, not choosing to confess her total ignorance as to the person meant; the only Princess Marianne she had ever heard of being the wife of an accomplished gentleman, who appeared greatly devoted to her.

"I don't know where your eyes could have been, ma'am, if you did not see that," returned Mrs. Stapleford. "I saw two ladies offer her their smelling bottles, and her dear kind husband, who really is the best creature in the world, brought her a chair, took her fan out of her hand and fanned her, standing carefully all the time, dear good soul, so as to prevent her seeing Belvolto and the Bornorino. I am sure I don't wonder at the Countess Sophia's doating upon that man as she does, he really deserves it. So full of feeling and delicacy!"

Poor Mrs. Roberts! Never had she felt herself so deplorably behind-hand, and had a society for the propagation of useful knowledge been established at Rome, and her opinion asked as to who should be made president, she would have vociferated the name of Mrs. Stapleford with the whole strength of her lungs.

Deeply thankful, however, as she felt for the sort of special providence

which seemed to have thrown her into the society of this highly-informed individual, she was greatly at a loss how best to profit by it. The argument about proving herself unknown, though perhaps not so familiarly known to her as a poetical saw as it may be to some others, was nevertheless impressed upon her mind as cogent, by the unassisted force of her own sagacity, and she by no means liked to place herself in the category of the excluded ignorant, and who know not *that* which was of *salon* notoriety to all admitted within the magic circle of "*the society of Rome.*" Ten thousand times rather would she have been suspected of not knowing whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth round the sun, than be supposed more ignorant than other people concerning the intrigues going on around her.

Was she then to remain ignorant in order to avoid appearing so? Oh no! for her dear children's sake she would risk every thing rather than suffer them again to enter a ball-room without understanding better than they did at present, dear creatures, what was the real meaning of the most interesting occurrence they were likely to witness there. But though resolutely determined to learn all she could, let it cost what it might from the humiliating confession of ignorance, she exerted all her skill to avoid exposure as much as possible.

"How much more interesting society must be to you, my dear Mrs. Stapleford," she said, "than to those who have not known the individuals who compose it so long as you have done!"

"Long?" returned Mrs. Stapleford. "Bless you, ma'am, I have not known the most amusing part of them long. Most of the people here come and go like the figures in a magic lantern. But of course one can't live intimately among them at all without finding out what they are about. The Princess Bornorino, for instance, who made herself so abominably conspicuous last night with the Belvolto, has not been here for above two months this year, and it is four years ago since her last visit, and then she almost shut herself up excepting just for the best balls, in order to enjoy the society of Count Romofkin; and she would have seen little enough of him if she had not, poor thing, for Romofkin spent his life in smoking."

"She seems to have managed very well, however, with all these little affairs (Mrs. Roberts had already learned to speak with moderation and discretion on all such subjects) for we meet her everywhere."

"Meet her everywhere? To be sure you do," returned Mrs. Stapleford, staring at her with a look of great astonishment.

"And always in the very best set," added Mrs. Roberts, gaily.

"Always in the best set! Good gracious, to be sure you do," rejoined Mrs. Stapleford, "what *do* you mean, ma'am?"

"Oh! merely, you know, that all the very best people seem always more intimate with the Princess Bornorino than with almost any one else, and that shows, does it not, that nobody thinks the worse of her for having so many lovers?"

"Think the worse of her! Oh dear!" and here Mrs. Stapleford laughed a funny little laugh and took a very large pinch of snuff.

Mrs. Roberts was greatly vexed. She saw at once that she did not stand high in the estimation of her companion, as a woman of fashion—but she boldly resolved not to desert herself at this trying moment, and

said with a very respectable degree of ease, "I was only alluding to what you said about her conduct being abominable last night."

"And so it was abominable, ma'am. You don't suppose I mean to defend her for having turned off at a moment's warning the Duke di Torno, whom every one allows to be one of the most admirable people in Rome, in order to turn the head of the Belvolto, who is devoted, as every body knows, to the Princess Marianne Contorina? Besides, the whole thing was done in so abominable a manner, without the slightest consideration for Marianne, or a shadow of proper feeling, towards Di Torno. It is quite too bad. I am excessively angry with her, and so I shall tell her, you may depend upon it. She bears every thing from me, but as to your fancying, my poor dear lady, that people are to leave off speaking to her, that's quite a mistake, and won't do at all. I assure you. But it is very likely, I think, that you don't exactly understand how completely the Bornorino is the fashion. You have a great loss, ma'am, in not being acquainted with her."

"I am sure, my dear Mrs. Stapleford, it is not my fault," replied Mrs. Roberts. "There is nothing in the whole world I should like so much as being introduced to her; and my daughters, too, would be delighted to cultivate her acquaintance."

"Well, ma'am," returned the obliging Mrs. Stapleford, "I shall have no objection to introduce, if I should happen to have an opportunity. She is going to give a fancy ball during the carnival, and I dare say she would like to have your girls very well."

"A thousand and a thousand thanks, my dearest Mrs. Stapleford," returned the happy mother in an ecstasy of gratitude. "You may depend upon it we shall make an opportunity. But here comes a whole party of ladies—I really must make way for them—good bye, good bye—don't get up, pray! I dare not say good bye to Miss Barbara, for fear of interrupting her. What a wonderful clever creature she is, Mrs. Stapleford! How I do wish she would let me see her drawing some day!"

"I will show you one now if you like it," said Miss Stapleford, turning towards her the paper on which she had been occupied.

"Dear me! how like your mamma that is! But who is the other person? A fancy figure, I suppose. What very long ears you have given her, my dear. There is some fun about it, I dare say, but I never saw any body like it, so I can't find it out."

Mrs. Roberts then took her leave, and walked home again to her lodgings, where she impatiently awaited the return of her daughters, either of them being at home, her whole soul so full of all she had heard, as well as of the promised introduction, that it was exceedingly painful to her to be obliged to sit down and sew in silence.

THE RIVERS AND CITIES OF BABYLONIA.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

PART II.

Prison of Nebuchadnezzar—Birs Nimrud, or Borsippa—Persians in Babylonia—Sitace and Opis—Alexander the Great in Babylonia—Seleucia and Ctesiphon—Vologesias—Kingdom of Hira—The Arabs in Babylonia—The Tombs of Ali and of Husain—Rise of Baghdad—Akbaru and Sir-man-rah—Canal of Nil—Kasr ibn Hubairah—Canal and City of Kufah—The Pal-lacopas—Tabular View of the Rivers and Cities of Babylonia—Tower of Babel.

WITH respect to Babel, the site of which is preserved both by oriental history and tradition, I have only to remark here, that the arguments which I first advanced, as to the great mound called Mujalibah, being adjectively derived from Mujalib, plural of Jalib, "a slave," and not as hitherto read, Mukallib, "the overturned," and being hence expressive of the "home of the captives," a view which was further supported by the tradition attached to the place of the rebellious captives, I have since found to be corroborated by a passage in D'Anville, who obtained from the manuscripts of a bare-footed Carmelite, the Father Emmanuel of St. Albert, visiter of the missions of his order (the begging friars), in the Levant, and who died bishop *in partibus*; a statement to the effect that the Jews established in Babylonia, still designate the ruins in question as "the prison of Nebuchadnezzar," upon which D'Anville remarks, he ought rather to have said "the palace;" but all the names and traditions of the place appear to coincide in the same view of the subject, and from this great edifice it is not improbable that Daniel may have expounded the mysterious warnings of the Most High; and upon the same mound, Shadrach, Mesach, and Abednego may have experienced the signal protection of that Almighty power, whom they feared and obeyed.

We learn from Josephus, that Nabonedus or Labynetis, flying from Cyrus after the conquest of Babylon, shut himself up in the town of Borsippa, where he was afterwards besieged by the Persian monarch. This so called Borsippa was a town of much celebrity in early times. The name appears in the lexicon of the Talmud as Beresith, and in the Sidra Rublia of the Chaldeans, as Bursif; and Berosus calls it Borsiph, from whence Strabo and Stephanus got their Borsippa, and Ptolemy his Barsita. The Amasiyan geographer describes it as being fifteen miles from Babylon, and inhabited by Borsippean, in contradistinction to Orchenian Chaldeans. It also contained a temple to Apollo and Diana, that is to say, the sun and moon.

A number of Chaldean priests and artificers had taken up their abode at this place. It became celebrated for its learning and manufactures, and the produce of the Birsean looms was familiar to antiquity. Alexander the Great had the curiosity to visit this site, from, D'Anville remarks, the desire he always manifested of discoursing with the philosophers of those countries which he visited. Justin, to whom we are indebted for this fact, calls it Byrsia. This name appears gradually to have been corrupted to Birs. The Kamus notices Birs as a town or district

between Hillah and Kufah. Marudi notices its canal as Nahr al Birs, and tradition has added to the ruins of its temple the name of the "mighty hunter" and founder of the kingdom, and called it Birs Nimrud. Fraser has admitted the force of these conclusions, in which distance and etymology favour a derivation to a name, which has no signification in the Arabic, Hebrew, or Chaldean, or any of the cognate languages.

The importance of Babylon as a city, and its successful revolt after its conquest by Cyrus, obliged the first monarchs of the Arsacide or Persian dynasty to reside there alternately with Susa and Ecbatana; at a time when Persepolis rose into importance as the place of sepulture of the "Great Kings;" and thus it gradually became the capital of the whole empire. We have, however, few accounts of the condition of the country at that period. Herodotus and Ctesias, the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, and the Zend-Avesta of the Persians, are the chief authorities. In the time of Artaxerxes II. (Monemon) Xenophon makes known to us the "Gates of Babylonia" at the termination of the Median wall and commencement of the plain, the village of Cunaxa where the battle was fought, and Sitace, whither the ten thousand repaired previous to crossing the Tigris. These latter names must be much corrupted. Cunaxa only exists in Plutarch, but Sitace was also known to Pliny, Ptolemy, and Strabo. Stephanus having written the word Psittace, Bochart suggested that the name was derived from the abundance *Psittaciorum, seu quod idem est pistachiorum* (pistache nuts), which far-fetched etymology only proves how vain it is to speculate upon the origin of words, which are themselves corrupted forms of the original.

The Athenian historian describes the plain as at that time traversed by four canals, which were derived from the river Tigris, each one hundred feet in breadth, and deep enough for barges laden with corn to sail therein. These are further described as being only three miles distant from one another, and having bridges over them. Xenophon is corrected by Arrian, Pliny, and Strabo, on the subject of the canals being derived from the Euphrates rather than from the Tigris, and the distances given of the one from the other would appear to be an error arising from hearsay information.

At this time, Opis described by Xenophon as a large and populous city, stood at the departure of the Physcus, afterwards the Katur, from the Tigris, and at the head of the Median wall. This city rose into eminence upon the decline of the great Assyrian cities, but it was soon destined to decay in its turn.

When Alexander the Great took up his residence at Babylon, he explored the marshes of Babylonia, and opened a canal which was designated as the Pallacopas, at a distance of seventy-six miles to the south of Babylon, for the purpose of guarding against too great an overflow during the floods. Upon this canal he founded a city, named, as was so frequently his habit with a favourite site, Alexandria; but which does not appear ever to have obtained importance. A road, attributed to Semiramis, is also described as extending in these early times across the plain from Babylon to Susa, and we found the traces of a bridge probably appertaining to this road, on the Tigris, at a point where were extensive mounds of ruin on both sides of the river, respectively called Sarut and Filafit.

After the death of Perdiccas, Seleucus Nicator laid the foundations of the city, which bearing his name, became the successor of Babylon, and the capital of the Macedonian conquest in Asia. This town attained power, riches, and population, almost unexampled. But sacked and burned by the lieutenants of Trajan, this European colony in the heart of Asia, owed its downfall more to Roman destructiveness than to the rivalry of the Persians. It had scarcely recovered when it was again burnt by the generals of Marcus Verus, and it was found almost deserted by Severus. Julian repaired its fortifications preparatory to the siege of the Sasanian capital. Resuscitated by the Persians, under Shapur's successor, Ardashir Babagan, it became under the title of Wada Sir, or the valley of Ardashir, the Guedesir of the historians of the middle ages; and the place of refuge of Khusrau Parwiz, when flying before the victorious arms of Heraclius. Nothing but a series of low mounds, small fragments of ruin, and sepulchral urns, every now and then laid bare by the flowing waters, show where once dwelt six hundred thousand Greek citizens.

The Persians, jealous of the power and prosperity of the Greek colony, pitched their camp on the plain opposite to Seleucia, where the little village of Ctesiphon soon swelled up to be a great city. It is unnecessary to detail the important part which this new capital was destined to play in the wars of the Romans and the Persians; finally destroyed by the Muhammadans under Sayid, the lieutenant of Omar, a colossal ruin, designated as the throne of Chosroes, still remains to attest the site of the Sasanian capital.

Mention is made in antiquity of a village, town, or fort, in connexion with Seleucia and Ctesiphon, called Kochos or Koche; the true position of which it is difficult to arrive at. Ammianus Marcellinus (xxiv., 18), says that Seleucia, before it was embellished by Seleucus Nicator, was called Koche, but the same author in cap. xxi., notices Koche as beyond the Tigris. Arrian designates Koche as a suburb of Seleucia, while Eutropius (ix., 12,) notices Koche and Ctesiphon as two noble cities, meaning, as Cellarius justly remarks, Seleucia. Nazianzenus, speaking of the strength and resources of Ctesiphon, notices Koche as a castle attached thereunto. Bell in his Geography (vol. iv., p. 181), argues that Ctesiphon was on one side of the river, and Koche on the opposite. "The ruins of Seleucia," he says, "if such exist, lie three miles up the ancient canal of the Naharmalcha, and have been confounded by all travellers, even by Buckingham and Keppel, with those of Kochos." There are, however, few points on which antiquity is better agreed, even if the examination of the ruins was not satisfactory; than that Seleucia was on the Tigris. Polybius (v., 48), Plutarch in Life of Lucullus (p. 506), Strabo (xvi., 511), Isidore of Charax (p. 5); all attest to this fact. Pliny and Ammianus further assert that it was built at that point, where the Royal River, or, as the historian of Julian's exploits calls it, Trajan's canal, falls into the Tigris. I am most inclined to D'Anville's opinion, that Seleucia was built near to Koche, on the right bank of the Tigris, and that it was the same as Al Kursh of the Arabs, particularly noticed by Elmacinus in his history of the Saracens. Benjamin of Tudela said there were twenty-eight Jewish synagogues in Baghdad, and Alcorcha "which is beyond Tigris," that is to say in reference to Baghdad. Hence it is that Koche, a suburb or castle of Seleucia, and the prior

name belonging to the spot, always of importance as the point of junction of the Royal River with the Tigris, became frequently confounded with Seleucia itself.

When Anushirwan was deterred by superstition or resentment from approaching the gates of Ctesiphon, he established his residence at Dastagerd, the splendour of which has been the theme of oriental exaggeration, almost verbally transcribed into the "Decline and Fall." It is certain, however, that when Heraclius reached the royal seat, according to Gibbon, "by a just gradation of magnificent scenes," though much treasure had been removed, and much had been expended, the remaining wealth appears to have exceeded their hopes, and even to have satiated their avarice. This city of Dastagerd appears to have risen upon the site of Opis, and according to Rawlinson, became a Syrian episcopacy under the name of Bait Saluk, and is now designated as Aski Baghdad, or old Baghdad.

In the time of Nero or Vespasian, Vologeses, King of the Parthians, founded a city called after himself Vologeso—certa, and the Vologesia of the Romans, on the river Maarsares of Ptolemy, and according to the Peutingerian tables, eighteen Roman miles from Babylon.

The kingdom of Ilira appears to have been founded in Babylonia at a very early period. The feebleness of the Persian monarchy had left the wandering Arabs to obtain possession of the banks of the Euphrates early in the third century. Malik, the first of the dynasty, established himself at Anbar, the Perisabora of Julian; but Amru, the third king, transferred the seat of power to Ilira, where it continued, till swallowed up in the Muhammadan conquests, A.D. 633. The epithet Al Mundar, attached to these princes, many of whom were Christians, has caused them to be known in history only by the name of the Almondar kings.

After the death of Ali, son-in-law of Muhammad, and the prophet of the Shiah and Persians, a mosque was erected to his memory at Hira, which has ever since obtained from that circumstance the name of Masjid Ali. It is to the Persians and Shiah, what Mecca is to the Sunnis, a place of most holy pilgrimage, and its possession is to the present day, a frequent cause of dispute and desultory warfare.

One of the sons of Ali, the prophet Husain, whose sad fate on the banks of the Euphrates is so painfully related by Ockley, was buried in a town of the same epoch, called Kirbillah, and in which the Masjid or Imam erected to his memory, is a place of almost similarly sacred pilgrimage.

In the same neighbourhood there was an anti-Muhammedan site, called Kadesia, and renowned in history as the spot where the fate of Persia was determined by the arms of the Khalif Omar. After the first conquest of Babylonia by the Saracens they did not adopt any of the existing cities as the seat of power, but preferred building Kufah, the name of which would indicate an habitation of reeds and earth, close by Hira, and on the great marsh called Rumiyah.

The two first khalifs of the Abasside dynasty resided at Anbar, but the Khalif Abu Jaffar al Mansur, "the victorious," removed to a castle on the right bank of Tigris, called Kushla-Kalahsi, or "of the birds," where he founded a town, which he called Dar Aslam, or the house of peace, whence the Irenopolis of the Byzantine Greeks. His son founded another quarter on the opposite bank, and named it Mahadi or the

"Guide," and the two united became the renowned Bagh-Dad, or garden of Dad; as Ctesiphon and Seleucia became Al Madyn, or the "two cities."

Akbara was at the same time founded upon the Nahr Dijal, or "little Tigris," and when the Prætorian guard of Turks had rendered a residence in Baghdad irksome, the Khalif retreated to Sir-man-rah, which was founded by Mutasim, the eighth of the dynasty, in about A.D. 836.

It has been noticed in respect to the Physcus of Xenophon that a canal existed from the most remote times drawn from the Tigris eastward. This canal, called by the older Arabian geographers as Tabari and Zakariya Kazvini, the Katur, is considered by them as more ancient than the Nahr-wan, and as having been repaired and augmented by Anushiriwan and Harun al Rashid. The Katur had its origin from the Tigris by three different branches, and in Abu-l-fada's time it was below the junction of these three streams that the canal lost the name of Katur, and assumed that of Nahr-wan. Opis, afterwards, Dastagerd, was upon one of these branches, upon which are the remains of the so-called "leaden bridge" (Kantarah rasasi) leading to Imam Dur, the site of the city of Rusa or Sura, which obtained celebrity in the campaigns of Heraclius, and according to Rawlinson was also probably the Dura, where Nebuchadnezzar erected the golden image.

Ibn Haukal describes many districts and villages as existing in his time between Baghdad and Kufah, through all of which streams ran from the river Euphrates.

"Here," he says, "is situated the town of Sarsar, on the stream called Sarsak, at the distance of three farsakhs (nine miles) from Baghdad. It is a pleasant town, with land well cultivated. After that, at a distance of two farsakhs (six miles) is the Nahr al Malik, or Royal River. There is a bridge over it, and it is much more considerable than the river of Sarsar. The district of Nahr al Malik is better cultivated and affords more corn and fruits than Sarsak. From that one proceeds to Kasr ibn Hubaira, situated on the river Frat, and one of the most considerable places between Kufah and Baghdad. Here are many streams, so that the water is much augmented, and passes on to the town of Sura. The great river Frat has not any branch more considerable than this. From Sura it proceeds to the Suwad, or villages in the neighbourhood of Kufah, and after that falls into the river of Batayah.

From this statement it would appear that the Kasr ibn Hubaira of the Arabian geographers, is the same as the Kasr, so called, at Babylon, in the present day, which is further evidenced by a passage in D'Anville, who says, on the right bank (for left?) and near a place called Nil, is the opening of a canal upon which is Kasr ibn Hubaira, and we know from Abu-l-fada that this Nil is the name both of the canal and quarter of Babylon in which the ruins of the Kasr are situated. I cannot, however, reconcile with this view of the subject, the statement made by the accurate geographer, Niebuhr, that the lake of Rahimah or Rumiya, is also called Bahr Nadsjaff, ibn Hubaira, or Al Buhairah.

There are, however, circumstances confirmatory of this identification to be obtained from other sources. Idrisi notices a canal which in the Latin version of that author is written Alcatfor for Al Kasr, as the first after that of Tsarsar, or Sarsar, and Bochart (Phaleg, page 40), identifies this Alcasar, as he writes it from the Hebrew, as being the Acropolis Babylonia, and the original tower of Babel.

Abu-l-fada notices the second canal in his time as the Nahr Sarsar, which flowed from the Euphrates two farsakhs, or six miles below the Isa into the Tigris above Madayn. This is the same as the Tsarsar of Idrisi. Lynch has on his map a canal called Abu Gharaib at a corresponding distance from his Saklawiyah, and I met with a canal on the opposite side, which would be the continuation of the same, but which was designated to me as the Nahr Zimbaraniyah. Lynch places a mound of ruins upon this canal bearing the name of Kuskh, and which would apparently have been the site of the town of Sarsar, and before that, of some Babylonian city. This is the town described by Ibn Haukhal, as having pleasant and well cultivated environs.

After the Royal River and Nahr Dhiyah, which, washing Kutha Rubah, we have been enabled to identify with the canal of Kutha, there is a small canal irrigating the country around Khan Mizrakji and Khan Iskandiriyah, the only spot in Babylonia which preserves the name of the Macedonian hero. And next a canal which leads to the Assyrian mound and ruins of Tuhaibah, which have been identified by some with one of the quarters of Babylon. This canal flows from the territory of the modern town of Imsayab or Mussaibah, celebrated for its tobacco, called Husaini, and which is next in repute to that of Shiraz. Two other small canals flow towards the respective khans called Nasariyah and Muhawil, and then comes the canal of Nil, or Nahr Nil of Lynch's map, which flows past the great mounds called the Mujalibah and al Kasr. Abu-l-fada relates of this singularly named canal, that it was so called by Al Haggaji, son of the great Emperor Joseph!

On the western bank of this river we have, in proceeding in a similar manner from north to south, first the Kirbillah canal, called by Ockley in his history of the Saracens (vol. ii., p. 222) the Kerbellai river. Many Persians having retreated to the tomb of Husain at Kirbillah from the exactions of Nadir Shah, it became a populous and considerable town, and continued so till Abdul Khirrim's time, after which the canal became blocked up. Vincent relates that it was reopened by a certain Hasan Pasha of Baghdad at an expense of 20,000*l*.

The next canal is that of Birs Nimrud, or of Borsippa, which now loses itself in extensive marshes and rice-grounds, called Hindiyah. It is the Nahr al Birs of Marudi.

The fourth, is the canal of Hira and of Kufah, the real history of which is involved in much obscurity, for it appears that in different times the Royal River, the River Sur, flowing onwards to the marshes, and the river of Kufah, have each in its turn been regarded as the main bed of the Euphrates.

Abu-l-fada relates, that the Euphrates after passing the Nahr Kuthah by six farsakhs (eighteen miles) is divided into two streams, one of which passes beyond Kufah into the marshes of Rumiya, while the other and larger branch flows past Kasr ibn Hubairah, after which it is called Nahr Sura or Sirat.

Niebuhr and D'Anville identify the Pallacopas of Alexander with the river of Kufah, but the Danish traveller also describes a canal parallel to Euphrates, which starting from the Rumiya, extends beyond the Lemlun or Babylonian marshes. It would appear from the distance recorded by Arrian of seventy-six miles from Babylon, where the Macedonian carried on his excavations, part of which were through solid rock, that

it was to effect a junction between the river flowing into the marshes, and that flowing onwards from the Rumiyah, that Alexander directed his exertions, and Colonel Chesney met with the ruins of a site, corresponding to the ancient Alexandria, at such a position, and westward of Dawanayah, but the details of which I do not possess.

"Les géographes modernes," says the *Bulletin* of the French Geographical Society, "indiquent beaucoup de canaux sur leur cartes; mais ils ne s'accordent ni dans le nombre, ni dans la direction qu'ils leur donnent." If this is the case with regard to the existing Babylonian rivers, what must it be when we come to compare these with the indications of ancient ones? The errors which have existed upon the subject could scarcely be imagined. Vincent, Reichard, and others, bring the Pallacopas from the neighbourhood of Hit, and the French Geographical Society, in their questions addressed to the Euphrates expedition, state that Idrisi brings the same channel from Rahabah. This is a mistake caused by some misreading of Idrisi, for that author says, that the canal of Rahabah, flowing into the desert, divides itself into many branches.

TABLE OF THE COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY OF THE RIVERS AND CITIES
OF BABYLONIA.

Katur canal from Tigris, afterwards Nahr Wan.	Physcus of Xenophon.
Imam Dur.	Sura of Byzantines.
Aski Baghdad.	Bait Saluk. Dastagerd. Opis.
Nahr Dugail, or Digail.	"Little Tigris."
Gates of Babylonia.	
Akbara, or Sitace.	
Sidd Nimrud.	Median wall, extended from Opis on Tigris to Macepracta.
Sifairah—Sippahra.	Hipparenum. Macepracta.
Saklawiyah, Nahr Isa.	Narraga. Argades. Akraanon.
Akka Kuf.	Accad of Scriptures.
Falujah.	Anbar. Perisabora.
Baghdad.	Kush Kalahsi. Mahadi. Dar Aslam. Irenopolis.
Abu Gharaib.	Nahr Zimbaraniyah. Nahr Sarsar.
Sarsak.	Tearsar. Kuskh.
Nahr al Malik.	Mahmudiyah. Nahar Malcha. Royal River.
Kirbillah Canal.	Masjid Hussain.
Nahr Dhiyab.	Kutha Canal.
Shushubar.	Kutha Rubah. Kuth or Cush.
Nil Canal.	Nilus of D'Anville.
Babel.	
Mujalibah.	Prison of Nebuchadnezzar.
Al Kasr.	Kasr ibn Hubairah.
Amran, &c.	Ruins of Babylon.
Nahr al Birs.	Hindiyah.
Bir's Nimrud.	Birsea or Borsippa.
Kufah Canal.	Rumiyah.
Kufah.	Masjid Ali. Hira.
Nahr Sur.	Naarsares or Mahrsares. Fetid River.
	Vologesias and Sura.
Pallacopas.	Alexandria.
Babylonian Marshes.	Paludes Babyloniæ.

In order that the subject may be more clearly understood, I have introduced what little has been done in a tabular form. I am fully aware how slight a contribution it is to the comparative geography of Babylonia, and I might have enlarged it much by entering into biblical speculation and controversy. This, however, was not my wish; I was anxious

that all should be as positive as the case would admit of, convinced that one step in actual progress is better than a volume of mere discussion. It is the toil of having to labour through the voluminous inquiries of the learned, which best teaches oneself to keep within the strict boundaries of fact. Take in antiquity such an apparently simple question as, where was the Tower of Babel? and you will find a hundred discordant opinions. Cyril, Basil, Gregory Nazianzenus, Constantinus Manasses, and Hieronymus, all read the ninth verse of the tenth chapter of Isaiah, as stating that the tower was built at Chalne or Chalane. Many of the learned Jews, as Buxtorf in his "Lexicon to the Talmud," say, that the tower was at Borsiph or Borsippa, which name they derive from Balal-sephath, or "the place of confusion of tongues," and which curious identification would, as we have argued the identity of the Birs Nimrud with Borsippa, establish that ruin as the fragment of the tower, as it has already been advocated to be, by others who viewed it as a quarter of the city of Babylon. Many argue that the expression, "the city and the tower" (Gen. xi., 5) means a city with towers, of which Babylon is related by Ctesias to have possessed three hundred and sixty. The greater number of authorities have, however, admitted the identity of Babel and Babylon—

——— that proud city, whose high wall thou saw'st
Left in confusion; Babylon thence call'd.

And this step made, it would have been thought that the chief difficulty had been got over; but not so, such men as Chalcondylas and the historian Curopolates have argued the identity of Babylon and Baghdad! The French Geographical Society proposed to us as one of their questions, to determine whether Hillah was upon the site of ancient Babylon, Colonel Chesney having stated it to be so, while Niebuhr described the one as twenty English miles from the other; and I myself have been supposed to have suggested a change of names instead of a change of things!

It is evident, that had I taken up the subjects presented to my consideration in studying the comparative geography of the rivers and plains of Babylonia, in such learned and critical detail, that my task would have been long of completion, and worse than all, there would have been more matter than novelty; but still it is impossible not to feel that I possessed means for such investigations, which have hitherto been available to few, and which would have materially assisted me, as I hope they may yet assist others, in carrying out inquiries which have hitherto baffled many learned persons.

What Gibbon, for example, has been obliged to infer, from a passage in Strabo of the proximity of the eastern capitals, which succeeded to Babylon, could now not only be determined from an exploration of their ruins, but from these also the movements of opposing armies, and the strategies of war, would have admitted of a far more detailed and accurate explanation than could have been before attempted with success; as is the case also in many other historical questions connected with the plain of Babylonia. But we suspect we have said enough of this great plain in our brief sketch of its chief positions, and must hasten on with our gallant steamer to regions

Where from his loved Babylon, Euphrates flies.*

* Ovid, ii., 289.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE bright star, or dew-drop in the *Spica Virginis*, now falls beneath the horizon. Still I stand here upon my flowery earth and think: "Thou bearest still upon thy flowers, thou good old earth, thy human children to the sun, as the mother bears her suckling to the light—still thou art completely embraced, bedecked, and covered by thy children, and—while the winged creatures flutter about thy shoulders, crowds of animals stride about thy feet, winged gold-dots rove about thy locks—thou ledest the tall erect human race through heaven by thy hand, thou showest us all the red of thy mornings, thy flowers, and the whole light-filled house of the Infinite Father, and thou tellest of Him to thy children, who have not as yet seen Him. But, good mother Earth, a millenary will come, when all thy children will be dead to thee, when the fiery sun-whirlpool will have whirled thee towards itself, into too-near consuming circles; then wilt thou, a bereft one, with the mute in thy bosom, sprinkled with death-ashes, wander desert and dumb about thy sun. The dawn of morning will come, the star of evening will twinkle, but the race of men will all sleep soundly upon thy four world-arms, and will see nothing more. Will that be all? Ah, then lay a higher consoling hand upon that one of our fellow-creatures, who will be the last to fall asleep,—lay the last veil without lingering over the solitary eye.

The evening-red is already glimmering in the north. Also in my soul the sun has set, red light is quivering at the edge, and my internal self becomes dark—the world before me lies in a deep slumber, and hears and speaks not—within me a pale world is composing itself out of skeletons—the old bones fly off as dust. There is a roaring, as if on the borders of the earth an annihilation was beginning, and I was hearing the crushing of a sun—the stream stops, and all is still—a black rainbow is arching itself together out of storms over this helpless earth.

See! a form steps beneath that black arch; it strides unheard—a vast skeleton—over the June-flowers, and approaches my mountain—it swallows up suns, crushes earths, treads out a moon, and rises high into nonentity. This tall white skeleton cuts through the night, holds two men by the hands, looks at me and says, "I am Death—I hold by each hand one of thy friends, but they are not to be recognised."†

I lay with my lips on the earth, my heart swam in the venom of death—but though dying, I still heard him speak:

"Now I kill thee also, thou hast often uttered my name, and I have heard thee—I have already crumbled to pieces an eternity, and seize upon old worlds and crush them; I descend from the suns into your dull dark corner, where the human saltpetre‡ is shooting forth, and sweep it off—Dost thou still live, mortal?"

* The rhapsodical episode to which I have given this title, concludes the "Life of the contented little Schoolmaster Wuz," and is supposed to be written on the 21st of June. The "life," which is very short, is always bound at the end of the "Invisible Lodge," though it was written somewhat before it, viz., in December, 1790.—J. O.

† These friends are E. A. v. Oerthel and J. B. Hermann, of whom Jean Paul was deprived in 1789 and 1790.

‡ Nitrates form readily in vaults and upon old walls. Death, treating the whole earth as a charnel-house, calls mankind the "human saltpetre," which he brushes down.

J. O.

Then did my heart, exhausted of blood, melt into one tear at the torments of man : I raised myself up, shattered as I was, and looked not upon the skeleton, nor upon that which bore him—I looked up to Sirius, and cried in the last agony, “Hidden Father, wilt thou allow me to be annihilated? Are even these annihilated? Does our tormented life end in a mere shattering? Ah, could the hearts which are crushed love Thee only for so short a time?”

See—then there fell from the night-blue heaven above a bright drop, large as a tear, and it sank, increasing as it went, passing from one world to another. As it thus—large, and with a thousand flashes of colour—pressed its way through the black arch, that arch became green, and blossomed like a rainbow, and beneath it there were no more forms to be seen. And when the drop, large-glimmering like a sun, lay upon five flowers, then did a wandering fire flow over the green surface, and light up a black gauze, which unseen had compassed the earth. The gauze swelling drew itself up into a boundless pavilion, detached itself from the world, and falling together as a mourning veil, remained in a grave. The earth became a dawning heaven, from the stars descended like dust a warm rain of bright atoms, by the horizon stood white pillars, planted up—from the West towards me were rolling little clouds, pearl-bright, greenish-sparkling, red-glowing, and upon every cloud slept a boy, whose zephyr-breath played with the dripping vapour as with soft flowers, and rocked his cloud—the waves of a warm evening breeze rippled against the clouds, and carried them along. And as a wave flowed into my breath, my rapt soul was about to dissolve into eternal repose—far towards the West, a dark sphere shook itself beneath a hurricane and the torrent of a storm—from the East was a zodiacal light, cast like a shadow upon the ground where I stood.

I turned towards the East, and an angel, calmly-great, happy in virtue, rising like a moon, smiled upon me, and said : “Dost thou know me? I am the angel of peace and repose, and in thy death thou wilt see me again. I love and console you, mortals, and attend you in your greatest grief. If it becomes too great, and you feel sore from lying upon your hard life, then do I take the soul with all its wounds to my heart, bear it from your sphere, which is there struggling in the West, and lay it down slumbering upon the soft cloud of death.”

Alas ! I know some sleeping forms upon these clouds !

“All these clouds sail with their sleepers towards the East—and as soon as the great good God rises in the form of the sun, they all awake, and live and rejoice for ever.”

Oh, behold ! the clouds towards the East glow more brightly, and crowd themselves together into a sea of light—the rising sun approaches—all the sleepers smile from their happy dream towards their waking, with increased animation.

Oh, ye ever loved, ever to be recognised forms ! If I am able once more to look into your large heaven-intoxicated eyes.....

A sunbeam flashed up—God rested flaming before the second world—every closed eye was raised—

Alas ! mine also ; it was only the earth-sun that rose—I was still cleaving to the struggling western ball—the shortest night had hastened over my slumber as if it had been the last of my life.

Be it so ! But to-day my mind elevates itself with its earthly force—I raise my eyes into the infinite world above this life—my earthly heart

attached to a purer fatherland, beats, Infinite One, towards Thy starry heaven, towards the starry image of Thy boundless form, and I become great and eternal by Thy voice, which says in my noblest internal part : "Thou shalt never pass away."

Thus, whoever with me recollects an hour in which the angel of peace has appeared to him, and has removed souls that are dear to him from his earthly embrace, whoever recollects an hour in which he lost too much, let him restrain his longing, and with me look firmly up to the clouds, and say, "Continue to rest upon your clouds, ye beloved ones, who are removed. You do not count the ages which flow between your evening and your morning; no stone except the grave-stone lies any longer upon your covered hearts, and that does not weigh heavily. — Not so much as a thought upon *us* disturbs your repose."

Deep within man rests something uncontrollable which pain only numbs, but does not vanquish. Therefore he endures a life, where the best bears only leaves instead of fruit, therefore is he awake almost during the whole nights of this western sphere, where beloved persons quit the loving bosom for a far distant life, and leave to the present one the echoes of memory, just as through the black nights of Iceland, swans fly as birds of passage, with the sound of violins. But thou, whom the two sleeping forms have loved, and in whom they have left me their friend and my own, thou, my esteemed Christian O——,* remain below with me!

NAY, SMILE AGAIN.

BY J. L. FORREST.

NAY, smile again! 'Tis joy to me
To gaze on that fair, open brow,
And mark the silent witchery
That breathes so sweetly round it now.
That smile again! Its sparkling grace
Recalls bright thoughts of happier years,
Ere grief had dimm'd that joyous face,
Or fill'd those soft blue eyes with tears.
Nay, smile again! I love to look,
And read the soul that sparkles through,
As o'er some fair and babbling brook
The sun had shed his golden hues.
And, as his setting glory threw
Within its depths his ruddy beam,
Brought new-born beauties to the view,
And clothed in light the limpid stream.
Then smile again! Such glorious light
Is shed around that placid face,
When Sadness wings her sullen flight,
And Joy sits throned in beaming grace.
But smile again! oh, smile again!
For ere the passing radiance flies,
My soul would gaze, and, gazing, fain
Find Heaven within those lustrous eyes!

Christian Otto, a friend of Jean Paul's in his youth, and through life.

THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

—(ÆSOP. ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

Personne ne peut dire, "Fontaine, je ne boirai jamais de ton eau."

FRENCH PROVERB.

THE FABLE.

THE wolves and the sheep had been a long time in a state of war together. At last a cessation of arms was proposed in order to a treaty of peace, and hostages were delivered on both sides for security. The wolves proposed that the sheep should give up their dogs on the one side, and that they would deliver up their young ones on the other. This proposal was agreed to; but no sooner executed than the young wolves began to howl for want of their dams. The old ones took this opportunity to call out, "the treaty was broke," and so falling upon the sheep, who were destitute of their faithful guardians, the dogs, they worried and devoured them without control.

THE ILLUSTRATION.

CHAP. I.

"WOLVERLY, I cannot, will not submit to this treatment any longer," said a lady, as she entered the sleeping apartment from her dressing-room.

"Well, step into bed, Melpomene, my love; let me hear you open the case in due form. When I have heard all the particulars, I may be able to give judgment upon the matter, and should any difficulty arise we can have counsel's opinion upon it."

"Wolverly," said his wife, in an awfully deep tone, "how often am I to be doomed to hear these ill-placed and ill-timed allusions to your professional avocations?"

"I cannot help it, my love; I mean no offence, I assure you. It is a habit I have."

"Change it then—discard it altogether," said the lady, as she held the extinguisher over the chamber-candle.

"What, put it off like a coat, eh? that's easier said than done. 'Habit,' as the tailor said, when he walked off with two yards of broad-cloth, which had been entrusted to him to cut up into mourning for a bereaved family, 'habit beats nature hollow.'"

"Extinguish it altogether, as I do this waxen taper," said the lady, as she dropped the pyramidically-shaped plated metal upon the candle.

"Excuse me," said her matter-of-fact husband, "but you have not extinguished the candle—merely the light of it."

"Neither would I extinguish you, Wolverly—merely that frightful habit of talking professionally, in which you indulge so unseasonably," said the wife, as she stepped into the bed and laid herself down by the side of her husband.

"Now, Melpomene, dearest, let me have the state of facts. What is it which you cannot or will not submit to any longer? If it's any

thing actionable, rely upon redress. Law is cheap when you breed it yourself, and haven't to buy it, as the farmers say of mutton."

Mrs. Wolverly held her clenched hands towards the bed-top, and let them fall heavily upon the counterpane with a sigh so deep that it nearly amounted to a groan.

"Come into court, my love, the cause is called on—now then, state your case," said Wolverly, pushing his night-cap a little off his head, that it might not interfere with his hearing distinctly. "Now then, Melpomene."

"Those Sheepshankses!" groaned the lady.

"Hang me, if I didn't think so! What is it?—defamation of character—written libel, or an attack on your person? Speak out—confide in me—only give me a chance of getting them in for damages, a fine or imprisonment—I don't care which—and if I throw it away, my name is not Wolverly, that's all. State the case as between lawyer and client."

"Onc moment—my feelings overpower me! Wolverly, I feel faint—my handkerchief and the salts—they are on the dressing-table. Mind you do not upset the Eau de Cologne—bring them instantly if you would not see me perish before your eyes."

Like an obedient husband, Wolverly left his warm bed, took the night-lamp, and having procured the articles in demand, placed them in his wife's hands, and resumed his place by her side, where, like a patient and humane judge, he quietly waited until the witness should have recovered herself sufficiently to be enabled to give her evidence.

"Those Sheepshankses!"

"Yes, hang them as high as Naaman."

"Haman, you mean, I presume," groaned the lady.

"Naaman *alias* Haman then. Now state the case," said Wolverly.

"You will hardly believe me when I tell you—"

"Why you are not sworn, to be sure, but—"

"Wolverly, you will hardly believe me when I tell you that those detestable people have—"

"Spoken ill of us—abused us before company—that's nothing new," said Wolverly. "I only wish they would put their opinions of us in print, that's all—but proceed with your evidence."

"Those horrid creatures have—I can hardly get it out—actually sent their eldest boy, Charles James Fox Sheepshanks, to Eton, and engaged an Italian lady to teach the girls."

"What?" said Wolverly, changing his position from the horizontal to the perpendicular; "recollect, young woman, you are upon your oath—is that true?"

"As true as I am lying here," said the lady, solemnly.

"Don't equivocate, young woman, or you will be committed. Upon your oath, is it true?"

"Too true, alas, too true!"

"Then, hang me, if William Pitt Wolverly shall not be sent to Eton to-morrow, and I'll engage *two* Italian ladies for our girls."

"I knew it," said the lady, waving her white cambric triumphantly, "I felt convinced that a man of your spirit would not submit to be trampled upon by those Sheepshankses. I was sure you would never be guilty of—"

"You have anticipated the verdict, 'Not guilty, gentlemen, that

your verdict, and so you say all. Prisoner at the bar,—I mean Sheepshanks, my dear—‘you have, after a most patient hearing, been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen, what have you to say for yourself why the judgment of the court should not be passed upon you? Nothing?’ I am glad to hear it. The sentence of the court is that you—,”

“Wolverly, do not make a fool of yourself, pray. There, lie down and dream of revenge. How that woman will be vexed, when she finds that her conspiracy has been discovered, and her plans for humbling us in the eyes of the world entirely frustrated! Good night, Wolverly, I go to sleep quite happy at the thought of her vexation.”

“It will be a great expense, but hang me if I care for the costs if we do but beat the other side,” said Wolverly.

In this Christian spirit, husband and wife fell into as sound a sleep as if they had been mesmerised by some proficient manipulator.

CHAP. II.

“SHEEPSHANKS, my dear, you are a good creature, I must confess—only do fancy how that odious Mrs. Wolverly will be vexed when I tell her—and I will do it so calmly and spitefully—that you have taken Charles James Fox from the grammar-school and sent him to Eton, and have engaged Signora Strominetti for the girls. Now do picture to yourself the tragic air of gravity with which she will try to disguise her surprise and vexation—won’t it be delightful to see her?”

“Quite a treat, Thalia, my love; but you must manage it so that that chap Wolverly may be present when you communicate the news. Hang him, I’ll humble him yet, although he did beat me when we stood for the situation of town-clerk. He only got it, madam, by Tory bribery and Tory corruption; had the citizens been allowed to exercise their right of voting untrammelled by Tory influence, I, Samuel Sheepshanks, should have been returned by an overwhelming majority.”

“That horrid woman, I know it for a fact, went round to all the voters’ wives, and told them that unless their husbands polled plumpers for Wolverly, she would have all her fish, flesh, groceries, and draperies from London,” said Mrs. Sheepshanks.

“Torylike, Torylike, they *cannot* help resorting to corruption; but of course you did the same—you would not allow your zeal for your husband’s success to be surpassed by a Wolverly’s.”

“Of course not, I do hope I went a little further than she did; for I told them that you would send for a colony of tradespeople of all sorts, and lend them the money to set up with in the town.”

“Very right, Thalia, you showed a proper spirit; you beat—that is, you tried to beat—the enemy with her own weapons; though you did fail, the fault was not yours. I am equally grateful for your exertions.”

“Well, my dear, it is growing late; I think we had better go to bed now, and I will rise early on purpose to call on the Wolverlys, while they are at breakfast. I can easily get up an excuse for calling at so unreasonable an hour,” said Mrs. Sheepshanks.

“Mix me one more glass of negus, my love; I will sit up as I read over this paper—it is rather an interesting document. Snobson has been distrained by Wolverly for a church-rate, and means to bring an action against him.”

“By your advice, of course.”

"Of course; can I sit quietly down, and see a fellow-citizen trampled upon? His house—his castle—entered, and his goods—an old piano-forte that has been in the family for years—carried away before his very eyes for the paltry sum of three shillings and ninepence? Not I, Mrs. Sheepshanks; I have a heart—I won't hear of a compromise—Snobson shall fight it out, if he goes to gaol at last."

"He will never be able to pay Wolverly's costs," said Mrs. Sheepshanks.

"No, never; but all the better—let him take them out of his body. He cannot seize any more of his goods, as he has made them all over to me as security for the remuneration of my exertions in his behalf. There, that will do," said Sheepshanks, as he closed the paper which he had been reading. "If Snobson only swears unblushingly to that, as I think he will, let Wolverly look out—the town-clerkship may be vacant again. Now, Thalia, ring the servants up to prayers, and then to bed."

"A note, marm; it has only this moment been brought," said the butler.

"Sirrah!" said Sheepshanks, frowning upon the man, "in this a moment to talk of worldly matters. Give me the note, and take your place."

The man handed the note to his master, and knelt down at the head of a company of servants. Sheepshanks saw that they were all in their places with their backs towards him, so he just peeped into the note, and whispered, "Mrs. Tims" to his wife, and then performed—I use the word considerably—prayers, a duty in which he was very particular indeed; for, as he said, it added to the respectability of his establishment.

"You would scarcely credit it," said he, when the domestics had made their bows and courtesies and retired, "you really would not credit it upon any other authority, but Tims is trustworthy; she knows every thing that every body does, and would not try to impose upon me."

"Do tell me what she says," said Mrs. Sheepshanks, raising her little body on her toes, and trying to peep over the note which her husband was reading and commenting upon.

"Read it, my dear, read it, and then give free vent to your feelings, and let me know your opinion of its contents," said Sheepshanks.

"Well, it is infamous conduct, I must say."

"It is most infamous," said her husband, "but Torylike."

"After having promised to deal exclusively with those who voted for him—it is throwing a slur, too, upon the talents of the borough. As if—but I have not patience to talk about it, dear. Tims may be mistaken—she does not mention her authority. I trust, for the sake of human nature, that she may be wrong for once."

"Read the note aloud, slowly and distinctly, that I may weigh every word," said Sheepshanks.

Mrs. Sheepshanks yielded to her husband's wishes, and read clearly these words:

"The W.'s supper is ordered of Gunter. I know it from good authority. Two of G.'s men come down with the supper, to see it put properly on the table. Isn't it hard upon poor Pattypans, and the other borough confectioners? If their own cook is incapable, why employ a stranger? But it's all pride, and done to cut you out. A case of Burgundy arrived to-

day—I know that for a fact, for my maid saw the permit. You only gave champagne, you recollect, but don't be vexed about it, rely on the sympathy of your friend,

“SUSANNAH TIMS.”

“Vexed, indeed! Cut out by a Wolverly! Never,” said Mrs. Sheepshanks.

“Never, my love! I'll have a supper down from the Clarendon, and sport real Johannisberg and Tokay if I am ruined by it,” said Sheepshanks. “Snobson, Snobson, if you do but stick to your—that is, stick at nothing, but do as I suggest—Wolverly shall have another case—but not of *sham pain*—eh, Thalia? You will excuse an old pun, I know, upon such an occasion—isn't it very laughable? Ah! ah! ah!”

“The pun, or the Gunter feed, which?” said the lady, forcing out a louder and more spirited laugh than her spouse had been able to manufacture on so serious an occasion.

“Both, Thalia, both—the pun, though old, is a good one, and the Gunter feed is excessively funny, ah! ah! I only hope the Burgundy may be pricked, and the ices—”

“Melted, and the sugar toys cracked into minute fragments, and the jellies and manges squeezed into shapeless masses. I do hate pride and ostentation,” said Mrs. Sheepshanks, as she hammered the hearth-rug flat with her little foot.

“I detest every thing of the kind, my love, but when we do give the next little supper-party, I will show those Wolverlys what can be done with money and taste, that's all. I will encourage native talent upon all other occasions, but, d—n me, if I don't beat Gunter into hysterics. Come, my dear, let us go to bed, you will have a little triumph over them to-morrow.”

“Yes, and if I do not make the odious woman perfectly miserable, may I never be happy again,” said Mrs. Sheepshanks.

A Christian spirit again! but it did not prevent the slumbers of the amiable pair.

CHAP. III.

BEFORE I proceed to describe the matrimonial visit of Mrs. Sheepshanks to her friend Mrs. Wolverly, I will explain to the reader what the foregoing dialogues may have left doubtful or obscure.

Mr. Wolverly had for many years enjoyed the uninterrupted practice afforded by the borough of Broomfield. His father and grandfather had done so before him. Neither generation had neglected the opportunities afforded it of making money by its practice. The consequence was, that when *our* Wolverly came into possession of the offices, he was enabled to put his clerk into the house attached to them, and reside in a snug mansion some three miles from the borough. This mansion had belonged to one of his clients, who foisted away his money on the turf, in spite of the warnings of his solicitor, Mr. Wolverly, who assured him, every time he advanced upon a new mortgage, that he would run through every thing. He did so, and somebody or other, who had supplied the money, on a sudden called it in. “You may call—” but the quotation is stale. A foreclosure took place—the racing man bolted to the continent, and Mr. Wolverly took possession of the Grange.

People of course said all sorts of ill-natured things, but Wolverly did not care for that. He resolved to find a mate fit for—not himself—but

the Grange and the style in which he intended to live therein. He succeeded in his resolution. The present Mrs. Wolverly was a lady of family, and would probably have rejected the attorney's offer of his hand—he was wise enough to say nothing about his heart then—had she not been very poor and known her suitor to be very rich.

They were married, and Mrs. Wolverly maintained her footing with the county people by feeding them in a superior manner, and giving little parties, which were so well managed as to please all and give offence to no one. The borough member was always ready to attend at the wish of his man of business, whether he had to meet a party of county dons, or the mayor and corporation of the borough. It was for his interest to do so, and he wisely made it a principle to consult his interest.

Wolverly and his wife reigned supreme over their little borough circle. Their word was law. No one thought of competing with them, for everybody knew that competition with them would be worse than useless; it would have been ruin—certain, downright, irretrievable ruin. Everybody, therefore, was contented to follow in their wake, and at a considerable distance.

Mrs. Wolverly acted the queen to the life. She was tall and stately in person, and somebody having told her that she bore a striking personal resemblance to Mrs. Siddons, she adopted a tragic tone and manner, which she flattered herself became her vastly. She even dressed the Lady Macbeth of her talented model, and handled the carving-knife at the head of her table as if it had been a dagger that she saw before her.

She saw no Banquo's ghost to alarm her at her hospitable board; but instead of a vision of the brain, a stern reality all at once presented itself to her eyes. Could it be true? Yes. She saw one day as she rode slowly through the town in her pony-phaeton, a very large and shining brass-plate upon a door. Inky black letters upon that brass-plate told her and everybody else that Samuel Sheepshanks had set up in the borough as an attorney and solicitor. She flogged her ponies into a gallop, and when she had arrived at her husband's offices, demanded of him the meaning of what she had seen.

Wolverly was obliged to say that a strong spirit of reform having manifested itself in the borough, he had thought it his duty to resist it, and put it down if possible. It had proved too powerful for him. He had given offence to the reform party, and to spite him, as he said, they had invited another lawyer to come and reside among them.

It is a worn-out remark, but, nevertheless, a true one, that *one* lawyer in a place will starve, while *two* will make their fortunes. Its truth was proved in this case, for Wolverly, rich enough already, found his business increase wonderfully, and the new-comer was not very long before he was in a state to leave his official residence to his managing clerk, and reside in a neat little mansion without the borough. It was situated about three miles from the town, but in a contrary direction to the mansion occupied by Mr. Wolverly.

Sheepshanks also took unto him a wife, the very reverse of Mrs. Wolverly in manners and appearance. She, too, was a woman of good family, and induced more by the report of his good circumstances than attachment to his person, to accept the proffered hand of Mr. Sheepshanks. Some one, moreover, had persuaded her that she was very like the late Mrs. Jordan, so she dressed "the romp," and won the hearts of everybody who did not see that she was acting a part by her pretty little

winning ways, and the apparently artless manners which she exhibited to high and low, rich and poor. For a long time Mrs. Wolverly adhered firmly to her determination, "never to visit or meet those Sheepshankses." The gentlemen of course were compelled to meet each other on business, and behaved towards each other with much professional suavity, and spoke of each other—in public—in a most flattering manner. But as to visiting each other, or eating and drinking with each other except at a public party they did not dream of such a thing.

Immediately after the Reform Bill had passed, and a new parliament been called, Sheepshanks brought down a candidate from London, to oppose the gentleman who had represented the borough of Broomfield on the Tory principles for many years. Wolverly was astonished, and rather amused at his impudence. He was so confident in the strength of his own party, and, although he was warned by many that money was flying about in all directions, and the fealty of many had been tampered with, he merely replied by a knowing look and a peculiar smile which said as plainly as words could have said, "You'll see—let them bribe—we shall beat them."

The nomination day arrived. The returning officer declared the new candidate duly elected by a show of hands. A poll was of course demanded, and granted. Wolverly left the council chamber with the same knowing look and the same peculiar smile upon his face, and prepared for the battle.

The day of election came. Wolverly's subordinates had told him that all was safe, and so it was—to lose; for at the close of the poll at four o'clock P. M., the reform candidate was nineteen good votes and twelve shocking bad ones ahead of the old member. On the following day he was declared duly elected to serve the borough of Broomfield in parliament. Wolverly talked loudly of a petition on the ground of treating, bribery, corruption, &c. He set about getting up evidence, but, though there was no doubt that votes had been purchased at "a high figure," he could obtain no legal evidence of the fact, and confessed that his learned friend, Mr. Sheepshanks, had conducted the election in a clever, business-like way, and told his employer that it was of no use to attempt to unseat the new member, but wished him "better luck next time."

When Wolverly, in strictly legal phrases, told his wife of his failure in trying to make out a case for a committee, her indignation overcame her grief; she rose from the dinner-table, stretched her tall figure until it seemed three or four inches taller than it really was—pointed her finger at her husband, and, in the presence of the butler and other servants, told him "he was a pettifogger—a poor, sneaking fellow to be beaten by a Sheepshanks."

"Stuff, Melpomene, stuff. All the chance of war. The people are mad, and fancy that reform means roast-beef and plum-pudding for nothing. We shall get a verdict in our favour next vacancy."

"I shall be dead and buried before then," said the lady, solemnly, as she passed a white cambric over her eyes. "I never can survive the triumphant smile of that woman Sheepshanks."

Wolverly knew that his wife was earnest in her wrath; for although he had heard her use many opprobrious epithets when speaking of her enemy, he had never heard her call her "that woman" before. He wisely, therefore, let her vent her rage on somebody else, and left home for a few days on pretence of urgent business.

Mr. Wolverly had a dear friend in one Miss Tims—who chose to be called Mistress Tims, deeming it more consonant with her time of life than the more maidenly term miss. She was one of those old tabbies that are to be found in every borough and little city within these realms. She had a nice little income—kept one maid and two little dogs in-doors, and an old man, who, for decency's sake, was never allowed to enter the house, to look after the garden, and drive out his mistress in a little chaise, drawn by a very obese pony. In appearance Tims was decidedly ugly—if one may use that predicate of any female—for she was as crooked in body as in mind, had a prodigious length of chin, a perfect promontory for a nose, and squinted fearfully. Although her spine was curved, she was so tall and so masculine in her gait, that the little dirty boys always called her Bob Tims, and during the election, some wicked wag who knew her zeal for the Tories, sent her a daily packet of reform squibs, directed to Miss Robert Tims, Esq.

Fired with indignation at Sheepshanks's success, and knowing Mrs. Wolverly's dinner hour, she had dropped in about five o'clock on the very day that Wolverly had told his wife that he could not make out a case for a committee. As soon, therefore, as Wolverly had absconded, which he did the moment that dinner was over, she set about the task of consoling her dear friend for the frightful disappointment which her husband's failing to find the enemy open to a successful charge of bribery and treating, had caused her.

"Never mind, dearest; console yourself by thinking that you will never meet the tradesman, who now misrepresents us, in decent society—let Sheepshanks and his set entertain each other. *Chacun à son semblable*," said Tims.

Mrs. Wolverly did console herself with this thought until she discovered, through her friend Miss Bob Tims, that every body was visiting the Sheepshankses, and that the new member, instead of being a mere London tradesman, as his enemies had misrepresented him to be, was a highly respectable man, an owner of a fleet of merchantmen, and as rich as Cræsus. And as to his politics, he had done as many others did at that crisis, assumed the virtue of promoting extensive reformation, though he had it not, merely to get into the House. He was a Conservative at heart, and took advantage of the first opportunity that presented itself to vote against the Grey party, under whose wings he had been brought in, to show his constituents, as he told them, that he was not to be dictated to by men in office.

What was to be done? Mrs. Wolverly did not know. She wisely consulted her husband, who recommended—suggested would be the better word—a large party to be given at the Grange, from which everybody who had been known to visit at Sheepshanks's was to be excluded.

"A magnificent notion," said the female Wolverly, as she sat down to make out her party; but how her hand trembled when she found, upon examination, that everybody worth inviting had visited the Sheepshankses, except a neighbouring squire and his family, who were in such reduced circumstances from having played the rôle of "the old English gentleman at a bountiful old rate," as not to be able to give "three courses and a dessert," and who had therefore declined accepting invitations which they could not reciprocate.

What was to be done?

Tims, Bobby Tims, suggested holding out a flag of truce.

"Never!" said the indignant Melpomene; but in three days, wanting some six hours, she yielded—for Tims had been to Sheepshanks Park, at a large party, and confessed that every thing was conducted on a scale worthy of her friend's participation.

But how were the rivals to be brought together? It certainly was a work that required much skill to effect it. Tims did it, however, in a very work-woman-like manner. She gave a select card-party, and managed to set the rivals down as partners at the same whist-table. They won—Tims congratulated them on their success, and, driving away all male attempts at doing *cicesbeo* to either of them, made them sit down together at her little supper.

The experiment succeeded. They compared cards over their lemonade, and each discovered that the other had been most shamefully misrepresented to her. They were friends—bosom friends from that moment, and agreed to drop all attempts at rivalry, but to reign conjointly over the borough of Broomfield and its immediate neighbourhood.

Everybody was astonished for a time—but astonishment subsided into satisfaction—for the alternate parties at the Grange and Sheepshanks Park were exceedingly pleasant. Everybody, too, but the far-seeing Tims, really believed that they who had been rivals were now sincere friends. They certainly did wear the mask of friendship very cleverly.

Most of my readers will recollect that reform in parliament was followed by a reform in corporate bodies, and the bill was known by the title of the "Municipal Reform Bill." This reform was brought into the borough of Broomfield as a matter of course, and caused a deep sensation among those who had, as a matter of course, succeeded their forefathers in filling the offices which the close corporation had to bestow upon them.

Amongst other offices, the town-clerkship was declared to be elective. The old stager who had held it for years wisely resigned, and got a compensation, and Wolverly and Sheepshanks, like two generous prize-fighters, shook hands, and then set-to to see which could beat the other. The result has been told. Wolverly had a father and a grandfather to plead in his favour; Sheepshanks could only plead himself and his services. He was beaten, but he bore it well—in public. He bided his time to "take it out of" his enemy.

The ladies were, openly, as good friends as ever. What did it matter to them who held so plebeian an office as that of town-clerk to a little country borough? Not a farthing. They kept themselves aloof (as they pretended) from the contest, and went so far as to express a hope that a third party would present himself, and save their husbands from the disgrace of filling so very low an appointment.

When Wolverly was elected the female Sheepshanks actually called upon her to condole with her, and the female Wolverly expressed herself exceedingly obliged to her for her kindness.

Thus matters stood when the Wolverlys discovered that the Sheepshankses had sent their boy to Eton, and hired Signora Strominetti to instruct their girls, and the Sheepshankses had found out that the Wolverlys were going to surpass them by having a supper down from Gunter's.

It was afterwards strongly suspected that Miss Bobby Tims was at the bottom of all this scheming, because she loved mischief and hated both of her dear friends.

CHAP. IV.

"MELPOMENE! dearest!" said Mrs. Sheepshanks, bursting into her dear friend's breakfast parlour, "you must be alarmed at seeing me here at such an out of the way hour."

"Neither alarmed nor surprised, love," said Mrs. Wolverly. "I hope you have brought your work, and are come to spend a long day?"

"Not five minutes. I merely rode down to ask how the children were, for I heard they had the measles, or the whooping-cough, or some other frightful disorder," said Mrs. Sheepshanks.

"How like you—so kind and considerate!" said Mrs. Wolverly, "but they are all well, as I hope your dear little things are."

"All are quite well that are at home. We expect to hear from Eton to-day," said Mrs. Sheepshanks, slowly, and laying a great stress on the word Eton.

"Ah, by the by, what a pity it was our boys did not go up together; but Wolverley has been so busy that he could not spare time to introduce William Pitt to the head master."

Mrs. Sheepshanks was amazed, and not a little chagrined. She showed it in her looks. Mrs. Wolverly, putting on an air of intense friendship, continued,

"And as to that Strominetti; I have no doubt she is clever—but if you had only consulted me on the subject! Among the fifty or sixty applicants who waited on me you might have selected one, I have no doubt, nearly, if not quite as clever as the *two* upon whom I have fixed my choice."

"*Two* Italian governesses!" almost screamed the Sheepshanks.

"Of course, dearest. One to teach prose and the other poetry. Our German governess will share the musical duties with them."

"I really think you would have found one enough if she was as efficient as poor Strominetti is," said Mrs. Sheepshanks, but in a tone that proved how completely beaten she was.

"Do me a favour, dearest, now do. Bring the Strominetti with you to our little party to-night. She will have a good opportunity for displaying her musical talents, in which, of course, she is a proficient. We shall have a little supper, which, I think, even you, fastidious as you are in such matters, will say does credit to our borough artistes."

"Ah! dearest! don't, now don't attempt to deceive your friend and ally. You are a very clever manager, no doubt, but you cannot deceive me by imposing upon me a Gunter supper as the result of poor Pattypan's exertions," said Mrs. Sheepshanks, as she shook her pretty little hand at her friend.

"Gunter! Who has betrayed me?" said Mrs. Wolverly, solemnly. "I know—I am sure it must be that horrid Tims. I will have my revenge! Let me catch her at *écarté* again. I will not fail to give her adversary a hint to look out for *sauter le coup*."

"Poor Bobby Tims! she certainly is fortunate in turning up the king," said Mrs. Sheepshanks, "but never mind her now. I am not angry with you, dearest, for treating your friends to a supper supplied by Gunter, but you really ought not to have endeavoured to impose upon poor me. It is an infraction of our treaty offensive and defensive. I will be there, however, and bring the signora with me. By, by."

"Good by, dearest. Come early, and see how very well the supper

will look when set out," said Mrs. Wolverly, as her friend closed the door with a loud report. "How vexed she is. I am glad of it. I hope Strominetti will be a failure, and that and the supper together will crush her spirit if it does not break her heart. I *do* hate her, and that's certain."

The envious Wolverly was disappointed. The fair Italian sang so remarkably well, and looked so exceedingly pretty, that she drew all the men round her harp and piano, and Mrs. Sheepshanks received their thanks for having introduced so pleasing a personage into the borough of Broomfield. The supper did not go off well; many things had been crushed in their journey down, and others by the clumsiness of the servants, who fancied they could set out the delicate viands quite as well as Gunter's experienced waiters. The Burgundy too was a dead failure. Sheepshanks' wish was gratified. It was so decidedly pricked that even Bobby Tims made a wry face as she sipped it, and, with a sort of convulsive shudder called for carbonate of soda to neutralise the acidity, declaring that she should have the heartburn for a week if she should fail in procuring the carbonate.

Altogether the Sheepshankses had the victory that night, and as the husband congratulated his wife on the failure of the Gunter-feed, and the surreptitiously-introduced case of Burgundy, he promised her that he would set out for town on the very next day, and make arrangements for such a spread as should crush Mrs. Wolverly's hopes of surpassing it—upon one condition.

"Name it," said the delighted Thalia.

"That you do not give Bobby Tims a hint of it. She is a double-faced designer, and will betray us to her friend Melpomene as readily as she betrayed Melpomene to us."

Mrs. Sheepshanks readily gave the promise that no soul should have a hint of the treat in store for the company, and the triumph in store for herself.

The day came, and with it the company. Mrs. Wolverly brought with her the two Italians, who had been engaged in the interval. They were failures compared with the Strominetti; for although they sang and played quite as well as she did, and perhaps a little better, they were plain—very plain indeed, and were too modest to develop their attractions so boldly as their rival did. Dancing succeeded to music, and at a late hour the supper was announced.

"My dearest Tims, I shall faint—let me out—I never can endure it. You call yourself my friend, yet you fail to apprise me of this! I will never forgive you. You that know every thing must have known that that horrid woman has been making interest at court to procure a supper and a service of plate such as was never seen in this part of the world before."

"Hush! my dearest Wolverly. I knew nothing of it, I assure you, and am as angry as you can be; but do not show your vexation, or the ridiculous little thing will despise you," said Mrs. Tims.

The Sheepshankses' triumph was complete. The supper and wines were pronounced to be perfect, and when the M.P. for the borough of Broomfield in an after supper speech said that his friend and agent had beaten Gunter by a long series of chinks, Mrs. Wolverly was taken suddenly ill and carried fainting from the room.

After this it was "war to the knife" between the rivals, but their battles were bloodless ones, and were fought over the dinner table, in the ball-room and in the archery grounds—much to the gratification of all who were invited to pass judgment on the comparative merits of the meetings. Neither party spared any expense, and the inroads made upon their respective purses were alarming, especially to Sheepshanks, who had not his father's and grandfather's accumulations to fall back upon.

"This will never do," said Melpomene, in her tragic tones, "we must crush these Sheepshanks in some way at a blow."

"Leave it to me, my love," said Wolverly.

"Cannot we induce a lord or two to come down, and dine, or sup, or do something?"

"Leave it to me. Things are in train. You'll see a pretty blow up—a regular Warner smash before long. We go to their *bal costumé* on Wednesday—"

"*Masqué*, you mean."

"Well, *costumé* ALIAS *masqué*. Look out for some characters that have not been invited, that's all."

The evening of the ball came—every one was quite happy—every thing was so beautifully arranged, and the band was first-rate; of course there were many very funny characters taken from low life, mingled with Roman and Greek heroes, Spanish dons, Italian brigands, &c., &c., &c., and amongst them appeared two sturdy thickset men, who, as Sheepshanks said, dressed the bailiff and his follower to the life. To carry on the joke, they came up and tapped the giver of the feast upon the shoulder in the very middle of the ball-room, and in loud tones told him that he was their prisoner: and to carry on the fun still further, put a bit of parchment into his hand, which so closely resembled a writ that Sheepshanks was positively expiring with laughter at the funniness of the thing.

"Permit me to inspect the horrible document," said Wolverly. "By Jove, it's no joke, you are legally arrested."

"I should think so," said the bailiff, "for unless the gent. can procure bail for three thousand five hundred pounds, he must walk off to quod along o' me."

We must draw a veil over what followed, and the reader must be satisfied with knowing that Sheepshanks had foolishly forgotten his usual discretion, and given Wolverly an insight into his affairs. The result was that the borough of Broomfield was left with only one lawyer to manage its affairs, and Sheepshanks Park was to be let ready furnished.

We must do Mrs. Wolverly an act of justice. So charitably disposed was she towards her fallen rival, that she sent her a letter to inquire how Charles James Fox Sheepshanks got on at Eton, whether the Strominetti got the girls on well, and if the Clarendon continued to send out such very superior suppers.

The letter arrived at a rather unseasonable moment, for Mrs. Sheepshanks was weeping over the lifeless body of her husband, who had paid his debts to nature and his creditors at the same time, by taking a small dose of highly-concentrated Prussic acid.

"Poor thing!" said Bobby Tims; "but how could she think that a Sheepshanks had any chance against a Wolverly!"

THE FORTUNE OF FRANCE;

OR,

THE HOTEL DE CLUNY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAP. II.

OF THE CONFERENCE IN THE HOTEL DES TOURNELLES, AND WHAT BEFEL
IN THE HOTEL DE CLUNY.

IN a long and narrow apartment in the Hôtel des Tournelles, dimly lit by three or four high and pointed windows, and resembling a gallery rather than a chamber of reception, was assembled, on the day of which we have spoken, viz., the 31st of March, 1515, a group of persons engaged in deep deliberation. Their dress, which at that period sufficiently denoted the rank of the wearers, would alone have made it apparent that they were persons of high condition, but there was an air of authority in their countenances, more expressive of their station than any thing the lendings of dress could bestow, which clearly denoted that to their guidance was bestowed the conduct of vast and important affairs.

The principal personages in the group were a lady, who might still be termed in the prime of womanhood, for the fire of beauty yet shone in her dark, lustrous eyes, and in her full, commanding figure, the graces of youth were still unobscured; a young man, tall, and eminently handsome, if no exception were taken to a certain elongation of feature and form; and another lady, who bore so strong a resemblance to the young man, that few would have hesitated to call them brother and sister, or have questioned their relationship to the elder of the three. They were, in fact, her children, and bore names which were destined shortly to be bruited throughout Europe, the one for royal and knightly accomplishments and a love for high intellectual endowments; the other for those qualifications of mind and heart which rendered her alike the patron of literature, and the protector of the oppressed. The mother was Louise of Savoy; the children, Francis I. of France, and Marguerite, at that time Duchess of Alençon, and afterwards Queen of Navarre.

These three were seated at one extremity of the apartment, and around them stood a circle of five or six others: Antoine Duprat, the chancellor—a man of thoughtful aspect; Charles de Bourbon, the ambitious friend, and afterwards the foe of Francis, and, if all tales were true, the not unnoticed lover of his mother; De Bonnivet, the younger brother of Arthus de Gouffier, who leant familiarly over the chair of Francis; Odet de Foix, better known in after days as the Seigneur de Lautrec; the Sieur de la Palice, and the brave and faithful Anne de Montmorency, who afterwards shared his master's fortunes at the fatal battle of Pavia.

It was a subject of interest that engrossed them at the moment of which we are speaking, and indeed much depended upon the issue of events at that time in progress, no less than the permanence of his throne

to Francis, the possession of power to his mother, and the realisation of dreams of glory and grandeur to the rest.

Louise of Savoy spoke.

"There is no danger to be apprehended," she said, "from the rumour which was at first set afoot, when our dear cousin Louis, whose memory be blessed, departed this life. I had no dread then, but my opinion at that time is conviction now, for both Madame de Nevers, and Madame d'Aumont, under whose surveillance the *Reine Blanche* has been since the first moment of her widowhood, reports to me that nothing can possibly warrant the supposition of a posthumous heir to the throne of France. So far then, all is safe; but there is still one object to be accomplished to put us beyond the reach of harm. All of you know from what quarter the evil threatens us!"

"Undoubtedly, madame," observed Duprat, the first in position as in age amongst the assembled counsellors, "we should ill deserve the confidence which his majesty has placed in us, if we had not well examined the condition of affairs, and ascertained what cause we have for dread. The inclination of the queen towards the Duke of Suffolk is no secret here."

"*Foi de gentilhomme!*" interrupted the king, "the sooner she indulges her inclination the better!"

"Spoken like my son," exclaimed Louise, "he is so generous in affairs of the heart that he would even give away his crown to make two lovers happy!"

"Not exactly, good mother," returned Francis, smiling, "unless myself were one of them; then, indeed, I might risk something."

"You have run that risk already," said his mother, gravely, "but though I no longer fear on your own account, I would not have you disregard the force of passion in another."

"As I hope to conquer my rightful inheritance of Milan," exclaimed the king, "I am no less anxious than yourself to retain the broad realm to which I have succeeded. You have no need to counsel me against making France an appanage to my brother Henry's dominions. Bonnivet can vouch for me that I have not lacked prudence in this matter; speak Guillaume, and tell my mother what passed between the Duke of Suffolk and myself the day after my return from Rheims."

"An interview, madame," said Bonnivet, thus appealed to, "took place at the Louvre, of which I was the only witness. The king told the duke that he was well acquainted with the friendship of Queen Mary for him, besides other matters that he knew of, and warned him to let no harm happen to his majesty or the King of England, or do aught prejudicial to their honour; my master added, that if any promise had been given by the queen he was well content that it should be fulfilled on application being made to him by King Henry, but if the duke ventured further his life was in peril."

"And what said the duke?" demanded Louise.

"He humbly acknowledged his majesty's kindness, and promised faithfully to be obedient to his commands."

"And has he kept his promise?"

"Nay, madame," interrupted Francis, "Charles Brandon is a gentleman."

"The son of King Henry's nurse," retorted Louise; "but gentle or simple the rule holds good, to mistrust all who are in love."

De Bourbon glanced inquiringly at Louise, but held his peace ; while the Duchesse d'Alençon took up the word.

"I cannot but think, madame, that my brother is safe in his reliance on the Duke of Suffolk's honour."

"True, if all the world esteemed their honour as my son does ; but without speculating further on what men are bound to do, listen rather to what has come to pass."

"Has aught chanced, madame, to the king's dishonour?" inquired Anne de Montmorency, eagerly. "His days are numbered who has done such wrong."

"Thanks, Anne," exclaimed Francis, "you I know will always watch over my fame; but tell us, mother, what is it you know?"

"Enough, Francis, to cause you to unsay the wish you expressed so lately. The inclinations of the queen and Suffolk have mastered every other consideration."

"How say you, madame?" exclaimed the king, the colour rising in his cheek as he involuntarily grasped the hilt of his sword.

"From the day of Queen Mary's arrival in France up to this hour," replied Louise, "my eye has been always upon her, and, since our royal cousin's death, more closely than ever. Was it not I who enforced the ancient custom of a queen's mourning, that when the king died his widow was bound to keep her bed for six weeks excluded from the light of day? * And did not I place near her person the Duchesse de Nevers and Baronne d'Aumont, with instructions to keep her ever in their sight? But what avails any precaution, even *by* a woman, against the will of a woman in love! She has found means to renew her intercourse with the Duke of Suffolk, and this very night she is to grant him an interview!"

"*Foi de gentilhomme!*" cried Francis, passionately; "it shall be his last. But how know you this, madame, for certain?"

"I have a trusty friend, Francis, who has many claims upon your gratitude—and this not among the least. Here, Arthus de Gouffier," she said, rising and throwing back the tapestry behind her chair which covered a private entrance, "come forth and speak to the truth of this damning fact."

As she spoke, the door opened, and he who was summoned shortly entered the chamber of conference.

In a few words he put the king in possession of that which he had already communicated to his mother; how, through the agency of Jean Bouchet, he had long watched every movement of the Duke of Suffolk and his retainers,—how closely the inmates of the Hôtel de Cluny had been under his surveillance, and how he had that day succeeded, as we have already shown, in obtaining a knowledge of the meditated interview, so important in its probable consequences.

The anger of Francis was at first excessive, but by degrees he was induced to listen to the counsels of his mother. She represented the position in which Queen Mary and the duke had placed themselves as the accomplishment of what she had long desired.

"This interview," she said, "though intended to deceive us, is only a trap for themselves, if we resolve to turn it to the right account."

* "Est la coustume telle des roynes de France que, quand le roy est mort, elles sont six sepmaines au lit, sans veoir fors de la chandelle."—*Mémoires de Fleuranges*.

"But how may that be done?" asked the king. "What can ensue but scandal when our discovery is proclaimed?"

"There need be no scandal in the matter, and the effects of the discovery may be limited to those concerned in it," answered Louise. "Suffer the meeting to take place, but be there to witness it, aided by such means as I shall suggest. Thanks to the vast ruin on which the Hôtel de Cluny is built, access to it from the old Roman baths is easy; there are passages which I myself have traversed leading from the Seine to its innermost chambers. De Gouffier knows the way, and can conduct a party thither; select whom you please, and when the time comes act promptly upon the resolution you shall have formed."

"Your advice is good, madame," cried Francis, "I apprehend your scheme; Bonnivet, arm six archers of the guard, and you, Arthus, hie to the provost of Paris with a mandate from the chancellor requiring the attendance of Jacques Couperet; write the order, Duprat;—and bring with you a cordelier,—Frère Bonaventure is accustomed to these things;—let all be ready by sunset. You gentlemen who are here shall all accompany me, and it must go hard with the fortune of France if from this night forth her star be not in the ascendant. For the present, messieurs, you are dismissed;—with you, mother, I would have a few words in private."

Hereupon the council separated, and the Duchesse d'Alençon also prepared to depart. As she rose she placed her hand on her brother's arm, and said in a low, but earnest tone, "You will not, I trust, shed blood."

"Remain, Marguerite," replied the king, "and when you know all, you will not dissuade me from an act of justice."

We close the scene upon what further passed between the three.

The night was calm and still, and the moon, already high in the heavens, shed a flood of light upon the Hôtel de Cluny, whose gilded vanes and many casements glittered beneath its rays. The slender turrets and richly decorated gables surmounting the windows in the lofty roofs, gleamed where they caught the light like polished ivory, and the fretted pinnacles and carved balustrades displayed their beauty of form as clearly as in the day-time, but with a softer outline. On the lofty arches and spacious courts of the Palace of the Baths, a broader shadow fell. The one shone out in the brightness of the present, the other was shrouded in the darkness of the past.

Both the past and the present were secretly mingled in the thought of her who sat at an open window in the Tower of Jacques d'Amboise, which formed the southern angle of the Hôtel de Cluny, and commanded a distant view of the sparkling waters of the Seine. The sacrifice of her love had been made, and its duration had been so brief that it was already a theme as much for wonder as regret; all the visions of her youth came back to her, undisturbed by the dread of her brother's ambitious views which had formerly haunted her; the faith of her lover had been tried, and hope whispered that a bright future was neither improbable nor remote. The young and beautiful queen might therefore well be pardoned if, as she sat in her chamber of mourning, she dwelt upon the love of Charles Brandon rather than upon the cold and formal duties of her station, though aught derogatory to her high position never crossed her mind. She had yielded at length to the earnest solicitation of Suffolk, but it was

to counsel patience and inspire hope that she consented to see him ; had she dreamed that an interpretation injurious to her honour would have been put upon the interview, she would have guarded her seclusion with greater strictness than either her brother Henry, or her guardian, Francis, in the moments of their most watchful jealousy.

As the hour drew near when she was once more to behold him from whom her thoughts had never wandered since the day when their mutual faith was plighted, her heart beat high with tumultuous feelings, and for the first time a sense of apprehension mingled with the sweeter emotions which swelled her bosom. She called to mind the close surveillance of those who surrounded her, though at this hour she had succeeded in keeping them from her immediate presence ;—she remembered the bitter words which more than once had fallen from Louise of Savoy ; she recollected the violence of her brother's nature should it ever reach his ears that she, a crowned queen, had listened clandestinely to words of love from a subject, and she could not disguise from herself that a dangerous passion still lay dormant in the breast of Francis, which, if suddenly awakened by jealousy, might burn with uncontrolled fury, sacrificing all that came within its reach.

She rose and paced the apartment with agitated steps, and twice was on the point of crossing to the ante-room where sat the little English page, Will Howard, who, prompt and vigilant, awaited her commands ; she hesitated again, and her hand was already extended to open the door, when it seemed to yield without her pressure, a quick, light step was heard, and in a moment Suffolk himself was at her feet !

The greeting that awaited him was tender, yet full of dignity. Mary sought not to disguise her love, but tempered her expressions with modesty and grace. Suffolk was ardent and impassioned, and dwelt with earnest eloquence on all he had suffered not only since last he saw her, but since the fatal day that made her a monarch's bride. He described the pangs he had endured when, as King Henry's envoy, he had been compelled to witness her marriage with the aged Louis ;—he pictured the desolation of his heart in terms that drew tears from Mary's eyes ; and then, in feeling but altered tones, he spoke of the vision of happiness which broke in upon him when he learnt the tidings that she was once more free.

"But," he added, "this freedom—how long can we reckon upon its continuance ? When the period of your widowhood shall expire, your brother Henry, who has never yet received the sum for which he sold you to King Louis, will require you again in England, and once more seek to bestow your hand upon some one, to whose loftier rank and greater power, the love of Suffolk must again be sacrificed !"

"Think not so, Charles," replied Mary, eagerly ; "Henry will not a second time be unmindful of the prayers of his favourite sister ; he loves you, too, as much, I think, as ever one man loved another ;—King Francis is kind and generous, and will aid our suit."

"Trust not to him nor to any one," hastily replied Suffolk : "each has an interest in controlling your destiny ; it is only in my love that you can be safe from the tyranny that would enthrall you. I have heard from a sure authority in England, that Henry had already renewed his negotiations for your marriage with Charles of Spain ; our fate is for the moment in our own hands,—let us be wise and compel it."

"Alas! Charles, what would you have me do? Lonely and powerless as I am, what other means can I suggest than an appeal to my brother's affection. The will that I have exercised in seeing you here, has been but an usurped authority, a stolen prerogative, liable at every moment to be interrupted."

"The greater reason, dearest Mary, for taking advantage of the hour:—give to Suffolk a love equal to his own, and we may defy all the monarchs of Christendom. He knows what he risks—his life and fortunes: but they are poor and valueless beside the boon he seeks. Speak, Mary—speak the word that makes or mars his happiness for ever."

"Charles," replied the queen, tenderly, and with faltering accents, "there is no choice to be made: I am yours in life and death; yours, whatever may betide;" and her head sank upon his shoulder.

The time and place were fraught with danger: their trembling hands were joined; passion was in their hearts, and spoke in their eyes; Suffolk pressed the queen to his breast, and imprinted a burning kiss on her lips.

At that moment, and as if by magic, the shades of evening were banished, lights streamed into the chamber, and from the tapestried walls issued a throng of armed men, with blazing torches and naked weapons. The King of France was at their head!

Suffolk started to his feet, and instinctively drew his sword; but scarcely had he unsheathed it before it was beaten from his grasp, and he stood defenceless, but with outstretched arms, before the fainting form of Queen Mary.

Francis was the first to speak: a grim smile was on his features.

"*Foi de gentilhomme!*" he exclaimed; "is this the way the English nobles keep their promises? Is it thus the queens of England mourn their dead husbands? Can perjury and dishonour meet in the chambers of kings? But words are wasted on such deeds. Here, seize the traitor, give him short shrift, and let him meet a traitor's doom."

This terrible sentence awoke the queen to life—she threw herself at the king's feet.

"Spare him, sire," she cried, "if guilt there be, on me let fall the punishment. It was I who urged the duke to come here. We have meditated no wrong. From our infancy we have known and loved each other; you, sire, were not ignorant of our affection. You cannot be so cruel as to slay the man whose passion you have yourself encouraged!"

"Look here, madame," replied Francis, with an air of sternness; "the means are at hand;—behold the priest ready to perform his office, and see the headman's axe is bare; yon couch of dalliance may serve him for a block."

"Sire," exclaimed Mary, rising with dignity; "at least, insult not the unhappy. Our meeting may have been imprudent, but no shadow of guilt came across it.—The Duke of Suffolk is my affianced husband!"

"Is it even so?" said Francis, "then, by Heaven's light, he quits not this chamber alive, except as the brother-in-law of King Henry. How say you, sir,—which penance do you deem the greater?"

It was Suffolk's turn to kneel before the king.

"My fault has been a heavy one," he said, "for I ought to have relied on the word that never was known to fail. But a king so generous will suffer me to plead in excuse——"

"That no man ever yet had a fairer,"—interrupted Francis, smiling kindly on the queen, whom he raised from the ground; then leading her apart, he whispered a few words of assurance in her ear.

"It needed this violent scene," he said, "to accomplish all our wishes. My brother Henry will now be reconciled to an apparent necessity. Had I consented to your marriage solely of my own free will, I had excited his restless jealousy. Under other circumstances—but no," he added, checking himself, "I had no right to look for more than friendship;—here, Suffolk, come and receive your bride!"

It was in this wise that the marriage of the sister of Henry VIII. with his favourite took place. The chapel where it was solemnised adjoins the room which still bears the name of "*Chambre de la Reine Blanche*."

When Francis returned that night to the Palais des Tournelles, he said to his mother:—

"Garderai bien l'Hostel de Cluny, comme témoin de la *Fortune de France*!"

HOW SHALL I MEET THEE?

I.

How shall I meet thee?—With the trust,
The free, fond trust of other years?
With the deep, fervent joy that must
Express itself in silent tears;—
With eager grasp, and gladden'd tone
Such smiles as for our childhood shone?
No:—Friendship blooms no more for us,
'Tis long since I have met thee thus?

II.

How shall I meet thee?—With the blush
That kindles at thine earnest gaze,
While quick thoughts o'er my spirit rush,—
The quivering lip my heart betrays:
With voice whose faltering accents breathe
The trembling joy that lurks beneath?
No:—Such vain dreams are not for us,
I do not wish to meet thee thus.

III.

How shall I meet thee?—With an eye
That hath no brightness, yet no tears;
With heedless tone and cold reply,
The chilling garb indifference wears:
With sadden'd heart yet careless mien
Revealing nought of what has been?
Yes! changes sad have alter'd us
Alas! that I must meet thee thus!

L I G H T S A N D S H A D E S

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XV.

I UNDERTAKE TO MARRY IN THREE MONTHS—MEET, FORTUNATELY,
WITH CAPTAIN CALLAGHAN.

"WHAT!" exclaimed my worthy uncle, as he entered the breakfast-room next morning, "are you alone, Harry? Why I expected to have found an affectionate niece ensconced behind the tea-pot. How sped your course of love, last night? Smooth and successful as usual, I suppose."

"Egad, my dear uncle, you have hit the nail upon the head," I answered with a sigh.

"What—another Mary?" inquired Sir Cæsar.

"Why a Mary, certainly—another too, and not another."

"Rather paradoxical that—will you have the kindness to explain," said the old commander.

"Willingly, sir, if you will be contented with general description—modesty prevents me from entering into minute details."

"As, I presume, to adopt the phraseology of your Leg-lane correspondent, you were 'done brown.'"

"Another palpable hit, *mon oncle*! I met a month ago, at Mrs. Screwup's select establishment, the respected relict of a Companion of the Bath, and d—n me, if she did not reappear in the drawing-room of the Hummums last night, transmigrated into 'a maid in the pride of her purity.'"

"Well done, purity," exclaimed the general. "She indulged you with a *tête-à-tête*, I suppose."

"Oh no, she was too particular for that, and came accompanied by a lady, whose virtue and experience made her a suitable protector for one so sensitive, that at the first creak of my boot she turned her averted eyes out of the window upon a cart of cabbages. Ah, uncle, did you but want a housekeeper, what a treasure you could possess in Mrs. Mayberry! The circumstance of her having been four times a wife, would be a sufficient guarantee for her discretion, and although rather stout to dance a hornpipe when you had a touch of the gout, she would soften down the twinge so charmingly, by carolling 'nice young maidens.'"

"Much obliged, Harry, but it would be a pity to part Mrs. Mayberry from Miss Hookem, so you had better take the pair. But, seriously, let us turn our minds to matrimony."

"A subject to which mine has been exclusively directed, my dear Sir Cæsar, for the last three months," I replied.

"Nonsense, your crotchetty *liaisons* may do very well to kill time

during a short leave between returns; but in downright sober earnest, my wish is that you should marry without delay, and that half-a-dozen noisy brats, the first fruits of this happy union, should give a full assurance that no solitary contingency could interrupt the old succession—and thus that every hope of that infernal lawyer was placed for ever *hors de combat*."

The old man's colour heightened as he spoke—the remark was lightly worded, but the object of the heart was conveyed distinctly. I dared not trifle longer with Sir Cæsar, but rising, took his hand in mine.

"My dear uncle, I understand your wishes, and they shall be obeyed to the letter. One request I make—my leave of absence is limited—let it elapse—I will return to the regiment—send in my papers to the Horse-guards—shake my old companions by the hand, and if fate does not furnish a wife in the interim, and a wife, too, such as my dear uncle would approve, I'll return to Wales, and woo and wed one of the fair ladies he has selected to become the future Mrs. O'Shaughnessy."

"Come that's right, Harry—you're a feather-headed fellow sometimes, but I guessed that when you heard the favourite fancy of an old man expressed, you would not allow light considerations to interfere. You have at once assented to my wishes, now let me make a fair return. No accession to fortune is required—the income of the old estate has supported the old hall during my time—ay, and for half a score of generations before it. The acres have not been diminished, and there is ten thousand pounds in the funds. I don't wish to cripple your choice—bring me a woman suited for the wife of one who looks to nothing beyond the enjoyment of a happy home, and hold the honest position of an English gentleman."

"Faith, my dear uncle, so much depends on what those qualifications may amount to, that I must, I suppose, *à la militaire*, have my orders in writing—shall the lady be accomplished—play, sing, valse, galop—"

"And be pawed by every puppy whose heels are lighter than his head—catch-weight both—no."

"Shall I bring you home a *bas-bleue*? A lady, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, who was tolerably acquainted with geometry, and can point out the position of 'the contagious countries?'"

"None of your blue-stockings for me, Harry."

"You would not reject a cockney, would you?—a thirty thousand pounder—soap or sugar—blacking or bacon—no matter how the money came—of course the lady should be entitled to add an *r* to Sophia, and *à discretion*, interchange *v's* for *w's*."

"No, no, we are not in the market to the highest and best bidder, Harry," said the general.

"Ah! I see you want blood—something in descent direct from the Conqueror—one who has duly graduated at Almack's, and served an apprenticeship in the *Morning Post*."

Sir Cæsar nodded a deep dissent.

"Artificial education you appear to dislike, what think you of a child-of-nature-school concern?—a rattling Irish girl who dances jigs—plays billiards with a cue, and rides over a stiff country as if her habit-skirt was stitched to the pig-skin."

"A toss up in choosing one of the latter ladies between Doctors' Commons and personal chastisement," observed the commander. "Almack's would afford you an introduction to Doctor Lushington, and, the Irish Amazon avail herself of the first connubial misunderstanding to try the virtues of the whip."

"Well, my dear uncle, I cannot hit your fancy—one trial more, and I give it up. Shall I, in newspaper phraseology, select for a helpmate, 'a young lady decidedly pious.'"

"If there be one nuisance greater than another," returned the general, "it is a female swadler—a lady who seizes every opportunity of tossing texts about, and spiritualises over a coffee-cup. No, no, Harry, none of your chosen vessels for me—no piety in pattens shall be eligible. In my opinion, the vulgar introduction of sacred allusions into the ordinary concerns of common life is near akin to blasphemy, and to two places solemn communings should be confined—the church and closet. I encountered, Harry, one of these female Pharisees at Cheltenham, and unfortunately she sat next me at the table, she, in the cant of these pretenders to piety, was a regular in-and-out-of-season gentlewoman. 'What a wretched dinner we had to-day, general, but, ah, me! why should earthly matters occasion us thought—still they might have brought the beef to table not altogether raw—and such an apology for a fricandeau! Poor Mrs. Jones, her establishment is going fast down—she pays no attention to her kitchen and, I lament to add, thinks nothing of things to come. Alas, poor woman! how blind she is.' On the second day, Harry, she had rendered me dyspeptic, and had I remained the week, I should have had the gout to a certainty. Bring me no psalm-singer; if I must undergo musical affliction, send me Mrs. Mayberry, and 'her nice young maidens.'"

"But, my dear general, what the devil description of woman shall I look out for? I have proposed saint and sinner, and neither will pass muster."

"Bring me, Harry, in plain English, a gentlewoman, and in that comprehensive phrase every quality necessary to render married life happy and respectable is combined—I give you three months, and you may range over every inch of land within the four seas of Britain. With that time and such a scope for your matrimonial operations, if you don't succeed, why, d—n me, I'll take a wife myself, unless you faithfully promise to choose one of my selected nieces?"

"Faithfully that promise is given," I replied, as we shook hands to ratify the contract.

"Then am I off to Plas Gwyniade with a lightened heart," exclaimed the commander. "The old succession will be continued after all—and for once the devil has deserted a true disciple, and the lawyer is outflanked."

Early next morning mine honoured uncle took the road, and a more contented commander never returned to his home, after having successfully carried out, what he in military parlance termed, "a delicate operation." In truth, the old gentleman through life had felt a disinclination to the holy estate himself, and fearing this aversion might be a family one, great was his satisfaction when he found that I was obedient to his wishes. On my part, I began to seriously consider what

course I should pursue to provide, within the given time, Plas Gwyniad with a mistress, and when ruminating on the opening movements of my matrimonial campaign, who should I run against in Oxford-street, but Peter Callaghan, *olim* of the 87th.

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed, "my old comrade, Peter, and in London too?"

"Possible!" returned Peter, "here I am safe enough," and grasping my hand with a compression slightly inferior to that of a blacksmith's vice, he tenderly added, "and how is every inch of ye, Harry, jewel?"

On this point I answered Peter's inquiry satisfactorily, and added, that if he had no particular business to prevent it, I should be happy to stroll down Regent-street in his company.

"Business," exclaimed my old camarado, with a whistle, "I never had business but once in my life, and that was when I was courting the present Mistress Callaghan, before I persuaded her to run away, and after all, the weight fell upon poor Charley Ormsby, for he wrote the love-letters, and Dan Sullivan, who undertook to bother the ould governess—"

"Then, Peter, you're experienced in matrimonial operations, and the very man I want to consult upon hymeneal business."

"Hymeneal business! what's that?" inquired the captain. "Is it to get a wife, or get rid of one?"

"To get one, Peter. In one word, I am *point d'honneur* engaged to my uncle to commit matrimony within three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed Mr. Callaghan, with his peculiar accompaniment, the whistle—a mode he generally resorted to when he was anxious to express astonishment or unbelief. "Arrah, man! what the devil would ye be doing a third of the time. If Mrs. Callaghan were in heaven, which if it pleased the Lord to give her the rout, I would not particularly object to, and endeavour to bear the affliction as well as I could—well, should the dear creature slip suddenly off the hooks, and I hadn't matrimony enough to do me for the remainder of my natural life, *mona-sin-diaoul!* maybe I wouldn't replace her in three days."

"Ah! Peter, you have personal advantages and past experience with which to open the campaign—while I am in love affairs a mere neophyte—and d—n me—I blush to admit it even to a friend, with women what is vulgarly called a spoon."

"A neophyte," returned Peter, "is a phrase I don't exactly understand—but a spoon is dacent English. But come, the day's warm, and the truth is, I feel my copper's rather hot, as I supped with a couple of friends from the ould country last night, and gave Offaly some practice in punch-making before we parted. Let us step into Verey's, and we'll have a glass of sangaree, and I'll tell you how I managed to get hold of the present Mistress Callaghan."

"Agreed. But, Peter, I remark that you frequently allude to your lady by the term of 'the present.' Was there a predecessor to the fair partner of your joys and sorrows? and do you wear the rosy bonds of Hymen for the second time?"

"That you'll understand when we get settled in the French fellow's here;" and leading the way, Captain Callaghan slipped into the

restaurateur's, and ensconced himself at a small table in the corner, and I took a chair beside. Here he appeared to have established a kind of telegraphic communication. The captain's French was not pure Parisienne—but his whistle, in my opinion, would have even in Kamschatka superseded the necessity of verbal communications.

"Garson! Phew!" and at the same time Peter's thumb was slyly directed to me. The attendant smiled, shrugged his shoulders, vanished, and reappeared, depositing on the little marble-slab two large glasses of sangaree, which composition, I wish the untravelled reader to understand, comprises sherry, sugar, lemon, and nutmeg, judiciously diluted with iced water, and as Peter averred, "the soncignest thing on earth" for removing the cobwebs from a gentleman's throat, who had, the night before, been looking at his friends drinking.

It may be as well here to sketch slightly the outer man of Captain Callaghan. Imagine a stout, slashing life-guardsmen, in plain clothes, his hat reclining on the left ear, in an angle of forty-five; his *manoir* a correct specimen of the devil-may-care school; his costume outrageously fashionable, and each garment by a judicious difference in colour, contrasting happily with its companion—furnish his right-hand not with an amboyana cane, but with a real saplin—and then you have Peter Callaghan to a T.

The nether habiliment of the gallant captain was remarkable, and involuntarily my attention was attracted to that portion of my loving countryman's body-politic. As he inverted the glass of sangaree, Peter remarked the direction my eyes took, and he seemed flattered by the notice.

"It's not every day you meet the like of these," he observed, with a smile of gratified vanity.

"Upon my soul it's not," was my reply.

"If you would have a pair off the same piece, I can give you the fellow's card."

"Many thanks—but I am rather overstocked at present."

"Troth! and I'll tell you a quare story about the same trousers. I was sloping quietly down the Strand, when I saw them hanging in a tailor's window, and the price pinned to one of the legs. They took my fancy at once, and I tumbled into the shop, ordered a divil who was stuck within, and about the height of a Leprehawn,* to take my measure, fancied another pattern, and desired him to make two pair, and send them home on Friday. The fellow took my address, promised to be punctual, and faith! he was as good as his word.

"Well, I had finished breakfast and stepped into the hall, when I sees an apology for a crature standing with a parcel under his arm.

"'Are you Captain Callaghan?' says he.

"'I often go by that name,' says I.

"'Here's your trousers.'

"'Tell your master,' says I, 'that he's the most of a gentleman;' and I takes the parcel, and went upstairs to try them on—and maybe they weren't a beautiful fit."

Here Peter extended legs that "would make a chairman stare," and examined his lower extremities with evident satisfaction.

"Well," he said, continuing his pleasant narrative, "I kept this pair

* *Leprehawn* is an Irish fairy.

upon me as they are at present, and locked the other in my trunk—put what money I intended to spend that day in the right breeches-pocket, and down I goes to commence my travels, wondering which side I would head to. When I reached the hall, there was the Leprehawn's half-brother, I suppose, the fellow who brought the trousers, standing with a paper in his fist, which he jerked out to me as I was passing him fair and easy.

“ ‘What's that?’ says I.

“ ‘The bill,’ says he.

“ ‘And what do ye give it to me for?’ says I.

“ ‘To be paid,’ says he.

“ ‘Phew!’ says I; ‘and what's to be done if I haven't the money?’

“ ‘Why, I'll take back the trousers,’ says the wee fellow.

“ ‘Arrah! then,’ says I. ‘Isn't that mighty quare of you?’

“ ‘I'll have ather the money or the trousers,’ says he.

“ ‘*Mona-sin-diaoul!*’ says I, ‘if ye'll have ather—and the devil sweep the liars. Here's one pair upon my legs—and you're not the man, I think, to take them off—the others are locked up in the trunk, and sure you're not desperate enough to commit highway robbery.’

“ ‘I tell you what I'll do,’ says he: ‘I'll stay here in the hall till I get the money or the trousers.’

“ ‘Ah! then,’ says I, ‘to that there's no objection. As you seem a little wake upon the pins, ye had better take a chair, and if ye spake to the waiter, he'll lend you an ould newspaper, and ye can bring your master home the last intelligence.’

“ With that I walks quietly out, and left the devil sticking, like bad fortune, in the hall.

“ Well, when I found myself in the street, I was puzzled where to go. I thought I would have some country air, and I headed to Hungerford Market. All London was on their legs—young and ould—big and little—all were on the move down the river.

“ ‘My darlin,’ says I, to a smart little woman, with a foot like Cinderella's, and an eye you could light a cigar at, ‘where the devil are they all going to?’

“ ‘To Greenwich,’ says she.

“ ‘What for?’ says I.

“ ‘Why some to ride donkeys on the heath, and others to play at kissing in the ring.’

“ ‘Faith, and in that game there's both air and exercise—and if you please, we'll try our hands at it.’

“ Well, away we went—had a dance in a tent—a little kissing in the ring—and a rowl down the hill afterwards. The devil a pleasanter place ever I was at—the time flew—the day past—and when I found myself back in London it was nearly five o'clock. The omnibus brought me into Oxford-street, and thought I, I'll just drop in and pay the tailor.

“ Well, perched upon a stool behind his counter the wee fellow was sitting, and a more cankered-lookin' crater you wouldn't meet if you walked from Dundalk to Gibraltar.

“ ‘What's the matter wid ye, man?’ says I. ‘Maybe yer wife's takin a rowl down the hill at Greenwich Fair? Arrah! come, ye devil, I'll put ye in good humour. There's yer money—give me a racate.’

"Well, he gave it me.

"Arrah! what's wrong with ye,' says I. 'Why man, yer face is the colour of a kite's claw.'

"Pray, sir, may I inquire what time did my porter deliver your trousers?"

"Oh! faith, and I can tell ye that,' says I, 'for I happened to look at the clock in the hall. It was close upon ten.'

"The scoundrel—he never returned since,' says the Leprehawn.

"Phew! says I, 'he thought ye didn't want him.'

"Want him! roared the wee fellow; 'he knew that he had to take home a large order from my best customer by twelve—a man punctual to a second. What's the consequence? Mr. Stubbs called here at one o'clock—told me coolly he had ordered clothes from the opposition mart—and has cut the concern to eternity. The scoundrel has gone, I suppose, to Greenwich Fair—but I'll make him his own master when he returns.'

"Arrah! Death a' nouns! Don't take away the crature's character. The divil at Greenwich Fair he is at all, but snug and warm, sitting on a mahogany chair in the hall of the Tavistock, readin an ould newspaper, and attendin to yer business.'

"What do you mane?" says he.

"Didn't ye,' says I, 'tell him ather to bring back the money or the trousers?"

"I did,' says he.

"Then,' said I, in return, 'divil blister the one or the other you shall have—and ye see I kept my word. You know where to find him now, and as ye'r in a hurry; I think ye had better send a cab for him.'

"Och! if ye had seen the little fellow's face. Well, I toddled quietly to Verey's to eat my dinner, and left the tailor and his man to balance their accounts. Now, Harry, isn't that a mighty quare story about the trousers?"

"Oh! precisely what I should expect from such a *quare* fellow as yourself, Peter. But when am I to hear your matrimonial adventures? and where are we to dine?"

"Oh, with me in Baker-street. I would like a run down to Black-wall well enough—but divil a one of me dare dine out. I have been on the ran-tan for the last week with a parcel of youths from the ould country, who came over here for a fortnight to finish their education. Next Thursday is dividend day at the bank, and I must get Mrs. C. into good-humour in the meantime. Nothing passes but her own receipt. *Mavourneine! tigguntu?*"

"Ah, I perfectly understand the delicate considerations which induce a dinner re-union with Mrs. Callaghan. May I inquire generally, if the personal appearance of his lady is in happy accordance with the acknowledged taste of her excellent husband?"

"Well, we'll not say much for that," replied the gallant captain. "Men can't always plase their fancy in a wife as they do in a pair of trousers—and go rooting through the world in search of youth and beauty, as if they had got a contract to furnish a seraglio for the Pope. Mrs. C.'s a good crature when she doesn't blow me up about the women, and she has thirty thousand in the three-per-cents."

"Ah! Peter, I perceive your matrimonial feelings are proper and prudential. Money's a consideration."

BEAUCHAMP;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. III.

THE FATHER AND THE SON.

I WILL have nothing to do with antecedents. The reader must find them out if he can, as the book must explain what precedes the book.

The past is a tomb. There let events, as well as men, sleep in peace. Fate befall him who disturbs them; and indeed were there not even a sort of profanation in raking up things done as well as in troubling the ashes of the dead, what does man obtain by breaking into the grave of the past? Nothing but dry bones, denuded of all that made the living act interesting. History is but a great museum of osteology, where the skeletons of great deeds are preserved without the muscles—here a tall fact and there a short one; some sadly dismembered, and all crumbling with age, and covered with dust and cobwebs. Take up a skull, chappfallen as Yorick's. See how it grins at you with its lank jaws and gumless teeth. See how the vacant sockets of the eyes glare meaningless, and the brow, where high intelligence sat throned, commanding veneration, looks little wiser than a dried pumpkin. And thus—even thus, as insignificant of the living deeds that have been, are the dry bones of history, needing the inductive imagination of a Cuvier to clothe them again with the forms that once they wore.

No, no, I will have nothing to do with antecedents. They were past before the Tale began, and let them rest.

Nevertheless, it is always well worth while, in order to avoid any long journeys back, to keep every part of the story going at once, and manfully to resist both our own inclination and the reader's, to follow any particular character, or class of characters, or series of events. Rather let us, going from scene to scene, and person to person, as often as it may be necessary, bring them up from the rear. It is likewise well worth while to pursue the career of such new character that may be introduced, till those who are newly made acquainted with him, have discovered a sufficient portion of his peculiarities.

I shall therefore beg leave to follow Mr. Wittingham on his way homeward; but first I will ask the reader to remark him as he pauses for a moment at the inn-door, with worthy Mr. Groomber a step behind. See how the excellent magistrate rubs the little vacant spot between the ear and the wig with the fore-finger of the right-hand, as if he were a man amazingly puzzled, and then turns his head over his shoulder to inquire of the landlord if he knows who the two guests are, without obtaining any further information than that one of them had been for some weeks in the house—which Mr. Wittingham well knew before, he having the organ of Observation strongly developed—and that the other had just arrived;

a fact which was also within the worthy magistrate's previous cognizance.

Mr. Wittingham rubs the organ above the ear again, gets the finger up to Ideality, and rubs that, then round to Cautiousness, and haying slightly excited it with the extreme point of the index of the right-hand, pauses there, as if afraid of stimulating it too strongly, and unmaning his greater purposes. But it is a ticklish organ, soon called into action, in some men, and see how easily Mr. Wittingham has brought its functions into operation. He buttons his coat up to the chin as if it were winter, and yet it is as mild an evening as one could wish to take a walk in by the side of a clear stream, with the fair moon for a companion, or something fairer still. It is evident that Cautiousness is at work at a terrible rate, otherwise he would never think of buttoning up his coat on such a night as that; and now without another word to the landlord, he crosses the street, and bends his steps homeward with a slow, thoughtful, vacillating step, murmuring to himself two or three words which our friend Ned Hayward had pronounced, as if they contained some spell which forced his tongue to their repetition.

"Very like me," he said, "very like me? Hang the fellow! Very like me! Why, what the devil—he can't mean to accuse me of robbing the carriage. Very like me! Then, as the mischief must have it, that it should be Mrs. Clifford too! I shall have roystering Sir John upon my back—'pon my life, I do not know what to do. Perhaps it would be better to be civil to these two young fellows, and ask them to dinner; though I do not half like that Beauchamp—I always thought there was something suspicious about him with his grave look, and his long solitary walks, nobody knowing him, and he knowing nobody. Yet this Captain Hayward seems a great friend of his, and he is a friend of Sir John's—so he must be somebody—I wonder who the devil he is? Beauchamp?—Beauchamp? I shouldn't wonder if he were some man rusticated from Oxford. I'll write and ask Henry. He can most likely tell."

The distance which Mr. Wittingham had to go was by no means great, for the little town contained only three streets—one long one, and two others leading out of it. In one of the latter, or rather at the end of one of the latter, for it verged upon the open country beyond the town, was a large house, his own particular dwelling, built upon the rise of the hill, with large gardens and pleasure-grounds surrounding it, a new, well-constructed, neatly pointed, brick wall, two green gates, and sundry conservatories. It had altogether an air of freshness and comfort about it which was certainly pleasant to look upon; but it had nothing venerable. It spoke of fortunes lately made, and riches fully enjoyed, because they had not always been possessed. It was too neat to be picturesque, too smart to be in good taste. It was a bit of Clapham or Tooting transported a hundred or two miles into the country—very suburban indeed!

And yet it is possible that Mr. Wittingham had never seen Clapham in his life, or Tooting either; for he had been born in the town where he now lived, had accumulated wealth, as a merchant on a small scale, in a sea-port town about fifty miles distant; had improved considerably, by perseverance, a very limited stock of abilities; and, having done all this in a short time, had returned at the age of fifty, to enact the country gentleman in his native place. With the ordinary ambition of low minds,

however, he wished much that his origin, and the means of his rise should be forgotten by those who knew them, concealed from those who did not; and therefore he dressed like a country gentleman, spoke like a country gentleman, hunted with the fox-hounds, and added "J. P." to his "Esquire."

Nevertheless, do what he would, there was something of his former calling that still remained about him. It is a dirty world this we live in, and every thing has its stain. A door is never painted five minutes, but some indelible finger-mark is printed on it; a table is never polished half an hour, but some drop of water falls and spots it. Give either precisely the same colour again, if you can! Each trade, each profession, from the shopkeeper to the prime minister, marks its man more or less for life, and I am not quite sure that the stamp of one is much fouler than that of another. There is great vulgarity in all pride, and most of all in official pride, and the difference between that vulgarity, and the vulgarity of inferior education is not in favour of the former; for it affects the mind, while the other principally affects the manner.

Heaven and earth, what a ramble I have taken! but I will go back again gently by a path across the fields. Something of the merchant, the small merchant, still hung about Mr. Wittingham. It was not alone that he kept all his books by double entry, and even in his magisterial capacity, when dealing with rogues and vagabonds, had a sort of debtor and creditor account with them, very curious in its items; neither was it altogether that he had a vast idea of the importance of wealth, and looked upon a good banker's book, with heavy balance in favour, as the chief of the cardinal virtues; but there were various peculiarities of manner and small traits of character, which displayed the habit of mind to inquiring eyes very remarkably. His figures of speech, whenever he forgot himself for a moment were all of the counting-house: when on the bench he did not know what to do with his legs for want of a high stool; but the trait with which we have most to do was a certain propensity to inquire into the solidity and monetary respectability of all men, whether they came into relationship with himself or not. He looked upon them all as "Firms," with whom at some time he might have to transact business; and I much doubt whether he did not mentally put "and Co.," to the name of every one of his acquaintances. Now Beauchamp and Co. puzzled him; he doubted that the house was firm; he could make nothing out of their affairs; he had not, since Mr. Beauchamp first appeared in the place, been able even to get a glimpse of their transactions; and though it was but a short distance, as I have said, from the inn to his own dwelling, before he had reached the latter, he had asked himself at least twenty times, "Who and what Mr. Beauchamp could be?"

"I should like to look at his ledger," said Mr. Wittingham to himself at length, as he opened his gate and went in; but there was a book open for Mr. Wittingham in his own house, which was not likely to show a very favourable account.

Although the door of Mr. Wittingham's house, which was a glass door, stood confidently unlocked as long as the sun was above the horizon, yet Mr. Wittingham had always a pass key in his pocket, and when the first marble step leading from the gravel walk up to the entrance was found, the worthy magistrate's hand was always applied to an

aperture in his upper garment just upon the haunch, from which the key was sure to issue forth, whether the door was open or not.

The door, however, was now shut, and the pass key proved serviceable; but no sooner did Mr. Wittingham stand in the passage of his own mansion than he stopped short in breathless and powerless astonishment; for there before him stood two figures in close confabulation, which he certainly did not expect to see in that place, at that time, in such near proximity.

The one was that of a woman, perhaps fifty-five years of age, but who looked still older from the fact of being dressed in the mode of thirty years before. Her garments might be those of an upper servant, and indeed they were so; for the personage was neither more nor less than the housekeeper; but to all appearance she was a recuscitated housekeeper of a former age; for the gown padded in a long roll just under the blade-bones, the straight cut bodice, the tall but flat-crowned and wide-spreading cap, were not of the day in which she lived, and her face too was as dry as the outer shell of a cocoa-nut. The other figure had the back turned to the door, and was evidently speaking earnestly to Mrs. Billiter; but it was that of a man, tall, and though stiffly made, yet sinewy and strong.

Mr. Wittingham's breath came thick and short, but the noise of his suddenly opening the door, and his step in the hall, made the housekeeper utter a low cry of surprise, and her male companion turn quickly round. Then Mr. Wittingham's worst apprehensions were realised, for the face he saw before him was that of his own son, though somewhat disfigured by an eye swollen and discoloured, and a deep long cut just over it on the brow.

The young man seemed surprised and confounded by the unexpected apparition of his father, but it was too late to shirk the encounter, though he well knew it would not be a pleasant one. He was accustomed, too, to scenes of altercation with his parent, for Mr. Wittingham had not proceeded wisely with his son, who was a mere boy when he himself retired from business. He had not only alternately indulged him and thwarted him; encouraged him to spend money largely, and to dazzle the eyes of the neighbours by expense, at the same time limiting his means and exacting a rigid account of his payments; but as the young man had grown up he had continued sometimes to treat him as a boy, sometimes as a man; and while he more than connived at his emulating the great in those pleasures which approach vices, he denied him the sums by which such a course could alone be carried out.

Thus a disposition, naturally vehement and passionate, had been rendered irritable and reckless, and a character self-willed and perverse had become obstinate and disobedient. Dispute after dispute arose between father and son after the spoilt boy became the daring and violent youth, till at length Mr. Wittingham, for the threefold purpose of putting him under some sort of discipline, of removing him from bad associates, and giving him the tone of a gentleman, had sent him to Oxford. One year had passed over well enough, but at the commencement of the second year, Mr. Wittingham found that his notions of proper economy were very different from his son's, and that Oxford was not likely to reconcile the difference. He heard of him horse-racing, driving stage-coaches, betting on pugilists, gambling, drinking, getting deeper and deeper in

debt; and his letters of remonstrance were either not answered at all, or answered with contempt.

A time had come, however, when the absolute necessity of recruiting his finances from his father's purse had reduced the youth to promises of amendment and a feigned repentance; and just at the time our tale opens, the worthy magistrate was rocking himself in the cradle of delusive expectations, and laying out many a plan for the future life of his reformed son, when suddenly as we have seen, he found him standing talking to the housekeeper in his own hall with the marks of a recent scuffle very visible on his face.

The consternation of Mr. Wittingham was terrible; for though by no means a man of ready combinations in any other matter than pounds shillings and pence, his fancy was not so slow a beast as to fail in joining together the description which Ned Hayward had given of the marks he had set upon one of the worthy gentlemen who had been found attacking Mrs. Clifford's carriage, and the cuts and bruises upon the fair face of his gentle offspring. He had also various private reasons of his own for supposing that such an enterprise as that which had been interrupted in Tarningham-lane, as the place was called, might very well come within the sphere of his son's energies, and for a moment he gave himself up to a sort of apathetic despair, seeing all his fond hopes of rustic rule and provincial importance dashed to the ground by the conduct of his own child.

It was reserved for that child to rouse him from his stupor, however; for, though undoubtedly the apparition of his father was any thing but pleasant to Henry Wittingham, at that particular moment, when he was arranging with the housekeeper (who had aided to spoil him with all her energies) that he was to have secret board and lodging in the house for a couple of days, without his parent's knowledge, yet his was a bold spirit, not easily cowed, and much accustomed to outface circumstances however disagreeable they might be. Marching straight up to his father then, without a blush, as soon as he had recovered from the first surprise, he said, "So, you see I have come back, sir, for a day or two to worship my household gods, as we say at Oxford, and to get a little more money; for you did not send me enough. However, it may be as well, for various reasons, not to let people know that I am here. Our old dons do not like us to be absent without leave, and may think that I ought to have notified to them my intention of giving you such an agreeable surprise."

Such overpowering impudence was too much for Mr. Wittingham's patience, the stock of which was somewhat restricted; and he first swore a loud and very unmagisterial oath; then, however, recollecting himself, without abating one particle of his wrath, he said in a stern tone, and with a frowning brow, "Be so good as to walk into that room for five minutes, sir."

"Lord, sir, don't be angry," exclaimed the housekeeper, who did not at all like the look of her master's face, "it is only a frolic, sir."

"Hold your tongue, Billiter! you are a fool," thundered Mr. Wittingham. "Walk in there, sir, and you shall soon hear my mind as to your frolics."

"Oh, certainly, I will walk in," replied his son, not appearing in the least alarmed, though there was something in the expression of his father's countenance that did frighten him a little, because he had never

seen that something before—something difficult to describe—a struggle as it were with himself, which showed the anger he felt to be more profound than he thought it right to show all at once. “I certainly will walk in and take a cup of tea if you will give me one,” and as he spoke he passed the door into the library.

“You will neither eat nor drink in this house more, till your conduct is wholly changed, sir,” said Mr. Wittingham, shutting the door behind him, “the books are closed, sir—there is a large balance against you, and that must be liquidated before they can be opened again. What brought you here?”

“What I have said,” answered the young man, beginning to feel that his situation was not a very good one, but still keeping up his affected composure, “the yearnings of filial affection and a lack of pocket-money.”

“So, you can lie too, to your father,” said Mr. Wittingham, bitterly. “You will find that I can tell the truth however, and to begin, I will inform you of what brought you hither—but no, it would take too much time to do that; for the sooner you are gone the better for yourself and all concerned—you must go, sir, I tell you—you must go directly.”

A hesitation had come upon Mr. Wittingham while he spoke; his voice shook, his lip quivered, his tall frame was terribly agitated; and his son attributed all these external signs of emotion to a very different cause from the real one. He thought he saw in them the symptoms of a relenting parent, or at least of an irresolute one, and he prepared to act accordingly; while his father thought of nothing but the danger of having him found in his house, after the commission of such an outrage as that which he had perpetrated that night; but the very thought made him tremble in every limb—not so much for his son indeed, as for himself.

“I beg pardon, my dear sir,” replied the young man, recovering all his own impudence at the sight of his father’s agitation; “but it would not be quite convenient for me to go to-night. It is late, I am tired; my purse is very empty.”

“Pray how did you get that cut upon your head?” demanded the magistrate, abruptly.

“Oh, a little accident,” replied his son; “it is a mere scratch—nothing at all.”

“It looks very much like a blow from the butt-end of a heavy horse-whip,” said his father, sternly; “just such as a man who had stopped two ladies in a carriage, might receive from a strong arm come to their rescue. You do not propose to go then? Well, if that be the case, I must send for the constable and give you into his hands, for there is an information laid against you for felony, and witnesses ready to swear to your person. Shall I ring the bell, or do you go?”

The young man’s face had turned deadly pale, and he crushed the two sides of his hat together between his hands. He uttered but one word, however, and that was, “Money.”

“Not a penny,” answered Mr. Wittingham, turning his shoulder, “not one penny, you have had too much already—you would make me bankrupt and yourself too.” The next moment, however, he continued, “Stay; on one condition, I will give you twenty pounds.”

"What is it?" asked the son, eagerly, but somewhat fiercely too, for he suspected that the condition would be hard.

"It is that you instantly go back to Oxford, and swear by all you hold sacred—if you hold any thing sacred at all—not to quit it for twelve months, or till Mary Clifford is married."

"You ask what I cannot do," said the son, in a tone of deep and bitter despondency, contrasting strangely with that which he had previously used; "I cannot go back to Oxford. You must know all in time, and may as well know it now—I am expelled from Oxford; and you had your share in it, for had you sent me what I asked, I should not have been driven to do what I have done. I cannot go back; and as to abandoning my pursuit of Mary Clifford, I will not do that either. I love her, and she shall be mine, sooner or later, let who will say no."

"Expelled from Oxford!" cried Mr. Wittingham, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets. "Get out of my sight, and out of my house; go where you will—do what you will—you are no son of mine any more. Away with you, or I will myself give you into custody, and sign the warrant for your committal. Not a word more, sir, begone; you may take your clothes, if you will, but let me see no more of you. I cast you off; begone, I say."

"I go," answered his son, "but one day you will repent of this, and wish me back, when perhaps you will not be able to find me."

"No fear of that," answered Mr. Wittingham, "if you do not return till I seek you, the house will be long free from your presence. Away with you at once, and no more words."

Without reply, Henry Wittingham quitted the room, and hurried up to the bed-chamber, which he inhabited when he was at home, opened several drawers, and took out various articles of dress, and some valuable trinkets—a gold chain, a diamond brooch, two or three jewelled pins and rings. He lingered a little, perhaps fancying that his father might relent, perhaps calculating what his own conduct should be when he was summoned back to the library. But when he had been about five minutes in his chamber, there was a tap at the door; and the housekeeper came in.

"It is no use, Billiter," said the young man, "I am going. My father has treated me shamefully."

"It is no use indeed, Master Harry," replied the good woman, "he is as hard as stone. I have said every thing he would let me say, but he drove me out of the room like a wild beast. But don't give it up, Master Harry. Go away for a day or two to Burton's inn, by Chandleigh—he'll come round in time, and you can very well spend a week or so there, and be very comfortable."

"But money, Billiter, money!" exclaimed the young man, whose heart had sunk again to find that all his expectations of his father's resolution giving way were vain. "What shall I do for money?"

"Stay a bit, stay a bit," said the good woman; "what I have got you may have, Master Harry, as welcome as the flowers in May. I've ten pounds here in this little purse;" and she dived into one of the large pockets that hung outside of her capacious petticoat, producing a very dirty, old knitted purse with a steel clasp, and adding, as she put in her young master's hand, "It is a pity now that Mr. Wittingham wheedled

me into putting all the rest of my earnings into the Tarningham bank, where he has a share—but that will do for the present, if you are careful, Master Harry—but don't go to drink claret and such expensive nasty stuff, there's a good boy."

"That I won't, Billiter," answered Henry Wittingham, pocketing the money without remorse of conscience, "and I will repay you when I can—some day or another I shall certainly be able, for the houses at Exmouth are settled upon me;" and packing up all that he thought fit to take in a large silk-handkerchief, he opened the door again, and began to descend the stairs. A chilly sensation crept over him ere he reached the bottom, as memory brought back happy days, and he thought that he was going forth from the home of his youth, perhaps for ever, that he was an exile from his father's dwelling, from his love, an outcast, a wanderer, with nothing but his own wayward spirit for his guide—nought but his own pride for his support. He was not yet sufficiently hardened to bear the shadow of his exile lightly, to look upon it as a relief from restraint, a mere joyous adventure which would have its interest during its progress, and would soon be over. But, nevertheless, his pride was strong, and as yet unchecked; and when the thought of going back to his father, asking his forgiveness, and promising all that he required, crossed his mind, he cast it from him with disdain, saying, "Never! never! He shall ask me humbly first." And, with this very lowly determination, he walked out of the house.

"I shall be able to hear of you at Burton's, by Chandleigh," said the housekeeper, as he stood on the top step.

"Yes, yes, you will hear of me there," he replied, and descending the steps, he was soon wandering in darkness amongst parterres, every step of the way being as familiar to him as his father's library.

CHAP. IV.

THE POST-BOY AND THE POT-BOY.

AFTER a few words of common observation upon Mr. Wittingham and his proceedings when that excellent gentleman had left the room at the little inn of Tarningham, Ned Hayward fell into a very unusual fit of thought.

I do not mean in the least to say that it was unusual for Ned Hayward to think, for probably he thought as much as other men, but there are various ways of thinking. There are pondering, meditating, brown studying, day dreaming, revolving, considering, contemplating, and though many of these terms may at first sight seem synonymous, yet upon close examination it will be found that there are shades of difference between the meanings. Besides these ways or modes of thinking, there are various other mental processes, such as investigating, examining, disentangling, inquiring, but with these I will not meddle, as my business is merely with the various operations of the mind which require various degrees of rapidity. Now though Ned Hayward, as I have said, probably thought as much as other men, his sort of thought was generally of a very quick and active habit. He was not fond of meditating, his mind's slowest pace was a canter, and when he found an obstacle of any kind, hedge, gate, fence, or stone wall, he took up his

stirrups and went over it. Now, however, for once in his life, he paused and pondered for full five minutes, and then thinking perhaps it might seem a little rude if he treated his new-found friend to nothing but meditation, he began to talk of other things, still meditating over the former subject of his contemplations all the while.

It must not be supposed, however, that he did not think of what he was saying. Such a supposition might indeed be founded upon the old axiom that men cannot do two things at once. But the axiom is false : there never was a falser. We are always doing many things at once. There would be very little use of our having hands and feet, tongues and eyes, ears and nose, unless each of our organs with a little practice could go on quite quietly in its little workshop, without disturbing the others. Indeed it is very serviceable sometimes to give our more volatile members something light to do, when we are employing others upon more serious business, just to keep them out of the way, as we do with noisy children. So also is it with the mind and its faculties, and it is not only quite possible, depend upon it, dear reader, to think of two subjects at once, but very common also.

Totally unacquainted with Mr. Beauchamp's habits and character, or what topics he could converse upon, and what not, Ned Hayward naturally chose one which seemed perfectly indifferent and perfectly easy ; but it led them soon to deeper considerations, as a very small key will often open a very large door. It led to some political discussions too ; but let it be remarked, this is not a political novel, that most wearisome and useless of all the illegitimate offsprings of literature, and therefore if I give a few sentences of their conversation, it is not to insinuate sneakingly my own opinions, but merely to display my characters more fully.

"This seems a very pretty little town," said Ned Hayward, choosing the first free subject at hand ; "quite rural, and with all the tranquillity of the country about it."

"It is indeed," answered Mr. Beauchamp ; "but I should almost have supposed that a gayer place would have pleased you more. Were you never here before ?"

"Never in my life," replied his companion ; "but you are quite mistaken about my tastes. London, indeed, is a very pleasant place for three months or so ; but one soon gets tired of it. It gets slow, devilish slow after a while. One cannot go to the theatre every night. There is little use of going to balls and parties, and risking falling in love if one has not got money enough to marry. One gets weary of the faces and the houses in St. James's-street. Morning visits are the greatest bores in the world. Epsom and Ascot are good enough things in their way, but they are soon over for one who does not bet and runs no horses. The newspapers tire me to death—romances I abominate ; and though a good opera comes in twice a week to lighten the load a little, it gets desperate heavy on one's shoulders before the first of July. Antiquaries, connoisseurs, lawyers, physicians, fiddlers, and portrait-painters, with merchants, and all the bees of the hive, may find London a very pleasant and profitable place. I am nothing but a drone, and so I fly away in the country. Of all towns after the second month, I hate London the most—except a manufacturing town indeed, and that is always horrible, even to change horses in."

"And yet perhaps," answered Beauchamp, "a manufacturing town

offers subjects of deeper interest than any other spot of the earth—especially at the present moment.”

“Not in themselves, surely,” said Ned Hayward; “the abstract idea of broad cloth is to me very flat, cotton-spinning not particularly exciting, iron ware is far too hard for me to handle, and as for the production of soda and pearlash, I have no genius that way. But I suppose,” he continued, “you mean that the manufacturing towns are interesting from their bearing upon the prosperity of the country; but in that case it is your speculations regarding them that interest you, not the places themselves.”

“So it is with every thing,” answered Mr. Beauchamp; “no single image or impression gives us great pleasure. It is in their combination that our engagement dwells. Single ideas are but straight lines, blank plains, monotonous patches of colour. Associate them with other shapes and hues, and you produce beauty and pleasure. Thus with the manufacturing towns; if I only went to see a steam-engine work, a shuttle play, or a spindle turn, I should soon be tired enough; but when in all that I see there, I perceive a new development of man’s mind, a fresh course opened for his energies when old ones are exhausted, when I behold the commencement of a great social change, which shall convert the pursuits of tribes and nations from agricultural to manufacturing—we rather shall throw the great mass of human industry, for which its former sphere was too small, into another and almost interminable channel, I feel that I am a spectator of a great social phenomenon, as awful and as grand as the lightning that rends the pine, or the earthquake that overthrows the mountain. It is magnificent, yet terrible; beautiful, but still sad.”

“Why sad?” demanded Ned Hayward. “I have considered the matter in the same light a little, and have talked with various grave manufacturers about it; but they all seem to see nothing in it but what is very fine and pleasant. They have no apprehension for the result, or doubts about its doing a great deal of good to every body in the end.”

“The end!” said Beauchamp, “where is the end? What will the end be? They see nothing but good; they augur nothing but good, because they are actively employed in that one particular course, and buoyed up with those sanguine expectations which active exertion always produces. Neither do I doubt that the end will be good; but still ere that end be reached, how much misery, how much strife, how much evil, must be encountered. One needs but to set one’s foot in a factory, ay, or in a manufacturing town, to see that the evil not only will be, but is; that we are wading into a dark stream which we must pass over, and are already knee deep. I speak not of the evils inseparable from the working of any great change in the relations of society or in its objects. As we can never climb a hill without some fatigue, so we can never reach a higher point in social advance without some suffering, but that inevitable evil I look upon as light, compared with many other things before us. I doubt not that in God’s good providence new resources will be ever opened before mankind for the employment of human industry; but when I see even a temporary superfluity of labour, I tremble to think of what vast power of grinding and oppressing that very circumstance places in the hands of the employer. Combine that power with the state of men’s minds at present, and all the tendencies of the age; remember that to accumulate wealth, to rival others in luxury and display, to ac-

quire at any price and by any means, is a part not of the manufacturer's spirit, but of the spirit of the age, and especially of this country, and then see to what purposes must and will be applied that vast authority or command, which the existing superabundance of labour, brought about by mechanical inventions and the natural increase of population entrusts to those who have already the power of wealth. Were it not for this spirit acting through this power, should we see in our manufactories such squalid misery, such enfeebled frames, such overtasked exertions, such want of moral and religious culture, such recklessness, such vice, such infamy, such famine?"

"Perhaps not," answered Ned Hayward, "but yet something is to be said for the manufacturers too. You see, my good sir, they have to compete with all Europe. They are, as it were, running a race, and they must win it, even if they break their horses' wind."

"If they do that, they will lose it," replied Beauchamp; "but yet I do not blame them. I believe the spirit of the times we live in. They only share it with other men; many of them are humane, kind, generous, just, who do as much good and as little evil as the iron band of circumstances will permit; and were all to strive in the same manner, and to the same degree, that iron band would be broken, and all would be wiser, happier, better—ay, even wealthier than they are; but, alas! the example of the good have little influence on the rest on the same level with themselves, and the example of the bad, immense influence on every grade beneath them. The cupidity of the great mill-owner is imitated and exceeded by those below him. He robs the poor artizan of his labour, by allowing him as little out of the wealth his exertions earn as the superfluity of industry compels the artizan to take, and justifies himself with the cold axiom, that he is not bound to pay more than other men; those below him rob the same defenceless being of a great part of those poor wages themselves by a more direct kind of plunder, and have their axiom too. One of the great problems of the day is this: what proportion of the profits accruing from the joint-operation of capital and labour is to be assigned to each of those two elements? And the day will come ere long, depend upon it, when that great problem must be solved—I trust not in bloody characters. At present, there is no check to secure a fair division; and so long as there is none, wealth will always take advantage of poverty, and the competition for mere food will induce necessity to submit to avarice, till the burden becomes intolerable—and then ——"

"What then?" asked Ned Hayward.

"Nay, God forbid," answered Beauchamp, "that the fears which will sometimes arise should ever be verified. A thousand unforeseen events may occur to waft away the dangers that seem to menace us; but I cannot help thinking that in the meantime there are many duties neglected by those who have the power to interfere; for surely, if any foresight be wisdom, any human providence a virtue, they are the foresight that perceives the future magnitude of evils yet in the bud, and the providence that applies a remedy in time."

"Very true," answered Ned Hayward; "things do look rather badly; but I dare say all will get right at last. I have not thought of such things very deeply—not half so deeply as you have done, I know; but still I have been sorry to see, in many of our great towns, the people so

wretched-looking; and sometimes I have thought that if better care were taken of them—I mean both in mind and body—our judges at the assizes would not have so much to do. Just as fevers spread through whole countries from a great congregation of sickly people, so crimes extend through a land from great congregations of vicious people. For my part, if, like our good friend Abon Hassan, I could but be caliph for a short time, I'd open out all the narrow streets, and drain all the foul lands, and cultivate all ignorant minds, and try to purify all the corrupt hearts by the only thing that can purify them. But I am not caliph; and if I were, the task is above me I fancy: but still, if it could be accomplished, even in part, I am quite sure that jurymen would dine earlier, lawyers have less to do, courts would rise at three o'clock, and the lord mayor and sheriffs eat their turtle more in peace. But talking of that, do you know I have been thinking all this while how we could get some insight into this affair of the highway robbery; for I am determined I will not let the matter sleep. Highway robberies are going quite out of fashion. I have not heard of one for these four months. Hounslow Heath is almost as safe as Berkeley-square, and Bagshot no more to be feared than Windsor Castle. It is a pity to let such things revive; and there is something about that old fellow Wittingham which strikes me as odd. Another thing too was funny enough. Why should they pull the young lady out of the chaise? She could just as well have handed her purse and her trinkets out of the window!"

"That seemed strange to me also," answered Beauchamp. "But how do you propose to proceed?"

"Why, I think the best way will be to frighten the post-boy," replied Ned Hayward. "He's in league with the rogues, whoever they are, depend upon it; and if he thinks his neck's in a noose, he'll peach."

"That is not improbable," said his companion; "but we had better proceed cautiously, for if we frighten him into denying all knowledge of the parties, he will adhere to his story for mere consistency's sake."

"Oh, I'll manage him, I will manage him," answered Ned Hayward, who had carried so many points in his life by his dashing straightforwardness, that he had very little doubt of his own powers. "Come along, and we will see. Let us saunter out into the yard, in a quiet careless way, as if we were sentimental and loved moonlight. We shall find him somewhere rubbing down his horses, or drinking a pint on the bench."

The two gentlemen accordingly took their hats and issued forth, Ned Hayward leading the way first out into the street through a glass-door, and then round into the yard by an archway. This manœuvre was intended to elude the vigilant eyes of Mr. Groomer, and was so far successful that the landlord, being one of that small class of men who can take a hint, did not come out after them to offer his services, though he saw the whole proceeding, and while he was uncorking sherry, or portioning out tea, or making up a bill, kept one eye—generally the right—turned towards a window that looked in the direction of the stables. Before those stables the bright moon was laying out her silver carpeting, though, truth to say, she might have found a cleaner floor to spread it on; and there too paraded up and down our friends, Ned Hayward and Mr. Beauchamp, looking for the post-boy who had driven Mrs. Clifford and her daughter, but not perceiving him in any direction.

Ned Hayward began to suspect he had reckoned without his host. The man was not rubbing down his horses, he was not drinking a pint on the bench, he was not smoking a pipe at the inn door.

"Well," he said at length, "I will look into all the stables to see after my horse. It is but right I should attend to his supper now I have had my own, and perhaps we may find what we are looking for on the road. Let us wait awhile, however, till that one-eyed ostler is passed, or he will tell us where the horse is, and spoil our manoeuvre." And, walking on, he pointed out to Beauchamp a peculiar spot upon the moon's surface, and commented upon it with face upturned till the inconvenient ostler had gone by.

At that moment, however, another figure appeared in the yard, which at once brought light into Ned Hayward's mind. It was not a pretty figure, nor had it a pretty face belonging to it. The back was bowed and contorted in such a manner as to puzzle the tailor exceedingly to fit it with a fustian jacket when it required a new one, which luckily was not often; the legs were thin, and more like a bird's than a human being's, and though the skull was large and not badly shaped, the features that appeared below the tall forehead seemed all to be squeezed together, so as to acquire a rat-like expression, not uncommon in the deformed. The head, which was bare, was thatched with thin yellow hair, but the eyes were black and clear, and the teeth large and white, the garments which this poor creature wore, were those of an inferior servant of an inn; and his peculiar function seemed to be denoted by a tankard of beer, which he carried in his hand from the door of the tap towards the stables.

"He is carrying our friend his drink," said Ned Hayward, in a whisper to Beauchamp, "let us watch where the little pot-boy goes in, and I'll take seven to one we find the man we want."

The pot-boy gave a shrewd glance at the two gentlemen as he passed them, but hurried on towards one of the doors far down the yard, which when it was opened displayed a light within; and as soon as he had deposited his tankard and returned, those who had watched him followed his course and threw back the same door without ceremony. There before them, seated on a bench at a deal-table, was the post-boy of whom they were in search. They had both marked him well by the evening light, and there could be no doubt of his identity, though by this time he had got his hat and jacket off, and was sitting with a mane-comb on one hand and a currycomb on the other, and the tankard of beer between them. He was a dull, unpleasant, black-bearded sort of fellow of fifty-five or six, with a peculiarly cunning gray eye, and a peculiarly resolute slow mouth, and as soon as Ned Hayward beheld the expression by the light of a tallow-candle in a high state of perspiration, he muttered "We shall not make much of this specimen."

Nevertheless, he went on in his usual careless tone addressing the lord of the posting-saddle, and saying, "Good night, my man; I want you to tell me where I can find a gentleman I wish to see hereabouts."

The post-boy had risen, and pulled the lock of short black and white hair upon his forehead, but without looking a bit more communicative than at first, and he merely answered, "If I knows where he lives, sir. What's his name?"

"Why that's another matter," replied Ned Hayward; "perhaps he

may not much like his name mentioned; but I can tell you what people call him sometimes. He goes by the name of Wolf occasionally."

The slightest possible twinkle of intelligence came into the man's eyes for a moment, and then went out again, just as when clouds are driving over the sky at night we sometimes see something sparkle for an instant, and then disappear from the heavens, so faint while it is present, and so soon gone, that we cannot tell whether it be a star or not."

"Can't say I ever heard of such a gemman here, sir," replied the post-boy. "There's Jimmy Lamb, sir, the mutton-pieman, but that's the nearest name to Wolf we have in these parts."

"Why, my good friend, you saw him this very night," said Mr. Beauchamp, "when the chaise was stopped that you were driving. He was one of the principals in that affair."

"Likely, sir," answered the other, "but they were all strangers to me—never set eyes on one 'on 'em afore. But if you knows 'em, you'll soon catch 'em; and that will be a good job, for it is very unpleasant to be kept a waiting so. It's as bad as a 'pike."

"I've a notion," said Ned Heyward, "that you can find out my man for me if you like; and if you do, you may earn a crown; but if you do not you may get into trouble, for concealing felons renders you what is called an accessory, and that is a capital crime. You know the law, sir," he continued, turning to Beauchamp, and speaking in an authoritative tone, "and if I am not mistaken, this comes under the statute of limitations as a clear case of misprision, which under the old law was merely burning in the hand and transportation for life, but is now hanging matter. You had better think over the business, my man, and let me have an immediate answer with due deliberation, for you are not a person I should think to put your head in a halter, and if you were, I should not advise you to do so in this case."

"Thank you, sir," said the post-boy, "I won't; but I don't know the gemmen as showed themselves such rum customers, nor him either as you are a axing arter."

"It is in vain, I fear," said Beauchamp to his companion in a very low voice, as their respondent made this very definite answer, "the magistrates may perhaps obtain some further information from him when he finds that the matter is serious, but we shall not."

The post-boy caught a few of the words apparently, and perhaps it was intended that he should do so, but they were without effect; and when at length they walked away baffled, he twisted the eyelids into a sort of wreath round his left eye, observing with his tongue in his cheek, "Ay, ay, my covies, no go!"

Ned Hayward opened the door somewhat suddenly, and as he went out, he almost tumbled over the little humpbacked pot-boy. Now whether the young gentleman—his years might be nineteen or twenty, though his stature was that of a child of eight—came thither to replenish the tankard he had previously brought, or whether he affected the moonlight, or was fond of conversation in which he did not take a part, Ned Hayward could not at the moment divine; but before he and Beauchamp had taken a dozen steps up the yard, Hayward felt a gentle pull at his coat-tail.

"What is it, my lad?" he said, looking down upon the pot-boy, and at the same time stooping his head as if with a full impression that his

ears at their actual height could hear nothing that proceeded from a point so much below as the deformed youth's mouth.

Instantly a small high-pitched but very musical voice replied, "I'll come for your boots early to-morrow, sir, and tell you all about it."

"Can't you tell me now?" asked the young gentleman, "I am going into the stable to see my horse, and you can say your say there, my man."

"I daren't," answered the pot-boy, "there's Tim the Ostler, and Jack Millman's groom, and Long Billy, the Taunton post-boy, all about. I'll come to-morrow and fetch your boots."

At the same moment the landlord's voice exclaiming in sharp tones, "Dicky! Dicky Lamb!—what the devil are you so long about?" was heard, and the pot-boy ran off as fast as his long thin legs would carry him.

"Well this affair promises some amusement," said Ned Hayward, when they had again reached the little parlour, which in his good-humoured easy way he now looked upon as common to them both. "Upon my word I am obliged to these highwaymen, or whatever the scoundrels may be, for giving me something fresh to think of. Although at good Sir John Slingsby's I shall have fishing enough, I dare say, yet one cannot fish all day and every day, and sometimes one gets desperately bored in an old country-house, unless fate strikes out something not quite in the common way to occupy one."

"Did you ever try falling in love?" asked Beauchamp, with a quiet smile, as he glanced his eyes over the fine form and handsome features of his companion, "it is an excellent pastime, I am told."

"No!" answered Ned Hayward quickly and straightforwardly; "I never did, and never shall. I am too poor, Mr. Beauchamp, to marry in my own class of society, and maintain my wife in the state which that class implies. I am too honest to make love without intending to marry; too wise I trust to fall in love where nothing could be the result but unhappiness to myself if not to another also." He spoke these few sentences very seriously; but then, resuming at once his gay rattling manner, he went on: "Oh, I have drilled myself capitally, I assure you. At twenty I was like a raw recruit, bungling at every step; found myself saying all manner of sweet things to every pretty face I met; felt my heart beating whenever, under the pretty face, I thought I discovered something that would last longer. But I saw so much of love in a cottage and its results, that, after calculating well what a woman brought up in good society would have to sacrifice who married a man with 600*l.* a year, I voted it unfair to ask her, and made up my mind to my conduct. As soon as ever I find that I wish to dance with any dear girl twice in a night, and fall into reveries when I think of her, and feel a sort of warm blood at my fingers' ends when my hand touches hers, I am off like a hair-trigger, for if a man is bound to act with honour to other men, who can make him if he does not willingly, he is ten times more strongly bound to do so towards women, who can neither defend nor avenge themselves."

With a sudden impulse Beauchamp held out his hand to him, and shook his heartily, and that grasp seemed to say, "I know you now to the heart. We are friends."

Ned Hayward was a little surprised at this enthusiastic burst of Mr.

Beauchamp for he had set him down for what is generally called a very gentlemanlike person, which means, in the common parlance of the world, a man who has either used up every thing like warm feeling, or has never possessed it, and who, not being troubled with any emotions, suffers polite manners and conventional habits to rule him in and out. With his usual rapid way of jumping at conclusions—which he often found very convenient, though to say the truth he sometimes jumped over the right ones—he said to himself at once, “Well, this is really a good fellow, I do believe, and a man of some heart and soul.”

But though Beauchamp’s warm shake of the hand had led him to this conviction, and he thought he began to understand him, yet Ned Hayward was a little curious as to a question which his new friend had asked him some time before. He had answered it, it is true, by telling him that he took care not to fall in love; but he fancied that Mr. Beauchamp had inquired in a peculiar tone, and that he must have had some meaning more than the words implied, taken in their simple and straightforward application.

“Come now, tell me, Beauchamp,” he said, after just five seconds consideration, “what made you ask if I had ever tried falling in love by way of amusement? Did you ever hear any story of my being guilty of such practices? If you have it was no true one—at least for six or seven years past.”

“Oh, no,” replied Beauchamp laughing, “I have had no means of learning your secret history. I only inquired because, if you have never tried that pleasant amusement, you will soon have a capital opportunity. Sir John Slingsby’s daughter is one of the loveliest girls I ever saw.”

“What, old Jack with a daughter!” exclaimed Ned Hayward, and then added after a moment’s thought, “By the way, so he had. I remember her coming to see him when we were at Winchester. He was separated from her mother, who was a saint, I recollect. Nobody could accuse old Jack of that himself, and his daughter used to come and see him at times. A pretty little girl she was; I think five or six years old. Let me see, she must be about sixteen or seventeen now; for that is just ten years ago, when I was an ensign.”

“She is more than that,” answered Beauchamp, “by two or three years; and either it must be longer since you saw her, or—”

“Oh, no, it is just ten years ago,” cried Mr. Hayward; “ten years next month, for I was then seventeen myself.”

“Well, then, she must have been older than you thought,” replied his companion.

“Very likely,” said Mr. Hayward. “I never could tell girl’s ages, especially when they are children. But there is no fear of my falling in love with her, if she is what you tell me. I never fell in love with a beautiful woman in my life—I don’t like them; they are always either pert, or conceited, or vain, or haughty, or foolish. Sooner or later they are sure to find some ass to tell them how beautiful they are, and then they think that is quite sufficient for all the purposes of life.”

“Perhaps because they are first impressed with a wrong notion of the purposes of life,” answered Beauchamp; “but yet I never heard of a man before who objected to a woman because she was pretty.”

“No, no,” answered Ned Hayward, “that is a very different thing. I did not say pretty. I am very fond of what is pretty. Oh! the very

word is delightful. It gives one such a nice, good-humoured, comfortable idea: it is full of health, and youth, and good spirits, and light-heartedness—the word seems to smile and speak content; and when it is the expression that is spoken of, and not the mere features, it is very charming indeed. But a beautiful woman is a very different thing. I would as soon marry the Venus de Medicis, pedestal and all, as what is usually called a beautiful woman. But now let us talk of this other affair. I wonder what will come of my mysterious post-boy.”

“Why, I doubt not you will obtain some information regarding the gentleman calling himself Wolf,” replied Beauchamp; “but if you do, how do you intend to proceed?”

“Hunt him down as I would a wolf,” answered Ned Hayward.

“Then pray let me share the sport,” rejoined Beauchamp.

“Oh! certainly, certainly,” said Ned Hayward; “I’ll give the view halloo as soon as I have found him; and so now, good night, for I am somewhat sleepy.”

“Good night, good night!” answered Beauchamp; and Ned Hayward rang for a bed-candle, a boot-jack, a pair of slippers, and sundry other things that he wanted, which were brought instantly, and with great good will. Had he asked for a night-cap it would have been provided with the same alacrity; for those were days in which night-caps were furnished by every host to every guest; though now (alas! for the good old times) no landlord ever thinks that a guest will stay long enough in his house to make it worth while to attend to his head-gear. But Ned Hayward needed no night-cap, for he never wore one, and therefore his demands did not at all overtax his host’s stock.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT WINCHESTER.

THE once regal and metropolitan city of Winchester, the Necropolis of most of the Kings of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, the city of sainted bishops and of mitred abbots, charged with the unenviable reputation of the Doomsday Book, and the first corporation to which a free charter was granted, succeeded to archiepiscopal Canterbury, as the meeting place of the British Archæologists; and the memory of the historical and artistic importance of this most ancient and pious city has been revived, and its monumental and traditionary treasures have been explored by the same body of learned inquirers, who last year trod so harmoniously in the footsteps of the “gentil knights” and “yonge squiers” to the pilgrim-shrine of Thomas à Becket.

As a result of this meeting, the industry of the best antiquarians of Great Britain, has not left an object in the “white” or “walled” city (valued not merely for its seniority) unobserved or uncommented upon. Monuments of aboriginal, Roman, Saxon, Norman, or early English times, were each in succession, the subject of devoted and enlightened attention. Not a structure of merit but was treated according to its

deserts, and from the heights of the downs to the depths of the river,* explorations were carried on till nothing *old* was left for those who shall follow despondingly and miserably in the wake, except a few words, which well stricken in years, may yet be used at parting in the service of spite and detraction, a by-gone stage-coach or two, "horse lean as a rake" for the journey, the very venerable dean and chapter to receive them, the refuse of the barrows and the guano of the cathedral for their inspection, and for their entertainment, such fish and eggs as were too ancient even for archæologists; so that there will remain to these lagging and crippled antiquaries, only the satisfaction of repeating what Samuel Butler puts into the mouths of their predecessors of the seventeenth century, to the dust and worms, "you are my father," and to rottenness, "thou art my mother," nor will the want of a little dust, "*pulveris exigui prope litus*," prevent their admission to the Elysian fields of the *Venta Belgarum*.

The noble president of the British Archæological Association, Lord Albert Conyngham, as eminent for his social qualities, as he is distinguished by his learning and good taste, feelingly remarked in his opening address on the occasion of this the second anniversary of the association, that

"It might be thought by some that he was wrong in retaining the presidency of the society, after several had seceded from it, and it might be said that it arose from a feeling of pride on his part; but he could assure them that in so doing he was actuated solely by a wish to keep together a body of gentlemen who are zealously devoted to scientific pursuits, and desirous of carrying them out with the fullest effect. All party feeling ought to disappear before the archæologist, and his object ought to be to show the empty vanity of all human power—he ought to exclaim with the preacher, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' How literally true in this respect were the words of the poet—

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow, stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more."

To which the noble lord might also have added, the further sentiments of the preacher; "Again, I considered all travail, and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. This is also vanity and vexation of spirit."

Mr. Pettigrew in an admirable address explanatory of the origin, history and objects of the association also adverted to the existing schism, in a tone of great good sense and feeling; but we must confine ourselves to the more practical labours of the association.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the southern parts of Great Britain—Celtic Gauls and Belgæ—lived in a state of almost primitive simplicity. Invited by the fertile pastures and clear waters of the valley of the Itchin, they erected their long cabins of mud covered with reeds and overspread by boughs of the native forest, amidst forests teeming with game, and overlooked by open downs which were the chosen places for their sepulchres and sacred enclosures; and thus arose the first nucleus of *Caer Gwent*, afterwards *Caer Bolg*.

Although the ancient Britons were in the habit of surrounding their cities by a rampart and a ditch, except where a river afforded them sufficient protection, it did not appear that any remains of these early times

* The researches here were not quite so successful as elsewhere.

could be traced, unless the earth fortifications on the acclivities and southern base of St. Catherine's hill, can be looked upon as belonging originally to this epoch; and which from their general aspect and character, the importance of their situation to the aborigines, and from the sanctity of the downs of which that hill constitutes a part, we are inclined to consider was the case; before the same hill became the seat of the *Castrum Æstivum*, or summer encampment of the Romans; as it was afterwards the site of a Christian chapel, upon the decay of which, the ever enduring sanctity of the place, caused popular superstition to crown its heights with a solemn grove of beech-trees.

These downs, however, so inviting to Pagans from their ever open aspect to the God of Light, presented nothing to the archæologists but the most simple forms of sepulchral monuments, tumuli, or barrows. The Logan or Tolmen, mis-shapen blocks of heath-stone, which appear to have served at once for monumental, and for augurial and judicial purposes; and the Cromlech, still considered by many antiquaries as not merely sepulchral, but as fragments of the mysterious and dreadful sacrificial circles, with their enclosed unhewn altar stones, are not met with in this neighbourhood.

Nor was an examination of the barrows themselves attended by the discovery of any relics except mortuary remains, and a few fragments of pottery, to illustrate the habits and manners, or to attest what was the state of arts among the Armorican or Belgic Britons; a result the less to be wondered at, as the able historian of Winchester, Dr. Milner, had expressly stated long ago, that the generality of the barrows in the neighbourhood of that city, in consequence of the former populousness of the country, and the cultivation of most of the downs, have been disturbed at one time or the other, as the writer says he has invariably discovered to be the case.

The opening of the great mound in the centre of the splendid British fort here alluded to, which is surrounded by a fosse and double vallum, and which from a rough examination would appear to be precisely a geographical mile in circumference, disclosed, as was anticipated the ruins of what Leland,* describes as "a very fair chapelle of St. Catarina," and of which there were many in the south of England occupying similar situations, from the tradition that St. Catherine was buried on Mount Sinai. But it was thought that some minute object might have escaped the ravages of time, and a bone pin, of Belgic, or remotest British manufacture, a fragment of pottery of the same era, and the mandible of a bird of the hawk species were exhumed.

The most curious discoveries in barrow digging were however effected in Derbyshire, where the remains of a British princess, by whose side was a work-box of elegant workmanship, containing ring, scissors, thimble, &c.; the remains of a hunter surrounded by antlers of deer; and another skeleton, accompanied by that of a dog, probably his faithful companion, immolated at the Briton's burial, were found, but the rest in death of two united in life, could not check the inveterate barrow-diggers. The frequently too thoughtless disturbance of the dead, which at the best can only be justified by the objects to be obtained, suggested to an archæological poet, Mr. Martin F. Tupper, some

* Itin., vol. ii., p. 102.

pleasing stanzas, which were read with great effect by their amiable author at the president's *soirée*.

That strange innovation upon Roman roads,—the railway—took a large portion of the association to Clausentum, the Roman Southampton, situated upon a neck of land projecting into the river Itchen, and now occupied by Bittern Manor-house, to the hospitalities of which the members were made most freely welcome. The position chosen by the Romans for this defence of the river's entrance is highly characteristic. The vestiges of a fosse dividing the point whereon the *castellum* or citadel stood, from the main land and a part of a vallum, which in its original state must have been of great magnitude, were still traceable. Several altars, stones with inscriptions,* and fragments of Roman bricks were scattered about the garden (among which were also several of much more recent date), and in the manor-house a long series of Roman coins are preserved which have been dug up at different times at the same place.

The remains of Roman times at Winchester were few in number. On the arrival of the Saxons, the walls and gates were beaten down, the streets were blocked up with the ruins of fallen buildings, the cathedral was converted into a heathen temple, the altars were besmeared with the blood of holy men, and Cedric was crowned King of the Saxons in the temple of Thor, whilom, Cathedral of the Belgæan Christians.

The British Archaeological Association may claim some credit for having most industriously examined into the important question in church antiquities, as to whether or not there are any remains of the old Saxon cathedral in the present edifice. Mr. E. Cresy, the well-known architect, undertook the task of tracing this great structure through its various stages both by illustrated and local lectures. Passing over the roof of the side aisle, this courteous and intelligent gentleman pointed out the enormous flying buttresses which are sustained inwardly by ancient Saxon circular columns, and which abut against the capitals of the central columns of the nave, themselves supposed by some to be the actual pillars erected either by St. Ethelwold or Bishop Walkelin, ingeniously inclosed in a clustered gothic casement. Proceeding to the south transept, the evidences derived from the crippled state of the side walls—the columns, capitals, arches (passing into the horse-shoe shape) and windows—together with the rude masonry, compared with the vastly superior and undisputed work of Walkelin, more particularly in the tower and part of the adjoining transepts,—satisfactorily proved to all present that when the massive Saxon tower erected by St. Ethelwold fell down, Walkelin, instead of erecting the whole of the nave, tower, and transepts, as argued by Milner, Britton, and others, simply erected the present tower, and those portions of the transepts which had been destroyed by the falling of the Saxon tower.

The approach to the cathedral itself by a shady avenue opening obliquely upon the west front, with its noble window, its buttresses and pinnacled turrets, and the canopied statue of Wickham crowning its pointed termination, has a most imposing effect; but on entering at the western door the most magnificent spectacle that can be conceived is presented to the be-

* Among which was one to the usurper Tetricus.

holder. This is owing simply to the removal by Charles I. of the organ to the side of the choir, a disposition ably vindicated in a paper communicated by Mr. Ashpitel; and which allows of the whole vista from the west to the east end, embracing the long flight of lofty and ample pillars, the gorgeous richness of the distant screen, choir, and chapels, grouped together like a casket of jewellery, and unburdened by the splendid groining of the vault overhead, to be brought at once before the eye.

The associated and musing antiquaries paced the solemn precincts to scrutinise slowly and reverentially their multitudinous beauties; and undeterred by the moody countenances of the officiating clergy, among whom it had been industriously circulated that they belonged to the Evangelical party, while the Asiono-Athenæo Archæologists were Puseyites; the president and body of the association attended divine service and listened in rapt devotion to the full-voiced choir and pealing organ.

King Arthur's round table has ever formed an important feature in the antiquities of Winchester.

And so great Arthur's seat, old Winchester prefers,
Whose old round table yet she vaunteth to be hers!

said old Michael Drayton, at the latter end of the sixteenth century, and stimulated by a knowledge of this fact, the association repaired one fine morning to the county hall to hold a meeting beneath, and not at, the festive board. Upon which occasion was read an amusing account, by Mr. A. J. Kempe, of round tables in general, and King Arthur's in particular, in connexion with the institution of the order of knighthood, and the origin of the order of the garter, but no light was thrown upon the age of the table, which Dr. Milner attributes to Stephen's boisterous times.

Dr. Milner has remarked that the invention of the round table, with the other ceremonies of chivalry, are of a later date by many centuries than the age of Arthur, but Mr. Kempe corrected this statement, by showing that Athenæus, a writer of the second century, expressly tells us that the Gauls feasted at round tables, the shield bearers standing behind them with their shields.

The white and green colours of the compartments of this great oaken table, which is seventy feet in circumference, and the white and red roses in the centre, satisfied all present of the Tudor origin of the painting, but the opinion of most present, including Sir W. Bethan, Mr. Roach Smith, and Mr. Planché, was, from the form of the crown, that the epoch was rather of Henry VII., than as is generally supposed of Henry VIII. In answer to a question put by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, however, as to when it had been last painted, a resident at Winchester, Mr. Moody, stated about sixty years ago!

The local explorations of the association were a great relief to the paper and memoir reading, and had besides a more immediate and practical interest. Among the first of these was the hospital and abbey of Saint Cross, a remarkable edifice, situated in the valley of the Itchin, where its waters are divided into innumerable clear rills, which meander through green pastures, and groves of aged trees; combining with the edifice itself to produce a scene full of old English beauty. Entering through a spacious gateway, the antiquaries found themselves in a perfectly well kept and spacious quadrangle, the refectory and neat uniform buildings of the hospital on the one side, while on the other, the cloisters

or ambulatory, stretched out to the venerable church, which advanced into the open space just sufficient to leave room for the sylvan and pastoral scenery of the adjacent meadows to be seen beyond, and to form a most pleasing back ground.

Cruciform, and supported by ponderous circular pillars, the church contains a Saxon triple arch, a curious old font and piscina, and some brasses of which copies were taken. But its most interesting points are the intersecting circular arches, and other illustrations of the Norman style verging into early English, and from which Milner enthusiastically remarked that the spire of Salisbury was itself an emanation.

Among the perversions of the purposes of this charity it is surely one, that the present incumbent (and all the inhabitants of Saint Cross attend this as the parish church without fees for seats), who has toiled at his labours of piety for thirty-four years, receives only 80*l.* a year, out of which he pays 8*l.* per annum, for the use of the old hospital garden.

Among the other venerable edifices in and around Winchester, were the remains of the *Newan Minstre*, afterwards called Hyde Abbey, more celebrated for the wars of its abbots and monks against the bishops and priests of the cathedral, than for its piety, or Christian forbearance and humility. It is now, however, an emblem of the weakness of earthly pride, the county Bridewell stands where Alfred is supposed to have been buried; and only a few walls and arches remain to attest the site of the once stately abode of a belligerent clergy. Some explorations were carried on in a neighbouring garden with a view to opening what was supposed to be a subterranean passage, but the purposes of this covered archway, were found to be such as antiquaries have seldom troubled themselves to investigate closely, except in the case of the greatest of its kind, in the "eternal city"—the *Cloaca Maxima*.

The "Castelle or palace well tourid," and called Wolvesey from a tribute of wolves' heads once received there, was a perfect gem of its kind. Its walls of enormous thickness and arches of solid massive masonry, were almost buried beneath the most luxuriant canopy of ever-greens and flowering creepers. Besides the old Roman and Saxon foundations to interest the antiquary, the more modern pellet ornament, triangular fret capitals and cornices, and corbel busts were admired for the beauty of their execution.

Adjoining these picturesque ruins is the palace erected when bishops were less baronial in their authority, and more Christian-like in their tastes and habits, and which continued to be the home of the prelates, till temporal pride found an outlet by another quarter. Till within a few years, this was the most perfect and elegant building in the city. The late bishop, however, took down the whole of the elegant front standing east and west, reserving only certain offices at the west end of it; and the palace having been, it is said, rendered unworthy of the dignity of a prelate, Winchester has never since been honoured by the residence of its bishop.

While the ancient Britons defended Winchester to the south, the Romans encompassed the city with walls, and its early bishops erected castles close by the cathedral—the Normans built their citadels on the heights to the westward of the city. The history of the Norman castles of Winchester is, however, one of violence and woe, and many princes and nobles were confined in its dungeons, or executed before its gates.

Ultimately levelled by the parliamentary army, Charles II. fixed upon the site for the erection of a royal mansion, which, after being a prison and a house of refuge, is now a barrack. Little remains of the Norman edifice, save the chapel, which is converted into a county hall, and the west-gate a massive square tower, over a spacious gateway, crowned on one side with machicolations.

St. Mary's college, the parent of Eton and the model of Westminster, is chiefly remarkable for its elegant chapel, which possesses lofty and gracefully mullioned windows, filled with rich stained glass. Also its not over "studious cloisters," to judge by the number of names which are carved on the shafts of its elegant-pointed arches, and many of which, notwithstanding the proverb, "*nomina stultorum semper parietibus hærent*," belong to the illustrious of the country. John Fromonde's chapel is prettily situated in the centre of these cloisters, and contains many bibliothecal curiosities, while the renowned William of Wykeham is met with everywhere, in stone over the gateway, in brass over the school, and in heraldic representations on the groining of the tower.

The school and refectory contains some curious remains of barbarous times. A scourge reposes upon the fixed benches in the one, and wooden platters adorn the table in the other. An inscription of exceeding length, justly denominated *Tabula legum Pædagogicarum*, addresses the youthful understanding from one side, while on the other a kind of painted moral rebus holds forth the mitre and crozier as the highest attainable object of ambition, and imparts the lesson that episcopal honour and wealth are superior even to virtue and happiness. It only wants a motto, and we can furnish it with one at once appropriate and classical. "*Quærenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos*."

If we have found it difficult to put within a small space, even fragmentary notions of what was seen and done at Winchester, what shall we do with Southampton, the subject of papers by Messrs. Wright, Saull, Gillum, Haigh, and Black; and the object of the association's visit?

It is not wise, *acribus initiis, incurioso fine*, to be alert in the beginning and negligent in the end, but truth to say, a modern regatta seduced us from the company of Ascupart and Sir Bevis, to wander on the beach where Canute moralized. This was not, however, till after visiting that splendid wreck of the art and good taste of the monks of old—the Cistercian Abbey of Nettley. Here no excitement of the moment came to mar the solemn thoughts suggested by so holy, so tranquil, and so beautiful a spot. It was indeed impossible, on seeing the members of the Archæological Association sauntering amid these melancholy ruins, and observing how different the feelings of such persons were to those of usual sight-seeking tourists, not to feel a real satisfaction in being one of a company, whose educated feelings and cultivated sensibilities, enabled them while they so fully appreciated the beautiful in nature and art, to combine with it that proper sense of the hallowed character of the place, which is derived from a true and enlightened piety.

There were present at the congress, amongst others, the president, Lord Albert Conyngham, Sir Francis Myers, Sir W. Betham, Messrs. Pettigrew, Harrison Ainsworth, Wright, Halliwell, Isaacson, Arden, Planché, Tupper, Rolfe, Lee, Rosser, Jackson, Waller, Artis, &c. &c.

THE OPERA.

OUR TESTIMONIAL TO MR. LUMLEY.

THE season having now closed, we proceed to a summary of—

How is this? Why we find that in our last number but one, we wrote an entire summary of the season up to the date thereof, and that in our last number we talked a deal about the *pas de quatre*, and that not a single event has happened since.

Shall we play a trick upon our readers, and, trusting to their short memories, print our former articles all over again? No, gentle readers, we have a conscience, and what is more, we have a little vanity, which leads us to believe we made some tiny impression, and that we cannot be sufficiently obliterated from your memories to answer our purpose.

"Well then," suggests some stout, burly, plain, matter-of-fact man of business, "if you have nothing to say about the Opera, cut the matter short, and have no article about it at all."

We will answer our kind adviser by a short tale—an old one to be sure, but the use to which we put it is new.

Once upon a time there lived a parish-clerk, who kept a register not only of all the births, deaths, and marriages, but of the circumstances which led to any of these results. A parishioner having been killed by a cow, a special class was created for that particular description of death, and the item appeared in the register: "Killed by a cow....one." Next year unfortunately—*fortunately*, of course, we mean—no one met his death by such an accident. The clerk, however, with the true Linnæan spirit, stuck to his classification, and gravely wrote down, "Killed by a cow....none."

We are like this clerk. Having once begun our series of Opera articles, we conceive it is our bounden duty to go on with them, as long as there is a month in which Her Majesty's Theatre opens its portals to the fashionable world. Yes, we must have our head, "Opera," even if we get no further than "Opera—nothing."

We very much wish we were John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, not because he had many a merry adventure in his time; not because he was a friend of the Merry Monarch's; not because Etherege called him Dorimant, and exhibited him in a comedy as a perfect specimen of a perfect gentleman; still less because every farce-writer feels he has a right to drag him upon the stage, and make him the safety-valve for his own indifferent wit. No! but we wish we were John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, simply because he wrote a poem "On Nothing," and thereby displayed a talent which would be highly serviceable to us on the present occasion.

Stay!—we have it—we have it. The darkness of the obscure inane rolls itself away into dusky folds, and something shines bright and glimmering upon our eyes. A group of brilliant forms are before us immovable, though the light that glances upon them almost seems to give them motion. We approach them—we touch them—they are inanimate—they are formed of precious metal.

And now does a noble band, with coronetted brows, advance towards the glittering group, and gracefully raise it from the ground. A sound

of acclamation arises as it is borne along. Whither will they take it? An elegantly furnished recess appears, with crimson curtains in front, and a stately figure is seen therein. To him does the procession advance.

Why, what have we been talking about? We are afraid that we have been unpolite enough to drop asleep while addressing our readers, and that our hand, with an instinct that none but authors' hands can know, has been dotting down the dream that sported on our brain.

But we have a shrewd suspicion that our dream means something, and we say so at the risk of being charged with superstition. There was a certain odd sort of connexion between that sparkling group, that old Hephæstus might have turned out of hand, and the *pas de quatre*, about which we have thought, sleeping and waking, ever since the 12th of July.

A knock at the door! Our morning paper! We see—we see. The noblemen and gentlemen subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre have resolved to present Mr. Lumley with a piece of plate, to testify their sense of the ability, liberality, and judgment which have distinguished his management. There is also a rumour that the piece of plate will represent the celebrated *pas de quatre*.

The mystery is solved. Our dream is interpreted without the aid of our dream-book. The morning journal that makes an intellectual repast of our eggs and coffee, is the *Œdipus* that answers the riddle. Shining silver group—procession with coronets—exactly! Recess with crimson curtains—manager's box, of course!

We have only one short observation to make on the subject. The dream be ours—the reality no one more fully deserves than Mr. Lumley.

THE THEATRES.

MR. AND MRS. KEELEY—MRS. WARNER AND MR. PHELPS.

A COMICAL farce at the Lyceum called the "Governor's Wife" is the only dramatic novelty worth recording. Who can play a good-natured plebeian lass, with a head overflowing with mischief, a heart over-running with good-humour, and a tongue moving briskly with tropes, such as Chesterfield would not commend, so well as Mrs. Keeley? Who like Keeley can combine pomp with pusillanimity—swagger and shrink,—can depict a will that swells into haughty defiance, and then suddenly stops short and fails of its purpose—like Mr. Keeley?—Assuredly no one, and this piece, which represents a sham governor of a colony and a make-believe fine lady, each enamoured of the other, shows both off to the best advantage.

The theatres have adopted the fashion of keeping open all the year round, and we are in expectation of several new productions. A drama at the ADELPHI, and another at the LYCEUM, will probably have been seen by the time this notice goes to press. SADLER'S WELLS, too, promises to give us Massinger's "Fatal Dowry." Mrs. Warner and Phelps pursue their vocation in the north creditably and conscientiously, and although SADLER'S WELLS has long been in literary oblivion, the performances there now fully deserve a place in the chronicle of dramatic events.

LITERATURE.

NARRATIVE OF A MISSION TO BOKHARA.*

WHATEVER may be his eccentricities, there can be no doubt as to Dr. Wolff's talent, enthusiasm, and piety, and the narrative of his mission through the 'Armenian snows to the court of the redoubtable Amir of Bokhara will be universally read, and will earn for him a high and merited reputation. In addition to what refers to this particular mission—the climax of his adventures—the work also contains a brief account of the doctor's extraordinary career, which imparts to it a very remarkable interest.

The doctor's account of his residence at Bokhara, leaves scarcely a doubt as to the fate of the unfortunate British envoys; the only open question appears to be a little discrepancy between his report, as last obtained from Kuli Khan, and that given to Colonel Sheil, as to the period of their assassination; with regard to the amir's band playing the national air, he notices it almost without a comment; it certainly appears indicative of the existence there yet of English or Indian prisoners.

"Should England," says the doctor, after discussing the modes of punishing the amir, "not take any further notice of the atrocious murder committed by the amir, at the instigation of the Nayib Abdul Samut Khan, our country will lose all moral influence it now possesses in these countries; and Khiva and Khokand, where such a crime has not yet been committed, may follow the example of their enemy, the Amir of Bokhara, in order to show that they can do so with the same impunity, and England will fall into contempt even in Persia,

Again, elsewhere, he says upon the same important subject:—

"The question is a matter of indifference as to envoys or officers. I am of the wise man's opinion of old, 'That form of government is best, where an injury done to the meanest subject, is an insult to the whole community,'

"He spoke of *insult*: I speak of *murder*. What country, I ask, has such facility to vindicate her honour, to preserve the life of every one of her meanest subjects, as England? To say nothing of her distinguished officers, I might add more, her—but I forbear to use that—that gives climax to our shame."

Borrowsky, according to our eccentric traveller, smiles from heaven upon the mercenary successor to the affections of his wife; with what kind of a smile must Stoddart and Conolly be looking upon those, who, without a word of intercession, left their flesh to be torn from their bones, by ravenous ticks!

In the reflections made upon Colonel Sheil's conduct, however, the worthy doctor is not only unjust, but inconsistent with himself. A proper agent should be appointed to Mashid. The unlucky selection of the treacherous Ali Saraf or "the banker," was Stoddart's fault and not Colonel Sheil's (contrast Dr. Wolff's statements, vol. i., p. 242, p. 251, p. 255). With regard to the conduct of her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires

* Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara, in the years 1843-1845, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D., &c.

towards Abdul Samut Khan, it is not so easily understood. Dr. Wolff himself does not give the villain half so bad a character as Khanikoff does, and his testimony is disinterested. Of one thing we are certain, that her majesty has not a more conscientious servant than Colonel Sheil; and the objection made to him as a Roman Catholic, is the only illiberal remark that occurs in the whole of Dr. Wolff's narrative; but it does not emanate from himself; it is an old sore with the American missionaries.

It is very much to be regretted that the doctor did not visit the mountaineer Chaldeans and Mar Shimon, rather than trust to his observations among the Romanists of the plain, and the reports of the American missionaries. If the doctor had applied to the Chaldeans the rule of Vincentius "what has always been believed, by all, and elsewhere," he would have found it fail at once. The doctor relates that when he was in America, "he came among the Mohican tribes, and asked them 'Whose descendants are you?' They replied, 'We are of Israel.' I asked 'Who told you so?' and expected to learn much ancient tradition. To my great surprise they said 'Mr. and Mrs. Simons.'" If the doctor had put the same question to Mar Yuhanna and Mar Gabriel, they would have said, Messrs Grant, Stocking, Perkins, and Co. The doctor speaks of Colonel Rawlinson in the highest possible terms, as a most extraordinary man, and profound scholar; yet in the face of the position so satisfactorily established by that officer, of the Halah of the captivity, and the equally well established identity of the Habor and Khabur rivers, the doctor repeats the absurd American arguments for the Chaldean Halah and Habor. This is not justice to the cause of truth and knowledge.

The missions of the gallant Colonel Farrant, and of Mr. Stevens, were worth that of a hundred spiritual advisers, nay, even of the bishop of Gibraltar himself, as proposed by Dr. Wolff; but why is not the independence of Mar Shimon, or, at all events, of the Ti-yari, recognised; and a protective agent sent among them; when they could neither be butchered nor enslaved by our friends and allies, the Turks, or the Kurds under them, without exciting a just cause for complaint and redress.

Dr. Wolff speaks of the visible decay of Muhammedanism in a manner with which we cordially agree. It is rather curious, however, for so pious a person to prophecy their downfall by the means to which they owed their rise²—the sword.

It is delightful to peruse the warm and energetic language in which he speaks of the reception, and kindness he met with from his countrymen in Asia. Colonel Williams, the Redhouses, so well known to all Asiatic travellers, Mr. Bonham, all seem to have vied in tendering to the doctor their kindest services. There is a little under-current of satire which the doctor occasionally indulges in, when he makes a native ask, if the consul at Erzurum is not son of the King of England! It appears that Sir Charles Napier's renown throughout Asia surpasses that of any modern hero. The names of Todd, Riach, and Thomson, also resound throughout the Turkoman desert. Colonel Stoddart is always spoken of as brave, but rash; Conolly as "a man of religion." The perspicacity of the Persians is remarkable. We wish we could extract their opinions of our British ambassadors.

The doctor's Turkish is sometimes curious enough. Thus he translates *Ilijah*, "warm water," and *tappah*, "hill," *Elijeh*, "spring," and *tebbe*, "tepid!" The Rhages of Tobit was not Teheran, but Kal'-

eh-Erig. From conversation with the fierce Khan of Khirahi, who claims descent from Ghengis Khan; it would appear that the name of the great devastator Timur or Tamerlane, meant *iron*. This would settle the long-disputed orthography to be Tamir, *a*, as in "name," *i*, as two ee's. The doctor describes the Izidis as worshippers, instead of propitiators of the evil spirit; and describes them as dancing annually round the ruins of ancient Babylon; whereas it would be extremely difficult to find an Izidi who knows where these ruins are to be sought for.

But these are minor criticisms, to which it was our passing duty to advert. The doctor will reply to us as he did to the Bektash dirvish, "that knowledge which has only for its object terrestrial things, is unworthy of the name of knowledge;" from which it does not follow that error is to be propagated in its place. For his more material labours—the risks he ran, and the sufferings he endured, in so good and so chivalrous a cause—Doctor Wolff has our most hearty sympathies, and our expressions of the highest possible admiration and respect.

THE WHITEBOY.*

"We this day introduce to our readers our Irish Commissioner," said the *Times* of the 21st of the past month (August); qualifying this somewhat pompous announcement by asserting that the opportunities which the English have hitherto had of learning the state of Irish society, have been too exclusively, formal reports, and most informal and irregular travels and tales, and omitting altogether the inter-communication of the people, and the daily columns of the *Times* itself, in its elaborate Irish articles.

No misgovernment has ever called forth so large an amount of eloquent and imaginative protest, in fiction or song, as St. Patrick's isle; and the Commissioner of the *Times*, with his cottage scenes, and ways and means of life, will most probably do no more than his predecessors towards relieving this "universally" known and much sympathised with state of things.

Ireland suffers under the undeniable grievance of a conquered country, without the necessary accompaniment of a victor's rule. This is an anomaly which can never last. One or the other must one day be supreme. Ireland again, is itself divided into two parties, and the day that it should be separated from its natural parent and master, it would be given up to civil war. This is an alternative which must excuse much apparently devious and hesitating policy; in the midst of which the history of the Roman Catholic Church, and the actual progress of the Ronge Reformation, would show that concessions to the Romanists, however correct in principle, are by no means the most promising towards ultimate conciliation and peace. This, however, is not the fault of, the British legislature.

The task of the novelist is, for the same reasons, by no means an easy one. A person like Mrs. Hall, undertaking at once the duties of Miss Edgeworth and of Lady Morgan, and so intimately versed in the ways

* The Whiteboy; a Story of Ireland, in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 2 vols. Sept.—VOL. LXXV. NO. CCXCVII.

and means of that wayward and meaning personage—the Irish boy—whether he be white, green, or orange; is enabled to awaken sympathy for the suffering and oppressed, and to clothe painful circumstances with personal and dramatic interest; but not without imminent danger of forgetting in the sympathy for the one, the justice due to the other.

Mrs. Hall's "Whiteboy" is, undoubtedly, a very praiseworthy work, and the best of her novels; and this for so successful a writer is no small praise. The story and the subject are both full of interest. The incidents are clear, rapid, and distinct; the descriptions eloquent, and the feeling and purpose throughout most commendable. The author, as attached to the union of the two countries, upholds the policy of generosity and the wisdom of justice to the one, and inculcate common sense and a less common sense of practical duties to the other while, at the same time, her heart inclines towards that "romantic devotion of high spirit to picturesque enterprise" which is so totally opposed and subversive of, both.

These are the inconsistencies in the Irish character, which will leave the fate of our brother in blood and language (notwithstanding the archæological resuscitation of Saxon and British feuds), and our right hand in power and prosperity, a problem for the future; which it is to be hoped that the progress of knowledge and railroads, will still solve in favour of peace and friendship.

NEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.*

MR. HUNTER's new illustrations of Shakspeare commence where the notes in the "Variorum" end. The edition referred to, is that in twenty-one volumes, prepared for the most part by Mr. Malone, but carried through the press by his friend Mr. Boswell, after the death of the former.

Since that time, a more extended study of the literature and history of the Elizabethan period, has thrown much light upon many points hitherto involved in obscurity; a greater attention to the subject of the genealogy and biography of the family of Shakspeare, and of other families connected with him, has also eliminated many curious facts, and the highest branch of criticism, the illustration of the poet's general intention and genius—thus unfolding his design in a whole play or in some great and prominent character, has received a marked impulse.

Mr. Hunter has done a real service to literature in putting these facts and opinions into an available form; and even if there should be errors or misconceptions in his own commentaries, omissions of the criticisms of others, or differences of opinion, (and upon the subject of Shakspeare's person or writings, when will such not be met with?) still his work will remain a striking testimony to his care and industry, and a valuable addition to the positive literature of the country.

* New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakspeare. Supplementary to all the Editions. By Joseph Hunter, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and an Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records. In two Volumes.

A COUPLE OF MONTHS' POETRY.*

THE great genius of utility, reigning dominant in the present day, enthraling the habits of thought, and marking every effort of intelligence; does not appear to have extinguished that "noble and vital heat of temper" as Sir William Temple has it, which is essential to success in the highest field of literature; for "of all human sciences," according to the greatest ornament of our Augustan age, Sir Philip Sydney, "the poet is the monarch." The poetry of a couple of months attests, indeed, satisfactorily, that the celestial fire, if not guarded by vestal virgins, still lives; or is ever and anon kindled out of some hidden spark of the very first conception.

Mr. Charles Mackay has already, by the publication of the "*Salaman-drine*," proved himself to be richly embued with the true poetic spirit. He is eminently distinguished by sweet simplicity and tender pathos, as well as by great delicacy and purity of thought, feeling, and expression. The "*Legends of the Isles*" are well calculated by their many beauties—mingling gentle and truthful verse, with picturesqueness of effect, and pleasing thoughts with wild and fantastic imagery. They show that there is no falling off in original taste, while there is increase of verve and vigour; and Mr. Mackay is truly one of those favoured spirits, who are destined to redeem our age from being utterly prosaic.

"*Alfred*," is in every sense of the word, a successful drama, and a pleasing poem. One of those chivalrous and well-known events attached to

The matchless majesty
Of English Alfred's name

is the key-stone to the composition; but admirable scenes of the habits and manners of the times, are made to alternate with supernatural agencies, in so striking a manner, as at times (in the scene, for example, beneath the shadow of the ash-trees) to be almost appalling; and yet quite in accordance with the spirit of the times, and with the tone of the drama itself. It is undoubtedly to be regretted that this co-mingling of historical and mythological agencies, brings the author in comparison with some of Shakspeare's most delicate creations; but while the composition suffers by such an almost involuntary association, the conception can scarcely be said to do so; at least not materially. "*Alfred*" is really a nobly conceived and powerfully executed poem, and would with a little trimming of superfluities, and an elimination into its natural status of a five act drama, be admirably adapted for the stage.

The "*Village Paupers*," is a poem modelled after Crabbe, but

* *Legends of the Isles, and other Poems.* By Charles Mackay.

Alfred: a Drama. By Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.

The Village Paupers, and other Poems. By G. W. Fulcher.

Memorials of a Tour on the Continent; to which are added *Miscellaneous Poems.* By Robert Snow, Esq.

The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time, and other Poems. By Henry B. Hirst.

Maro; or, Poetic Irritability. In Four Cantos.

The War of the Surplice: a Poem in Three Cantos; with Notes, illustrative and explanatory. By Anti-Empiricus.

Los Arcos: a Spanish Carlist Romaunt. By George Ryder. The Notes by George Merry, K.S.F.

Miscellaneous Poems. By Elizabeth Piddocke Roberts.

Fortune, and other Poems; to which is added *Maria Maybud: a True Tale.* By Hope.

adapted to the present poor law grievances. There is no exaggeration nor striving at effect about it; but there is careful composition, much chasteness and melody; and above all, an unaffected reality, which renders it highly attractive, and frequently very affecting. A second edition of the work manifests that there are many who can appreciate poetry, possessing little artifice, but redolent of truth and loveliness, and full of beauties and merits of a high order.

The "Memorials of a Tour, &c.," are agreeably versified thoughts intermingled with prose, emanating from a cultivated, rather than an inventive mind, while on a tour on the Continent. It is pleasant to read wise reflections upon familiar things, and Mr. Snow's lucubrations will possess many charms to travellers, of which the uninitiated will not be so sensible. There are also among these poetic fragments and sonnets, many scattered thoughts of great tenderness and beauty.

The "Coming of the Mammoth," and the other poems of Henry B. Hirst, although they have already enjoyed their hour of notoriety in magazines, and other ephemeral productions, are not equal to the better importations in the same line, which occasionally come across the Atlantic. They have also the usual fault of not being sufficiently American. The pride of the young poets of the New World still directs itself in the worn out track of "Songs of the Scalds," "Druids and Mossy Oaks," "Mutius Scævola," "Princely Paladins," and "Paynim Foes." There is, however, a brave exception in the introductory Indian legend, and a more gentle one, in the verses to the American skylark. The "Funeral of Time," and the "Unseen River," also possess much of the true poetic revelation, and there is talent and feeling throughout sufficient to establish the author as a successful "son of song."

We must also speak well of "Maro." It is a history of the birth, criticism "upon," revenge "or printing," and the issue "no sale" of a poem. A history which is probably not an uncommon one, but which is here told with a mixture of fun and satire, of drollery mingled with literary attainment and poetic vigour, that compels one to read on, and leaves not a doubt as to the author's abilities.

The "War of the Surplice" has apparently also forced its way into the domain of poetry, and the battle may find some relief when thus turned to a lively and not careless metre. The poem (if it can be so called) emanates from Oxford, and will amuse those interested in the question, without embittering party feeling.

"Los Arcos" is a Spanish Carlist Romaunt (rather late in the field), moving in measured lines, and with thoughts and fancies rather stingily doled out, but sufficiently so, with the assistance of the machinery of love and war, to deserve a perusal at the hand of some fair friend. We can also say as much for the "Miscellaneous Poems," by Miss Roberts, and "Fortune and other Poems," by Hope, both of which contain that aspiring after poetry, which springs from kindly feelings, and an ardent love of the good and beautiful, without the skill or power to raise the possessor very far up that mountain, so famed for difficulty of ascent.

THE STORY OF A ROYAL FAVOURITE.*

THE adventures of a pet dog of purest breed, and of highest qualifications — the Aspasia of puppy dogs — as Mrs. Gore (in her

* The Story of a Royal Favourite. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols.

mania for old references and dead languages) would say; differ from those of an umbrella or of a guinea; inasmuch as they are confined to aristocratic life; the exceptions being accidental. The panorama of portraits and scenes brought before us in the life of such a dog may be anticipated. They comprise Bill Sims the dog-stealer and his family, with a well-sketched chapter or two in the modern school of literary philanthropy. The dogmatic history of puppy dogs in general, and of the Royal Favourite in particular, (the latter indeed very particularly related,) but the former, leaving us in doubt whether introduced by the Veneti to the ancestors of Titian, or brought by Antoninus from Smyrna; but certainly first given by Mary de Medicis to Charles II.

These are succeeded by aristocratic *roués*, and *ennuyés* innumerable; (Mrs. Gore's modern chivalry,) and a painful picture of a *mésalliance*. The puppy is given in exchange for a seat in parliament, and becomes a ducal dog, in which character it visits Paris, and in the words of the author, "like every one who entertains the pretension of writing or talking well, *has a shy at Rome!*" On its way home, this puppy of puppies passes by accident, or from its merits, into the possession of the young Duchesse d'Aumale.

The light story which links together many lively and truth-like sketches is of the slenderest tissue; and even that little is of rather a painful, than pleasing character; partaking more of the aspect of a tale drawn from life, than of a story suggested by a fictive imagination.

This, however, concerns us not; the design of the work is evidently a series of portraits and reflections on passing manners and events, and few can compete with Mrs. Gore in the point which she lends to the one, and the wit and playful justice with which she unsparingly lashes the other. No one, indeed, is spared. The duchess with her "ornamental ordinance," and "voice like the sawing of a plank" the *roué*, whose only debt he ever pays is the debt of nature; and other Hairy Stockeratical personages (as Mrs. Gore calls them), alternate with members of "official life" as they are designated; Mrs. Lewson with her furbelows, and Mrs. Mopsom with her Cranbourne-alley *eau de Cologne*, and whose characteristics are equally admirably depicted by the same skilful pen; even to the lady's maid's bedroom.

"Which from the snippets of silk and ribbon on the floor, a faded Berlin work-basket on the table, and a certain combination of finery and nastiness, perfumes and miasma, I rightly interpreted to be her room."

But the unsparing caricaturist does not stop at the problematically fictitious personages of the story. Literary contemporaries are assailed in wholesale fashion. Indeed, we only observed Tennyson kindly spoken of, and while Ainsworth, Dickens, and Lever, are let off with a gentle bite, the "Idler" is positively worried by this snarling little dog. The Athenæum is very properly placed upon a level with Bell's Life in London.

The work will be no doubt extensively read for these very personalities; and if not for these, certainly for the really clever sketches of aristocratic town and country life; of dinner bores and bores in general; of "warm-wasser-land" antiquity hunters, maudlin philanthropists, and the biting puppy characteristics. "Christians behaving like dogs, and dogs, in the exercise of every Christian virtue," is indeed the thesis apparently of the book.

THE PRACTICAL COOK.*

THIS is a most formidable rival to all previous existing cookery-books. While Kitchener and Rundell are quite equalled, Ude and the "Cuisinier Royal" are simplified and economised. We are further introduced to the curiosities of Russian and American cookery, while a host of receipts which every one was anxious for, from the repertory of Indian and German kitchens, are also to be met with. The "Practical Cook" appears really to be the richest compendium of good things, and the best guide to the art of cooking them, that is now to be met with.

MY MARINE MEMORANDUM BOOK.†

THE "chances and moving accidents" of a nautical life afford materials which, in this sea-begirt isle, are sure of a favourable acceptance among a large class of readers. Mr. Jennings is evidently more familiar with the phrases and terms used by his own community, than with the more chastened customs of literary composition; yet has he managed to sail buoyantly enough through three volumes of mingled fact and fiction. The first tale, called "Felicia Wayland; or, the Cuba Merchantman," is a long one, occupying a volume to itself; but it is amusing and well told. The other volumes contain briefer and more desultory narratives (or yarns, as the author calls them), and sketches of character. There is plenty of fighting, and several graphically and pointedly told chases, boardings, and engagements—the Flying Dutchman in a new form—and some of those grotesque and ludicrous positions long peculiar to Jack Tar. Variety enough, surely, to win and to deserve plenty of readers both by sea and land.

A DICTIONARY OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.‡

THE object and utility of a book of reference of this kind here proposed, is made so manifest in its title page as to require no formal criticism on our parts.

THE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.§

THE history of our own times must always present a task of great difficulty; there are prejudices to overcome, and personal feelings to vanquish; and above all, truth lies in a well, and seldom comes to light till past transactions are divested of the intrigues and passions which never fail to mystify them while yet recent. The volume now before us refers to events which, however, strictly belong to the domain of history—the incidents of the French Revolution.

* The Practical Cook, English and Foreign; containing a Great Variety of Old Receipts, improved and remodelled; and many Original Receipts in English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Polish, Dutch, American, Swiss, and Indian Cookery, &c. By Joseph Bregon and Anne Miller.

† By Hargrave Jennings. 3 vols.

‡ A Dictionary of the Scottish Language; comprehending all the words in common use in the writings of Scott, Burns, Wilson, Ramsay, and other popular Scottish authors. By Captain Thomas Brown, M.W.S., &c. &c.

§ The History of Our Own Times. By the author of the "Court and Times of Frederick the Great." Volume the Second.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE VISCONTRESS'S VISION OF THE ROYAL BALL.

BY MRS. GORE.

It is the strangest thing in the world (wrote the young Viscountess Trevor in her favourite commonplace-book, the blank end of which had been, since her residence at Trevor Court, converted into a journal)—it is the strangest thing in the world that Lord and Lady Castlemoat should see so much to oppose in our taste for living in the country. If Arthur were in Parliament, or if we had a house in town of our own, the case would be different. But since, when in London, we have to choose between a visit to *them*, or a residence in an hotel, as costly as it is uncomfortable, what more natural than that we should prefer remaining at Trevor Court; a place they have given up to us, and which, during the last year, we have converted into a paradise on earth.

Still, though I am certain we are dreadfully in the way whenever we have occasion to spend a day or two in Grosvenor-square, and though Lady Sophia and Lady Adelaide always contrive to make me feel it before I have been an hour in the house, scarcely a day passes without a letter from my mother-in-law, complaining of our obstinacy in remaining in the country, now there are neither field-sports nor neighbours left to help us through our time. Lady Castlemoat seems to think that by *my* influence, Trevor has been persuaded to mope himself to death; merely because his *parvenue* wife has not courage to confront the scrutiny of the *beau monde*.

How little do my mother and sisters-in-law understand me; and how small is my chance of changing their opinion! It would be like talking to a blind man of the rainbow, to assure them of the delights we take in our improvements here, and the advantage their progress has derived from our being on the spot. The only answer I ever obtain from the girls is, that "when in former days they visited Trevor Court, it looked wonderfully like a state prison, and that they should be sorry ever to see it again;" while their mother has more than once given me to understand that Arthur is spoiling the place.

"It is not to be expected, my dear Lady Trevor," said she, "that your father's charming villa in Hertfordshire should have inspired you with a taste for antiquities. Still, I was in hopes that my son had too much

respect for all that is venerable in our family-place, to vulgarise it by modern improvements."

I assured her, and with truth, that nothing had been done to alter the antique aspects of the old mansion; that every fragment of painted glass has been carefully replaced, and that my flower-garden is placed at a sufficient distance from the house to produce no change in the approach. But I cannot persuade her to believe that the filling up of the moat was a necessary precaution; or that the typhus fever, the perpetual recurrence of which in the household seemed to render a residence here impracticable, had never once reappeared since the destruction of those stagnant waters. All the answer I obtain is, that "when people are not accustomed to that sort of feudal habitation, they think it dull;" and that "those who are *bored*, often fancy themselves *ill*."

Useless to assure her that I have never known a day's ill health, or a moment's *ennui* at Trevor Court, or that the mortality which prevailed there while it remained the family residence, was long before I was born. I am now so accustomed to find every thing I say or do converted by the Trevor family into indications of my plebeian origin, that I have ceased to vindicate my tastes and opinions. Argument might some day or other lead to contention; and so long as I am assured of Arthur's approval and affections, better they should think me stupid, than petulant or self-assured. Let my husband only be content to remain quietly with me at Trevor Court, enjoying our rides and drives this delicious spring weather; leaving *them* to their noisy round of hollow dissipation.

But I am beginning to be half afraid! Lord Castlemoat's last letter accused him of inertness, of want of energy, of indifference to the state of the country, in a tone of such severe reprobation, that Arthur is beginning to look about him, as if afraid of having mislaid the ambition which people are apt to dignify by the name of patriotism. Last year he seemed almost *glad* of having lost his election. But within these last few days he has become terribly interested in the debates; and the other evening observed that, "After all, it was a bad thing for a man who had so large a stake in the country, and a part to play hereafter in its history, to get out of parliamentary habits."

I ventured to observe that I had heard my father assert the Lower House to be a bad school for the Upper. To which he answered in a manner more abruptly than I ever heard him use before, "What should my father know about it, who probably had not set foot in the House of Lords half-a-dozen times in his life."

Alas! what would become of me were the contemptuous feelings which the rest of the family are at so little pains to conceal concerning the mercantile origin of my fortune, to extend themselves to my husband! From Arthur, I could never forgive, what from *them* I can accept with a smile. That which, with his sisters, amounts to an absurdity, would be in him, the basest ingratitude. And were I once conscious—once calmly and reasonably conscious of being insulted by my husband in the same cold-blooded manner I have been by Lady Castlemoat and her daughters, there would be an end to my happiness—and *his*.

For it is no longer in their power to disguise from me, or in mine to disguise from myself, that, *but* for this fortune of mine, of which they now affect to speak so scornfully, Arthur could not have married at

all. A few hundreds a year form the utmost allowance Lord Castlemoat is able to spare his son; and how could a man of Arthur's liberal habits have subsisted on *that*? Though I am vain enough to believe—nay, happy enough to be certain—that, had I been penniless, he would have entertained the same affection for me, and felt the same desire to make me his wife, the marriage would have been impossible! Let me, therefore, be thankful to Providence for those ample means with which I am sometimes, in a moment of petulance, tempted to quarrel, as affording a pretext for the bitter impertinence of these Trevors.

Let them, however, be as contemptuous as they please, they cannot efface from my memory the period when “the heiress” was an object of as warm a courtship to *them* as to dear Arthur! How they used to besiege me with invitations, and how completely my poor father saw through it all! Had he not discerned the manly straightforwardness of Arthur as plainly as the base motives of the family, never would he have allowed me to enter their house. Still less would he have determined on that noble provision for me in the event of my becoming Trevor's wife, which alas! his sudden death afforded me the power of making my own act and deed. Had he lived, these people would never have ventured to exhibit the feelings which were doubtless from first to last rankling in their hearts.

From all this I must exempt my father-in-law. The cold politeness of Lord Castlemoat, which at first I thought so repellent, has never failed me. His conduct has never varied. He always treated me with ceremonious deference, and does so still, and but for his exhortations and remonstrances to his son, I should fancy that he viewed our conduct with the same formal approval he expressed at the first meeting between him and my poor father, to decide upon the question of settlements.

But if I run on in this way I shall become as bitter as my sisters-in-law. One ought not to be *too* frank, I am afraid, even with oneself, and by indulging in recriminative feelings towards my husband's family, and cherishing them in secret, this tranquil, peaceful place would forfeit half its charm. Better exert myself to subdue the enemy at once! I have half a mind to throw my journal into the fire.

May 2nd.—What a charming ride! I was afraid it might have turned out ill; for I had quite forgotten the proposition made me last night, by my husband, to accompany him to see the orchards at Hagglegstone,—which are in full blossom and perfect beauty; and when the mare was brought to the door, I had not begun to dress for my ride.

Arthur cannot bear being kept waiting! Luckily he had the morning papers to look over, and did not seem to think me long in putting on my habit.

As to being cross when we were fairly on horseback and sauntering under those glorious avenues, so beautiful just now with the first fresh tender verdure of spring, it was out of the question. Even Lady Sophia and her sister must have been good-humoured, for once in their lives, had they been of our party. The birds were singing so gaily, and the Hagglegstone orchards were so white with their bridal blossoms, that every thing had the appearance of a *fête*. In the lane near Mapletoft we met our worthy curate, who tells me the school will certainly be opened at the end of the month. Thirty-six poor children already on my list.

The only drawback on the pleasure of my ride arose from Arthur's frequent recurrence to the confirmation contained in the *Morning Post* of the report of a Masque at the palace. The epoch is fixed it seems for the reign of George II., and the ball is to take place in a month. Thank goodness! It will serve to occupy the attention of Lady Castlemoat and my sisters-in-law, and make them forget Trevor Court and its offences. I am vexed, however, to see how deep an interest Arthur takes in the events. How little do I care *now* for any thing that is going on in London.

4th.—A letter from Lady Castlemoat!—an unusual honour,—for I had not heard from her these two months. Her letter is full of nothing but the ball! Though the invitations are not yet issued, she has already decided on her own and her daughters' dresses, and her chief object in writing to me appears to be to engage for Sophia the use of my pearls. Of course she might be certain of having them. What use have I for such things in the country at this time of year? "She was afraid I might be applied to by my friend, Lady Mary Herbert, and chose to secure them in time."

My mother-in-law does not know Lady Mary! Even at a royal ball, and on so peculiar an occasion, nothing would persuade *her* to appear in borrowed plumes. Mary Herbert is truth itself. Never was there a person so punctiliously and rigidly honest. Absent or present, I have confidence in *her* as in my own soul. Nothing that any human being could say or do would persuade me Lady Mary had spoken slightly of me behind my back; or had been guilty of unkindness or unfairness to any living thing.

Since the arrival of his mother's letter Arthur has talked more than ever of the ball. He even hints that if I had accepted his mother's proposal to go to town for the last drawing-room I should certainly have been invited; nothing having been given at court since my presentation. But we could scarcely have appeared in London for that single *fête*, and I am well reconciled to know no more of it than is to be learned from the newspapers.

When the first Masque was given, before I was out, I remember every one getting tired to death of hearing it talked about. The false excitement and interest thus created was said to spoil the rest of the London season. If this second *fête* should spoil the *country* season, *quel malheur*.

5th.—Yesterday, after dinner, Arthur went fast asleep, which was not wonderful, as we had taken a long walk together across the park in the afternoon, and the weather is now growing almost too summerish for walking in the middle of the day. I was so unlucky as to wake him by drawing down the blinds to prevent the setting sun from shining full into his eyes; and then, as men are apt to do, he began to protest that he had never been asleep. I am afraid I did not manage to look convinced I had been mistaken; for, as if to punish me, he instantly began again about the ball; telling me what I had certainly heard often enough before, that at the last Masque he appeared in the armour worn by one of his ancestors at the battle of Crécy, while his partner, that beautiful Lady Ida de Tracy, wore a hawking dress copied from one of her ancestresses of the same date.

I suppose my foolish susceptibility is in fault. But I am beginning to

hate the sound of the words "ancestor" or "ancestress" pronounced by one of the Trevors! I always fancy they accompany it with a look that means to render it personal. Had my poor father lived, such fancies would never have entered my head. He was so much beloved,—so much respected, both in public and private life, that no one presumed to convey disparagement to *him*. Now he is gone, I, who have so little to recommend or sustain me in the world, can hardly hope to escape without a few of the rubs which great people are fond of inflicting upon little—even when the little have been courted by themselves for purposes of their own. But I am making myself *less* than little by ascribing so much importance to the petty vexations of life! Happy as I am in my lot, surely I can afford to allow the Trevors the gratuitous triumph of feeling themselves so much my superiors.

6th.—To-day, Arthur was smitten with a fancy for visiting the picture-gallery, which old Mrs. Casterton keeps as carefully locked as though she thought the family honour safer in *her* keeping than in ours. Since the first month I came here, after my marriage, I have literally only once entered it. One of the conditions made by my father-in-law on ceding Trevor Court to us was, that whatever alterations we might make in the place, the old pleasure and state apartments of the west wing should remain untouched, and this, I think, our own good taste would have determined, even had it not been enforced by Lord Castlemoat.

As these are the only portions of the place exhibited to strangers, and consequently a considerable source of profit to the housekeeper, old Mrs. Casterton, to whom the prohibition of the earl was, I suppose, a secret, did not behold without fear and trembling the arrival of so many designers, bricklayers, masons, and gardeners. The old lady evidently thought her dominions in danger, and once or twice when I sent my maid, Wilson, to ask for the keys of the state apartments, only to indulge my curiosity by a more deliberate view of the pictures than Arthur had allowed me when we visited them together, she chose to bring them to me in person, with a solemn harangue about the sacredness of the trust; insisting that I should summon her again to receive them from my hands, when my visit to the west wing was over. Even the old housekeeper could not fancy me *at home* in the spot containing the grand family portraits of all the Trevors!

I was so amazed by this, happening as it did in presence of Wilson, and giving rise to her pert comments on "the haughtiness of even the servants of the old family towards her poor dear young lady," that I could give but a divided attention to the pictures, and when Arthur sent to Mrs. Casterton this morning for the keys, was almost as much pleased at the idea of visiting them, as if I had never seen them before.

Yet how well I remember the imposing effect produced upon my mind by my first introduction into those vast, echoing rooms, with their bright, dry-rubbed floors, with a strip of scarlet cloth running along each, and their close, stagnant atmosphere. The old pictures in their tarnished frames—many of them bearing the arms and coronet of the Trevors,—grim knights in armour, or judges in ermine,—looking solemn and earnest about nothing,—and scarcely more lively on canvass than in their marble effigies, kneeling under their mildewed escutcheons in the chancel of the parish church! The furniture of these state rooms, consisting of old cabinets and marble tables, with stately velvet fauteuils, either white

or gilded, apparently made for giants to sit on--the old state bed, with its dingy ostrich plumes, said to have been slept in by Queen Elizabeth--the gloomy banqueting hall--the painted chapel--though as little tempting as can be conceived in the way of habitation, inspired me with some deference towards the dignities of the family I had so recently entered; more especially when Mrs. Casterton, in her high-crowned cap and plaited apron, courtesied respectfully while explaining the origin and history of the ancestral pictures. She had not then learned the mystery of my city connexions, and could not conceive it *possible* that the heir of all the Trevors should have married any thing below the daughter of a duke.

When we entered the rooms this morning the air seemed closer than ever; and when Arthur complained of it to the old lady, who, in spite of his express orders had hobbled up to escort us, she replied that "the state apartments were seldom or ever opened now;" that "folks having heard how things were turned topsy-turvy at Trevor Court, concluded *nothing* had been respected there, and felt no further curiosity to visit the spot," an impertinence for which my husband rebuked her so sharply, and dismissed her from further attendance upon us so abruptly, that I doubt whether my subsequent visit to the housekeeper's room, or the present I made the old lady on restoring the keys, sufficed to pacify her resentment.

As soon as she was gone, Arthur took upon himself the task of explaining the pictures, and we began to enjoy ourselves. Some of them are very fine--all of them very interesting. Holbein, Zuccherro, Rubens, Van Dyk, Old Franck, Letz, Kneller, Reynolds, have done their best to perpetuate the memory of persons otherwise born to be forgotten. For I cannot remember in the records of the field or the cabinet of our national history, mention made of a single one of the names I saw inscribed on those tarnished frames.

"All very fine fellows, no doubt, in their time," said Arthur, as he laughingly introduced me to his ancestors. "But the best thing about them, I fancy, was what they were forced to leave behind--namely, their broad lands in Yorkshire, and their stately castle in Kent, to say nothing of this dear tumbledown old place, which makes us both so happy!"

And he proceeded to point out to me the bearded effigy of Sir Harstonge de Trevor, in his trunk hose; on whose monument, bearing the date of 1580, is the quaint epitaph of,

That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.

Not "lost" to *us*, however. For he was one of the chief founders of Trevor Court.

In a vestibule adjoining the picture-gallery, are a few portraits belonging to the last century; several of them faded things, in crayons, that look like mere ghosts of pictures. But besides these, are several by Kneller and Gervas, and two by Angelica Kauffmann, painted when Sir Joshua was her suitor.

"My mother's letter desired me to look over these relics," he said. "All our best pictures are in Grosvenor-square or at Castlemoat; but

there are no portraits among them. And she is anxious it seems to appear at the Powder Ball in something especially Trevoresque."

Of course I offered my aid and advice. But we found nothing belonging to the epoch in question, except a stern old countess in a widow's costume of the time of Queen Anne, with a towering lawn coif and black crape veil, which the said dowager Lady Trevor wore till the day of her death in the reign of George II., and the portrait of her daughter Lady Barbara—a beautiful girl of eighteen, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales.

"Whom did she marry?" I inquired, involuntarily interested by the piquant archness of her countenance, and extreme elegance of her dress.

"My great grand uncle, who took her name. Lady Barbara was the heiress of the Trevors," said Arthur, throwing open the windows of the vestibule, and as much refreshed as myself by the burst of warm spring air, scented by a thousand flowers, and above all, by the fresh young herbage of a thousand pastures. "Not much better than she should be, I am afraid; but heiresses are seldom good for much. I shall write my mother word I could find nothing likely to do her credit; she must put up with being a fifteenth Maria Leizniska, or something of that kind. By Jove! yonder is John bringing round the horses. Don't you think the mare goes a little lame? No! she was treading on a stone! Come, get on your habit, like a good girl, while I send back the keys to old mother Casterton. I never set foot in the uninhabited rooms of the west wing, without getting the headach or the vapours."

Vapours or headach, a good gallop across the hills sufficed for his cure; and it was a mere pretence of being still indisposed which caused him to delegate to me the task of answering Lady Castlemoat's letter, and assuring her there was nothing among the family pictures likely to furnish her with a becoming costume.

I have obeyed his injunctions; but to-morrow I will look through a French work I have noticed in the library, containing portraits of the beauties of the court of Louis XV., which may perhaps supply us with something more to the purpose.

7th.—Last night, I was sitting at my work-table, putting the finishing stitches to the Greek smoking-cap I have been embroidering for Arthur. And as he usually reads to me from tea till bed-time, and had got the last volume of "Lord Malmsbury's Correspondence" open before him, I naturally concluded he was about to begin. But after a dead silence of ten minutes, during which his eyes were fixed upon the book, he suddenly burst forth with, "I wonder whether it would have been contrary to etiquette for me to wear the Red Riband?"

For a moment I fancied he had fallen asleep and was dreaming. But no! On glancing at his face, I saw he was not only wide awake, but unusually full of animation; so wide awake, indeed, that I was forced to ask an explanation of his strange apostrophe.

"Of what Red Riband are you talking, dear Trevor?" I said.

"Of Sir Harry Chamberlain's."

Still, I looked puzzled and uncomprehending.

"If I had been invited to the Queen's ball," he resumed, in explanation, "you should have gone as Lady Barbara Trevor, and I as her gallant spouse."

"The ex-maid of honour in the pink and green sacque?" I said.

"Exactly. The young colonel in the guards, who afterwards figured as her liege lord, became in due time a Knight of the Bath. You would have looked charmingly, Minnie, in that fantastic dress, with the little chaplet of roses, and the diamond aigrette sparkling over one ear. Powder would certainly have become you. Powder becomes all women with good eyes and dark eyebrows. I should like beyond every thing to see you in powder."

"I will not return the compliment by saying I should like to see you in a queue and side-curls. I prefer you in your shooting-jacket," I said.

"Shooting-jackets begin to be rather out of place at this season of the year," retorted Arthur; "particularly this cursed late spring, when I *do* believe the May-fly will not make its appearance on the water till Midsummer! When shooting and hunting are over, and fishing not begun, what the deuce is a man to do with himself in the country?"

It was not for me to answer, "ride, or walk, or drive with his wife, as you are doing every day." But glad enough I was, when, discouraged by my awkward silence, he betook himself in earnest to "Lord Malmesbury's Letters" as a substitute for conversation.

10th.—Is *ennui* an infectious disorder? For the last few days, I have felt almost as much hyped as my husband. I wander about the place like a ghost; and have not found courage even to write a word in my journal. When our good curate came from Mapletoft to arrange with me yesterday morning about the opening of the school, I was seized with such a fit of cold shivers at the mere idea of the exertion, that he could not help inquiring whether I was ill. I answered in the affirmative, as the shortest way of closing his visit. I could not tell him that I was only *bored*. BORED! I remember the time when that word used to give me a dislike to the speaker! I have often vowed it should never pass my lips!—Heigho!

15th.—What a fortunate, and yet what an *unfortunate* occurrence. After all, we are actually invited to the ball. Cards have been sent by the Lord Chamberlain to Grosvenor-square, for Trevor and myself, as well as for the rest of the family. Arthur will be enabled to wear Sir Harry Chamberlain's "Red Riband" after all, and Lady Castlemoat has already decided, *for me*, upon the pink and green *sacque*!

Rather hard that I am to be allowed no choice in such a trifle. My husband is perhaps right that the colours will be becoming to me, and that it is better to appear in the dress of some member of the Trevor family prominent at the period in request. But still—well, no matter!

16th.—I never saw a person more childishly elated than Arthur with the prospect of this unexpected pleasure; but his family, as if resolved to curtail me of my share, have already dropped a few bitters into the cup. Lady Castlemoat writes again to inquire whether it is my wish to appear in her minuet, and if so, to consider seriously, before she assigns a place to me, "whether I have sufficient *à plomb* for so public an exhibition?"

"Unused as you are to such scenes," she observes, "and unpractised in the courtly dance of the minuet, you must come to town and take lessons without loss of time, if you intend to make your appearance in my set."

Of whom or what this "set" may consist, I know not. My sisters-in-law of course—and Lady Mary Herbert probably—for the Castlemoats

are decidedly making up to her for Frederick. At all events, having no wish to disgrace them, I have written, as courteously as I can, to say that most likely I shall not dance at all. For this I have given no reason—my motive being one which, at present, I do not wish to assign.

All the morning I have been busy making a water-colour sketch from the oil-portrait of Lady Barbara Trevor, to send up to town to Madame Louise, who is to make my dress, as well as those of my sisters-in-law. At first I made the attempt in the vestibule of the west wing; but Arthur, who found me shivering there, insisted that the picture should be taken down for my convenience, and removed into my dressing-room; and when old Mrs. Casterton remonstrated, and talked about being "responsible to my lord, his father, for the family pictures," he answered her in a tone I never heard him use before, especially to a woman; and bade her remember that so long as *he* resided at Trevor Court, she was responsible to *him*.

I expected the old lady would break out into further impertinence. But she seemed struck dumb with amazement, and hobbled out of the room as mute and meek as a mouse.

Arthur was charmed—too much charmed—with my sketch. Unaccustomed to notice such things, he fancies me quite an artist; and was even foolish enough to write and beg his mother would show the drawing to Châlons before she threw it away upon a mantua-maker.

Usually, such tasks delight me. But I grew sick to death of the pink and green sacque before I had half made out its quillings and plaitings. And yet how strangely one becomes interested in copying any human face not purely ideal! The endeavour to catch the expression of the eye, and seize the physiognomy of the features, induces one to search into the indications of character contained in every muscle. Though till yesterday I never wasted a thought upon Barbara, Lady Trevor, I have now cogitated upon her and her history, till I begin to regret Arthur's quarrel with Mrs. Casterton, but for which I should certainly apply to the old lady for an explanation of my husband's "not much better than she should be."

How I wonder what *she* was besides a beauty and an heiress! Wit, or at all events, repartee, lurks in the arch corners of her pretty mouth. But the eyes convey an expression of which I stood almost in awe while transferring it to my copy! Lady Castlemoat would have found no occasion, with *such* a daughter-in-law, to complain of want of *usage du monde* or self-possession! But then *she* sprang from a race whose nobility was ancient in the days of William the Conqueror. *She* had some pretence for self-possession. Heigho! I wonder what makes me trouble myself so foolishly concerning her or her adventures? I seem to think of nothing else!

19th.—How provoking! Lady Castlemoat writes to compliment me on my discretion in not attempting the minuet, and to inquire whom I wish to appoint my *costumière*—Louise being so busy that she will not hear of undertaking my dress.

Satisfied that my mother-in-law would put no small share of ill-will into the execution of my commission, I have determined to get the pink and green sacque made up at home. Wilson is a capital workwoman; and as we have the precise model before us, there can be no difficulty. I shall thus escape the annoyance of going to town ten days before the

time ; and I am beginning to feel much too unwell for any extra exertion.

24th.—How heartily sick of the whole thing I am growing! Arthur has been to town about his dress, and returned yesterday raving of bags, and swords, and red-heeled shoes. He saw the minuet practised at his mother's, who pretends now to be affronted at our having declined to belong to it—though she certainly did little enough to persuade us. Lady Mary Herbert, he says, dances it divinely, and his sisters have been taking lessons of Lucile Grahn. Every body, even grave men of forty, and women of any age, are learning to dance!

All this I have luckily escaped. But not so Wilson's stupidity. My stomacher is three times too wide; and though she declares that it cannot be an inch smaller to exhibit all my jewels (which Arthur insists upon my wearing), it is far beyond the admeasurement of my little person. I am tired of fighting it over with the poor woman; and still more so of pointing out to her one by one the details of that horrible picture, which I have been forced to study and study till it seems to have grown a part of myself! I shall be glad when I get it out of my dressing-room, for the wicked eyes appear to follow me wherever I go, and the arch smile to mock me for my assiduity in rendering myself a mere copy of its fantastic graces. I suppose it is because I am ill. But both the face and figure have taken possession of me. And when I tried on my dress last night, I could not help turning round, with a shudder, to see whether the picture, *my original*, had deserted its frame. I was even silly enough to desire Wilson to turn the face to the wall. It seemed to be making game of us. I could almost fancy I heard a faint laugh!

All this must proceed from indisposition. What would Arthur think of me could he be aware that I had either imagined or recorded such nonsense!

* * * * *

What a horrible scene! How frightful! How bewildering! Vainly do I press my hands to my head and heart to shut out the cruel impression. All still lives and breathes around me, as though for the remainder of my days I were to be haunted by the influence of that fatal ball!

But let me endeavour to retrace calmly the details of my sufferings. When at length full dressed and faint from the exertion, I entered the yellow drawing-room at Buckingham House, surrounded by all that is brilliant or beautiful of the noble throng usually assembled in the stately spot, much as I had previously heard of the marvels awaiting me, I was at once overpowered and enchanted by the completeness of the illusion. The whole court, and even the attendants and musicians, were arrayed with the utmost minuteness of precision in the garb of an epoch, the costume of which I always considered frightful till I beheld it displayed on persons so attractive as those of Lady Jocelyn, Lady Ormonde, Mrs. Hope, with numberless others, to whose strangely altered faces I could scarcely assign a name.

Nothing will persuade me, however, that the period thus simulated, ever really exhibited so gorgeous a show of luxury as the mere representation of it on which I gazed. During the lapse of the last century, Goloonda has been hourly yielding up her treasures, and the fishers of Orums and mines of the Cordilleras producing new gems of wondrous

growth. And how brightly did they shine, amid the enhancing whiteness of those powdered locks, or the folds of those rich brocades or cloths of gold and silver, too heavy even to rustle as one passed!

After the first glance of admiration, however, elicited by the magic influence of the scene, it was neither those fair faces nor the perfect success of the attempt to endow them with new graces that occupied my attention. To my shame be it spoken, I thought only of myself! Harassed by the apprehension evinced throughout the preparations for the ball by my mother-in-law and her daughters, lest I should not do them honour on an occasion so public, I could not divert my attention from the graceful draperies of my pink and green sacque, or the lustre of my costly stomacher. For the first time in my life, all I sought in those resplendent rooms, was a mirror in which I might survey my own person.

It was not till I reached the gallery that my vanity was fully gratified. Having made my way thither, on Arthur's arm, on pretence of wishing to see the queen emerge from the dancing room after the first minuet, unspeakable was my triumph when I saw advance to meet me a figure which was as that of the heiress of the House of Trevor stepped from her frame, and perceived that the quivering light of a certain jewelled stomacher and aigrette, and the glistening richness of the lustring, enhanced by quillings of old points, were mere reflections in the opposite glass! Though tired to death, and eager for a seat, I had not courage to forsake the beauteous figure I was surveying, by placing myself on the bench below the glass. I would hear of nothing but a turn in the gallery, where, on pretence of admiring the showy belles and beaux ranged in rows along the wall, many a scarcely furtive glance did I cast towards the mirrors, reproducing the scene. I was dying to judge of the effect of the rouge and patches, which, for the first time, adorned my face. The spirit of Lady Barbara's coquetry seemed to have taken possession of me.

And of all earthly intoxications, what so bewildering as the intoxication of vanity? Weeks given to the preparation of my dress—days to the study of the most becoming movements assorted with it—and hours to attiring myself in its complicated draperies, had so excited my spirits, that on witnessing the triumphant success of my labours, I lost sight of every other object in the world!

In no other manner can I account for my preposterous conduct, or my strange inconsistency in accepting with glee the proposition of Lady Sophia Trevor, that I should fill in her mother's minuet the place of Lady Clanstephen, who, not yet arrived, was supposed to be detained by the unpunctuality of Louise. Conscious that I had not forgotten my school-day lessons from Madame Michau, I was enchanted by the prospects of becoming the mark of general observation. The original owner of the pink and green sacque could not have been more contemptibly elated.

I saw that Trevor did not wish me to dance, yet I persisted—persisted though my partner was to be Mary Herbert's brother—the only one of the former pretendants to my hand, against whose future acquaintance Arthur ever took exception.

"Lord Herbert is the only one of them who really loves you—loves you as I do—loves you for yourself," he said. "For both your sakes, —for all our sakes—better that the intimacy should end."

And it *has* ended. No communication ever passed between us from the hour of my marriage—except a distant bow when we met in the world—until this unlucky ball. Why—*why* was I so bewildered by my own vanity as to overlook, even for a moment, the prohibitions of my husband!

Herbert is at all times one of the finest young men in England. But never did I see him look so noble or so distinguished as in the dress of a Knight of the Golden Fleece, which he wore on the present occasion. And yet I never saw him so little like himself. Instead of his usual grave reserve, his head appeared as much turned as my own by the levity of the night. There was an affectation of triumph in his air as he took me from my husband's arm and led me to my place opposite the queen and court.

I fancied—it *might* be fancy—that a murmur of general admiration arose when the full-toned orchestra struck up for our minuet. Of course I only shared the applause with Mary Herbert and my sisters-in-law. But at the moment my vain heart suggested that every eye was fixed upon myself; under which impression I grew sadly confused. My confusion, indeed, must have been evident to all. For Lord Herbert instantly began to whisper words of encouragement; and the first time the figure of the minuet enabled him to take my hand, he had the audacity to press it, precisely as when in our days of courtship, he made me the offer of his own.

But mine was not, as then, withdrawn. Without making a scene, it would have been impossible; and every time the figure again brought us together, in spite of the indignant and reproving expression of my countenance his offence was renewed. In the last figure, when the cavalier takes for the moment both the hands of his partner, he seized upon mine with an ardour and impetuosity which, I feared, must be as perceptible to the whole room as it was embarrassing to myself.

I resolved of course, the moment the concluding courtesy of the minuet set me at liberty, to rejoin my sisters-in-law, and go in search of Arthur, without exchanging either a look or word with my presumptuous partner. But how was this to be done? Lady Sophia and her sister were dancing with favourite partners, with whom they instantly made off to the tea-room; and even Lady Mary was too much engrossed by her handsome Highland cavalier, to do more than reply to my inquiries "whether she had seen Lord Trevor," that he was "waltzing in the gallery with Countess Dietrichstein."

She spoke with an arch smile; as if aware that I had been taxing Trevor the preceding evening with his excessive admiration of the Austrian ambassador.

What was to be done? There I stood in the centre of that immense ball-room, looking very awkward and very silly—*embarrassée de ma contenance*, as the French say; and on finding a second royal minuet about to commence, not daring to cross the room alone, I was only too glad to accept Lord Herbert's arm to lead me to my place.

But where *was* my place, every seat was occupied, and Lord Trevor dancing! Provoking as was the smile with which Lord Herbert pointed out this to my notice, as he quietly mingled with the throng moving towards the refreshment-room, as though it were our only resource, I had no choice but to be acquiescent.

The only persons near me with whom I was the least acquainted, were the Duchess of St. Michaels, Lady Castlemoat's sister, who has always received me with the utmost coldness, and on the present occasion chilled me almost to tears by her stiff bow; and two or three young men, who smiled significantly at Herbert as we passed. I even made a second attempt to join Lady Sophia, on finding my arm fondly pressed under that of my partner. But she not only shrugged her shoulders as I approached her; but whispered something to Lord Edwin, on whose arm she was leaning, about *manque d'usage*, which, I am certain, applied to me.

What was I to do?—I now see clearly what I *ought* to have done. But the intoxication of the hour prevailed. Stung to the soul by the neglect of my husband and the impertinence of his family, I nerved my courage—I subdued my repugnance—resolved to act as I had seen others act under similar circumstances.

"They have chosen me to be Lady Barbara for to-night, and Lady Barbara I will be!" I thought, still straining my head to overlook the crowd, in the vain hope that Arthur might remember to come and fetch me, and be following us through the throng. Alas! Not a vestige of him! From a distance, the air of the waltz in which he was still engaged, pursued me, like a guilty thought; till, piqued and mortified, I went and sat down in a corner of the refreshment-room with Lord Herbert, so faint that I could hardly stand.

At length, I discerned afar off, the magnificent emeralds of the countess; and though the intervening crowd prevented my seeing who was her partner, the expression of Lord Herbert's face, who was at that moment addressing me, told me, plainer than words, that it was no other than my husband. I could scarcely breathe!

While waiting for the carriage that evening to repair to Buckingham Palace, Lady Castlemoat had amused herself with instructing me half in jest, half earnest, in the use of a curious old racoco fan, painted on vellum (as it is supposed by Miguard), which she taught me to manœuvre with the coquettish graces in which Lady Barbara (to whom it originally belonged) is said to have excelled. Now or never was the moment to turn the lesson to account! In the belief that Arthur was approaching me I strove to retaliate upon him by replying with a hollow laugh to the compliments of Lord Herbert; flirting my gorgeous fan as I listened with the affectations of a practised coquette. I was heartily ashamed of myself all the while! But the influence of the pink and green sacque remained paramount.

Whether my *agaceries* touched the feelings of Arthur, I cannot guess. Those of Lord Herbert they *certainly* did; for by degrees, he became so *empressé* in his homage, that I had nothing left for it but to reply in the same tone, or abjure his acquaintance for ever.

Better if I *had*!—Instead of which, on hearing some foolish person near me utter exclamatory remarks, concerning the beauty of the countess, I accepted his proposal that we should join the quadrille forming in the gallery.

Oh, Lady Barbara, Lady Barbara! If for your sins on earth you are "doomed for a certain time to walk the night," or rather *dance* the night, why select my poor little innocent person wherein to insinuate yourself for the performance of your pranks, to the utter injury of my reputation—perhaps of my happiness for life!

While we were dancing, Trevor came and looked on, with a look half amused and half indignant. But a beautiful girl was now hanging upon his arm; on whom he bestowed far more attention than on us. Whom could it be? It was neither Miss Barrington nor Miss Morrett, but a *blonde*—a lovely *blonde*—with large blue eyes. Every thing that Arthur has so often told me he detested! But he seemed to detest them no longer!

I was furious! By the tremulous light of my diamond aigrette in the opposite glass, I perceived that my emotion was only too evident. Even Arthur perceived it, and was alarmed. For before the conclusion of the quadrille, he walked away.

"You are ill!" whispered Lord Herbert in the tenderest tones. "For Heaven's sake, allow me to fetch you a glass of water."

"No, no!" I said. "The heat of the room is too much for me. I will not wait for Lady Castlemoat's departure, who, as a chaperon, must stay till the end. You must do me the favour to call the carriage."

Without a word of remonstrance, he conducted me down stairs with tender care to the cloak-room; where I remained while he executed my commission. In a few minutes he hurried back, and while the cry of "Lady Trevor's carriage stops the way," resounded from the vestibule, he dragged rather than led me down the steps leading into the hall, through the file of rooms in attendance; and in a moment I found myself in the carriage. Surrounded by yeomen of the guard, and startled by the shouting of the footmen in waiting, I hurried in, without noticing that it was neither my own chariot, nor Lady Castlemoat's family-coach!

It mattered little, so that I was conveyed home. Lord Herbert had probably taken his sister's, seeing that mine was not to be found; and long before I reached Grosvenor-square, I was so drowned in tears—tears long repressed, and now a right welcome relief—that I had no attention to bestow on aught beside.

A thundering knock, and the steps of the carriage let down apprised me that we had arrived; and chiefly anxious to dry my eyes and conceal my emotions from the servants in attendance, and the crowd that began to gather when the carriage stopped, I rushed into the house the moment the door was opened, nor till I was fairly in the hall, did I notice the absence of the fat old family porter, or that the lamps streaming over the marble pavement, and the red baize doors thrown open for me to pass, were those of another house than that of my father-in-law!

Starting back, I was about to explain my mistake to the astonished servants by whom I had been admitted, and return to the carriage. But already I heard it driving off! The hall-door was closed;—the chain up. And instead of servants in attendance, I saw only Lord Herbert, who must have accompanied the carriage—seated either with the coachman or footmen!

Speechless with wonder and indignation, I had not power to resist when he conducted me into an apartment on the ground-floor, dimly lighted by a pair of candles; where he entreated me to repose myself. Unable to procure my carriage, and afraid lest I should become seriously indisposed at the palace, he had brought me, he said, to the house of a relative in Eaton-square, where he was every moment expecting Lady Castlemoat's carriage to fetch me away. Lord Trevor was apprised of my illness, and would doubtless soon make his appearance.

Never shall I forget the oppression of breath that overcame me as I listened to this explanation, evidently a mere subterfuge! I tried to express my indignant feelings; but not a word could I utter.

"I do not wonder you feel indisposed, dearest Lady Trevor," he said, profiting by my embarrassment to take a seat beside me on the sofa upon which I had sunk. "It is easy for an honourable man to conceive your disgust at being required to appear in presence of your sovereign in the costume of a woman who was a disgrace to the age in which she lived. In her lifetime Lady Barbara Trevor was an object of terror and hatred to the obscure man on whom, in a fit of caprice, she bestowed her hereditary nobility and vast possessions. Never weary of upbraiding the unhappy soldier of fortune distinguished by her choice, her shameless immorality fully justified his repentance of the ambitious marriage which served only to confer nobility on his heirs.

"And was such a woman," he continued, modulating his voice to a more tender key, as he endeavoured to take my hand, "was such a woman the only model that could be found for the imitation of the gentlest, fairest, and most virtuous of her sex?"

Alarmed beyond expression, I started from my seat, and with my face crimson with shame, and the pulses throbbing in my temples, rushed towards the door. *It was locked!* perhaps from without! but with supernatural strength I burst it open,—tore myself from his grasp,—and, guided only by the glimmering light emitted by the half open door of the room I had quitted, groped my way along a dark passage leading from the hall, where the lamps were already extinguished.

As in the corridor of a country-house, bed-rooms opened on either side. I tried several doors, but all were fast. At length, hearing the footsteps of Lord Herbert close upon me, I rushed with such force upon a door at the end of the passage that it yielded, almost with a crash, to my attack.

Judge of my amazement! In the centre of the room stood my husband, quietly removing from his shoulder the Order of the Bath he had worn that evening in the costume of Sir Harry Chamberlain.

"What in the name of Heaven, Minnie, are you doing here!" cried he. But on perceiving that I was closely followed by Lord Herbert, his voice changed from an intonation of wonder to that of rage. What he uttered I dare not transcribe; but the insulting and coarse rejoinder of Lord Herbert, so much at variance with his usual deportment, seemed fully to justify the increasing fury of my husband.

At any other moment, my first impulse would have been to throw myself into the arms of Arthur and denounce the vile treachery by which I had been misguided. But in his present mood I dared not. Both he and Lord Herbert were actuated by sentiments so strange, so ungovernable, and so frantic, that I trembled on perceiving that my husband still wore his sword, and that the hand of Lord Herbert was already on the hilt of his blade.

How is it that, at such moments, some women become endowed with an instinctive eloquence, more powerful than strength; while others remain meek, weak, and helpless—helpless as I was, as I stood speechless and wringing my hands between those who were thirsting for each other's blood!

And in another moment that blood was drawn. On my husband's

haughty command to his rival to quit the room, Lord Herbert rushed upon him like a madman. Not a step could I stir to interpose between them. At that crisis of horror, had millions of human lives depended upon it, I could not have uttered a single shriek.

I heard the clash of swords. I saw the bright steel flash, as Lord Herbert, blind with rage— But no! I cannot write it. In another second I was on the floor beside the bleeding body of my husband, imploring him, like the distracted Belvidera, to speak to me, though it were but a word—though it were but a *curse*, and pressing my quivering lips to his clammy forehead—to his cold cheek—to his fixed and lustreless eyes.

A deep, deep sob burst from my oppressed heart, as suddenly a warmer touch apprised me that my trembling hands were clasped in those of another. Believing myself to be again assailed by Lord Herbert, I snatched them furiously away; when lo! my ears were greeted by a joyous, ringing laugh, and on unclosing my eyes, which I had averted from the scene of horror, they rested upon my unfortunate maid, standing by my bedside, holding over her arm the pink and green sacque, full trimmed, and ready to be tried on. And oh! what joy to find myself in my cheerful bedroom at Trevor Court, with the sun of a May morning shining full into the room!

"I have been waiting breakfast for you these ten minutes," cried Arthur, pressing to his lips the hand I no longer withdrew, "but I will not ask you what detained you. Wilson tells me she has been so busy finishing your costume that she has allowed you to oversleep yourself. And what a shocking nightmare you have had!"

"Take away that horrible dress, and never let me hear the name of Lady Barbara Trevor again," I cried, unable to repress my tears of self-gratulation on finding my terrible ordeal only a dream. "You *must*,—indeed you *must*, find some pretext for our absenting ourselves from the ball!"

"But my mother—think of my father and mother's indignation!" remonstrated Arthur, who had been examining with provoking complacency my beautiful dress.

Even *that* consideration, however, did not suffice to reconcile me to the pink and green sacque. And a few days afterwards I was enabled to suggest a pretext for remaining quietly in the country which the whole family kindly admitted to be valid. All my previous *ennui*, all my restless nights were accounted for. "An heir to the house of all the Trevors" is in prospect.

"Country air and perfect tranquillity" are luckily recommended by the family oracle in whom Lady Castlemoat has implicit confidence; and though I have had sufficient self-command to entreat that Arthur will profit by the invitation with which he had been honoured, he has decided (in *my* opinion as judiciously as kindly) that he should find no pleasure in the royal ball, now that the Red Riband has no chance of companionship with the pink and green sacque.

And so we must trust to the newspapers and our friends for a clearer notion than my bewildering vision afforded of—the Royal Ball.

LAZY CORNER;
OR,
BED VERSUS BUSINESS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERNI.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

READERS of the *New Monthly Magazine* probably do not require to be informed that Francesco Berni, one of the most popular wits and poets of Italy, flourished in the fifteenth century at the courts of Clement the Seventh and Alessandro de Medici. A tragical story used to be told of his having been poisoned by the latter, for refusing to perpetrate the same crime against the poisoner's brother; but nobody now believes it. Berni was related to Cardinal Bibbiena, who wrote one of the earliest Italian comedies; but the cardinal, in spite of his comedy and his kinsmanship, did nothing for him; and he got as little from his eminence's nephew, his heir; he therefore entered the service of the pope's datary, which he ultimately quitted to reside on a small canonry he possessed at Florence, where he died after a life of ease and good-fellowship, varied with serious as well as lively studies.

Berni was a real poet, grave as well as gay; but unfortunately he was thrown on one of the corruptest ages of Italy, and condescended to write many things unworthy of the finer part of his genius to amuse a dissolute nobility. He wrote such pure, unaffected Tuscan, and his manner in his lighter pieces was so exquisitely *naïve*, full of those unexpected turns in which carelessness and significance meet, that although Pulci began it, and Marot and La Fontaine excelled in it in France, it was called after his name among his countrymen, by whom it is still known as the "Bernesque" style. It had many followers who became celebrated, such as Casa, Molza, Firenzuola, Mauro, and others, most of them friends of his, and members of a club called Vine-Dressers (*Vignaiuoli*), who each took the name of something in connexion with wine-making. They probably composed (next to our Elizabethan club at the "Mermaid,") the most brilliant assemblage of wits that Europe has seen, not excepting those of Charles the Second's time, or the coteries of the Chaulieus and Chapellus. Voltaire profitted greatly by this style; and nobody needs to be reminded what lustre it has received from the pen of Lord Byron.

But the greatest and best work of Berni, after all, was his modernisation of Boiardo's beautiful old poem, the "*Orlando Innamorato*," in which he exhibited a genius of the most solid description. Indeed it is a production unique in the history of letters, having contested the palm of superiority with its original. The stanzas here attempted in English form part of the sixty-seventh canto of this work. Berni inserted them in the account of a *Fairy Palace*, in which the fine old poet had brought his knights together to lead a luxurious life of dancing and love-making. The remodeller introduces himself as a "certain Florentine," living in the same age, and brought there for the same purpose of doing as he

pleased (for that was the order of the house); only his pleasure was, not to dance, or trouble himself with action of any kind, but to lie in bed and do nothing, his brain and all his other faculties having, he says, been worn out by eternal writing and correspondence, as secretary to the aforesaid pope's datary, a prelate whose office it was to date the papal bulls, and to do a world of chancery business besides. Berni was a man unfit for business of any kind, except to write poetry and enjoy himself; and accordingly he here gives a ludicrous account of his official toils, and the luxurious revenge he took of them out of the very prostration of his powers. Some dull biographers have taken the caricature for a history of his actual way of life: whereas though it is not to be doubted that he could be lazy enough when he chose, he must have been any thing but a sluggard in ordinary, his company having been in the greatest request during the sprightliest period of Italian wit, besides his having been a visiter of divers cities, and re-written the whole of Boiardo's poem, which is a long one.

It has been supposed, and I cannot help thinking justly, that Thomson owed the idea of his charming "Castle of Indolence" to this fancy of Berni's. Mr. Stewart Rose, in his abstract of the new "Orlando Innamorato" (p. xlv.), doubts whether the author of the "Seasons" was sufficiently conversant with Italian poetry; but surely, whether he was conversant with it or not (and the probability, I should think, was the other way), he who had been intimate with so many scholars of all kinds, and who had also travelled in Italy himself, and could have required nothing but a hint for a fiction so congenial, might, or rather must, have heard of Berni often enough for such a result.

Thomson, a notorious liar in bed, was fifteen years writing his "Castle of Indolence;" and he is said to have been seen in his garden at Richmond eating a peach off a tree with his hands in his waistcoat-pockets. I doubt if the big, but not corpulent Berni, ever went so far on the wrong side of activity as that.

AMONG the rest a Florentine there came,

A boon companion, of a gentle kin.

I say a Florentine, although the name

Had taken root some time in Casentin,

Where his good father wedded a fair dame,

And pitch'd his tent. The place he married in

Was call'd Bibbiena, as it is at present;

A spot upon the Arno, very pleasant.

Nigh to this place was Lamporecchio (scene

Of great Masetto's gardening recreations);

There was our hero born;—then, till nineteen,

Bred up in Florence, not on the best rations;

Then, it pleased God, settled at Rome; I mean,

Drawn there by hopes from one of his relations;

Who, though a cardinal, and Pope's right arm,

Did the poor devil neither good nor harm.*

* This was the Cardinal Bibbiena aforesaid, who had been tutor to Leo X., and possessed great influence. He seems to have been fond of complimenting the disinterestedness of his friends by doing nothing for them. He was very intimate

This great man's heir vouchsafed him then his grace,
 With whom he fared as he was wont to fare;
 Whence finding himself still in sorry case,
 He thought he might as well look out elsewhere;
 So hearing people wish they had a place
 With the good Datary of St. Peter's chair,
 A thing they talk'd of with a perfect unction—
 Place get he did in that enchanting function.

This was a business that he thought he knew;
 Alas! he found he didn't know a bit of it;
 Nothing went right, slave as he might, and stew;
 And yet he never, somehow, could get quit of it;
 The worse he did, the more he had to do;
 Desk, shelves, hands, arms, whatever could admit of it,
 Were always stuff'd with letters and with dockets,
 Turning his brains, and bulging out his pockets.

Luckless in all, perhaps not worth his hire,
 He even miss'd the few official sweets;
 Some petty tithes assign'd him did but tire
 His patience; *nil* was always on their sheets.
 Now 'twas bad harvests, now a flood, now fire,
 Now dev'l himself, that hinder'd his receipts.
 There were some fees his due;—God knows, not many;
 No matter;—never did he touch a penny.

The man, with all that, was a happy man;
 Thought not too much; indulg'd no gloomy fit.
 Folks wish'd him well. Prince, peasant, artizan,
 Every one lov'd him; for the rogue had wit,
 And knew how to amuse. His fancy ran
 On thousands of odd things, on which he writ
 Certain mad waggeries in the shape of poems,
 With strange elaborations of their proems.*

Choleric he was withal, when fools reproved him;
 Free of his tongue, as he was frank of heart;
 Ambition, avarice, neither of them mov'd him;
 True to his word, caressing without art;
 A lover to excess of those that lov'd him;
 Yet, if he met with hate, could play a part
 Which show'd the fiercest he had found his mate:
 Still he was proner far to love than hate.

with Ariosto, and therefore did nothing for *him*; as the great poet himself has intimated in his *Satires*. Nay, when Leo issued his bull, securing the property of the "*Orlando Furioso*" to its author, "*Dear Bibbiena*," says Ariosto, "expedited the matter for me—at my own expense."

"Il mio Bibbiena
 Espedito m'ha il resto alle mie spese."

Vide the *Satire* addressed to his cousin Annibal Maleguccio.

* Berni introduced a fashion among the wits, of writing on the most unpromising subjects, and showing how much could be made out of them. Among his themes were "*Praises of being in Debt*," "*Of the Plague*," &c.

In person he was big, yet tight and lean,
 Had long, thin legs, big nose, and a large face;
 Eyebrows which there was little space between;
 Deep-set, blue eyes; and beard in such good case
 That the poor eyes would scarcely have been seen,
 Had it been suffered to forget its place;
 But not approving beards to that amount,
 The owner brought it to a sharp account.

But, of all things, all servitude loath'd he;
 Why then should fate have wound him in its bands?
 Freedom seem'd made for him, yet strange to see,
 His lot was always in another's hands;
 His! who had always thirsted instantly
 To disobey commands, because commands!
 Left to his own free will, the man was glad
 To further yours. Command him, he went mad.

Yet field-sports, dice, cards, balls, and such like courses,
 Things which he might be thought to set store by,
 Gave him but little pleasure. He liked horses;
 But was content to let them please his eye,
 Buying them squaring not with his resources;
 Therefore his *summum bonum* was to lie
 Stretch'd at full length;—yea, frankly be it said,
 To do no single thing, and lie in bed.

'Twas owing all to that infernal writing.
 Body and brain had borne such grievous rounds
 Of kicks, cuffs, floors, from copying and inditing,
 That he could find no balsam for his wounds,
 No harbour for his wreck, half so inviting
 As to lie still, far from all sights and sounds,
 And so, in bed, do nothing on God's earth,
 But try and give his senses a new birth.

Bed, bed's the thing, by Heav'n! (thus would he swear)
 Bed is your only work; your only duty.
 Bed is one's gown, one's slippers, one's arm-chair,
 Old coat; you're not afraid to spoil its beauty.
 Large you may have it, long, wide, brown, or fair,
 Down-bed or mattress, just it may suit ye;
 Then take your clothes off, turn in, stretch, lie double,
 Be but in bed, you're quit of earthly trouble.

Borne to the fairy palace then, but tired
 Of seeing so much dancing, he withdrew
 Into a distant room, and there desired
 A bed might be set up, handsome and new,
 With all the comforts that the case required,
 Mattresses huge, and pillows not a few
 Put here and there, in order that no ease
 Might be found wanting to cheeks, arms, or knees.

The bed was eight feet wide, lovely to see,
 With white sheets, and fine curtains, and rich loops,
 Things vastly soothing to calamity;
 The coverlet hung light in silken droops:
 It might have held six people easily,
 But he disliked to lie in bed by groups.
 A large bed to himself;—*that* was his notion;
 With room enough to swim in, like the ocean.

In this retreat there join'd him a good soul,
 A Frenchman, one who had been long at court,
 An admirable cook; though, on the whole,
 His gains of his deserts had fallen short.
 For him was made, cheek, as it were, by jowl,
 A second bed of the same noble sort,
 Yet not so close, but that the folks were able
 To set between the two a dinner-table.

Here was served up on snow-white table-cloths,
 Every the daintiest possible comestible
 In the French taste (all others being Goths),
 Dishes alike delightful and digestible;
 Only our scribe chose syrups, soups, and broths,
 The smallest trouble being a detestable
 Bore, into which not ev'n his dinner led him;
 Therefore the servants always came, and fed him.

Nothing at those times but his head was seen;
 The coverlet came close beneath his chin;
 And then, from out the bottle or tureen,
 They filled a silver pipe, which he let in
 Between his lips, all easy, smooth, and clean,
 And so he fill'd his philosophic skin:
 For not a finger all the while he stirr'd;
 Nor, lest his tongue should tire, scarce utter'd word.

The name of that same cook was Master Pierre:*
 He told a tale well, something short and light.
 Quoth scribe, "Those people that keep dancing there,
 Have little wit." Quoth Pierre, "You're very right."
 And then he told a tale, or humm'd an air,
 Then took a sup of something, or a bite,
 And then he turn'd himself to sleep; and then
 Awoke and eat; and then he slept again.

* He is called Maestro Pier, and Piero Buffetto (*Buffet*) in Berni's miscellaneous poems, and appears to have been well known. Our author, besides other pieces, addressed to him one in praise of Aristotle, in which he laments that the great philosopher, among the other marvels of his genius, had not benefited mankind with a treatise on cookery.

"Oh Dio, che crudelta! che non compose
 Un operetta sopra la cucina,
 Tra l'infinite sue miracolose."

"Good God! how cruel in him not to write
 Some little work concerning cookery,
 'Mongst all the wonders of his thoughtful might!"

This was their mode of living, day by day ;
 'Twixt food and sleep their moments softly spun ;
 They took no note of time and tide, not they ;
 Feast, fast, or working-day, they held all one ;
 Never disputed one another's say ;
 Never heard bell ; never were told of dun.
 It was particularly understood,
 No news was to be brought them, bad or good.

But, above all, NO WRITING was known there,
 No pen and ink, no pounce-box—oh, my God !
 Like toads and snakes we shunn'd 'em, like despair,
 Like death, like judgment, like a fiery rod ;
 So green the wounds, so dire the memories were,
 Left by that rack of ten long years and odd,
 Which tore out of his very life and senses
 The most undone of all amanuenses.

One more thing I may note, that made the day
 Pass well ; one custom, not a little healing ;
 Which was, to look above us, as we lay,
 And count the spots and blotches in the ceiling :
 Noting what shapes they took to, and which way,
 And where the plaster threaten'd to be peeling ;
 Whether the spot looked new, or old or what ;
 Or whether 'twas, in fact, a spot or not.

SONNET TO MIRANDA.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

How fair and lovely on her virgin leaf
 Yon blushing rose—the queen of every flower—
 Breathes her sweet spirit in the summer hour,
 And seems to mourn her bright reign is so brief !
 Oh ! come Miranda ! share her tender grief,
 Gather the blooming beauty from her bower !
 So on thy breast with soft reviving power
 She still may reign of every flower the chief.
 Blest be that hand ! ungathered she had died—
 Wasting her fragrance on the chilly night
 And unenjoyed. So fades Love's purple light,
 Deep veiled in maiden majesty and pride ;
 But thron'd with beauty in those heaven-lit eyes
 And beaming smiles his pure flame never dies.

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

How bless'd are we that are not simple men.

WINTER'S TALE.

CHAP. I.

MY FIRST TOUR.

Departure from England—Struggle with Feelings—Hardihood of British Tars—Nautical Terms—Sea-gulls—Shrimps—The Nore Light—Anecdote—Determination to rough it—Sea-sickness—Inhumanity of the Steward—Reflections—The Goodwin Sands—Boatswain's Mate—The Harbour of Calais—The Douaniers—Inquisitorial Treatment—Interposition of a Royal Commissioner—The Passport—Erroneous Description of my Person—Dessin's Hotel—The Femme-de-Chambre—Sabots—A Reverie—George the Fourth—Four-post Beds unknown to the French—My Apartment—Preparations for Supper—Frogs not the ordinary Food in France—Champagne—My new Friend—Opinion of the French as a Nation—Hats rarely worn in France—Historical Recollections—Contrasts—Heroes and Traitors—The Cathedral—Vandyke's *chef d'œuvre*—Critical Considerations—Statue of the Virgin—Curious Anecdote—Impregnability of Calais—English Boarding-schools—Number of Dogs in France—The alleged Reason—French Mutton—Tyrants public Benefactors—Fishermen and Women—Costume—Smoking in France—The Cafés—Café Marin—Splendid Painting—Decorations—State of Society in France.

Calais, July 3, 1845.—I am at length in a foreign land! My feet for the first time press the soil of the enemies of my native country! I have traversed the ocean, and the waves have bounded beneath me "like a steed that"—did *not* "know its rider," for, I must confess the fact, I was exceedingly sick. My emotions were, nevertheless, sublime; there was much to make me think and feel deeply! I had left behind me—an only mother; "from the breast maternal," was I, as Byron says, "weaned at once for ever;" the friends of my youth were no longer around to cheer me; the companions of my infancy greeted my sight no more. I was like the weed

Flung from the rock on ocean's breast to sail,
Where'er the surge might sweep, the tempest's breath prevail;

but fortunately the wind, though "fresh," as the mariners term it, was fair, and our helmsman, a gallant fellow, of whom his country and his owners might be justly proud, had frequently made the voyage from London to Calais; our barque too was trim, and crank, and taut, and scudded swiftly athwart the brine, leaving no trace of her prow upon its unwrinkled surface!

It is surprising how much knowledge may be acquired in a few hours, if the mind is resolved to grasp it. Thrown upon my own resources, with a sense of desolation stirring at my heart, I determined to wrestle with my emotions, and sternly banishing from my memory the remembrance of "my home and native shore," I steadily, I may say manfully, addressed myself to the task of gaining information, the true end and

object of all travel. It was thus, in a short time, I became a proficient in those nautical terms which so truly characterise the British tar in every region, and under all circumstances of adversity or peril. As I paced the orlop-deck of the noble steamer, or leant over the larboard taffrail, in earnest converse with the second in command, I quickly learnt how wide is the difference between the salt-water sailor, and the shore-going landsman, and I knew at once how to estimate them accordingly. "How delightful," as my new friend confidentially remarked, "how delightful it was to observe the daring fellows, when reefing the jib-boom, haul aft the braces, and bend the weather topping-lift, while heavy seas broke over the lee counter, and strained the starboard binnacle!"

It is *this* that swells the bosom when we think of the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar, it is *this* that makes every Englishman rejoice in being the countryman of Nelson!

While sheering-to in the latitude of Woolwich, we for the first time saw "the wild sea-mew," the *Larus cachinnator*, I believe, of Linnæus, and the apparition of that bird of storms came fraught with images of

Horrid climes, where Chloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep;

and I could not gaze upon these wave-tost wanderers, save with feelings of the deepest interest as they sported in the blue ether, or sought their prey amid the oozy sedge, which at low water is distinctly visible along the Kentish coast for several maritime leagues.

We passed the reach of Erith without danger, and were soon gazing our last upon the mill-crowned height of Gravesend, where the river appeared to me of a singularly turbid hue, such as the "yellow Tiber," may be supposed to be. I was informed that this was owing to the multitude of shrimps with which these waters abound, and this certainly must be the case, if, as I am confidently assured, the outward bound fleets of Indianen which we saw lying here, head to wind, with springs on their cables, ready to slip out to sea, always anchor apeak of Gravesend to lay in their stock of this delicate fish, which, with the bread and butter of Great Britain, constitutes the greatest luxury of the idolatrous native of the plains of Hindostan!

Our voyage had hitherto been prosperous and cheering, nor was it till the mouth of the Medway loomed faintly under our lee scuppers, and the majestic Nore came first in sight, that my nerves acknowledged the influence of the heaving swell of ocean. But, before I advert to what Shakspeare, whose tar-like mind could embrace every theme, calls "the worst of our sea-sorrows," I must mention a pleasing anecdote which was related to me by the weather-beaten boatswain's-mate, as he sat between the flocks of the best-bower anchor, heaving the deep-sea lead.

"That 'ere," said he, in his plain, unvarnished language, as he observed me gaze wistfully upon the solitary craft which protects our interests at the Nore, "that ere vessel as you sees painted red, stem and starn alike, is called 'the Nore Light.'"

"I have heard of it," I replied, smiling, pleased with the hardy seaman's frankness; "but it was never my good fortune to see it before."

"Summat like what the captain of the Scotch collier said when he fust seed it."

"What was his observation, my brave fellow?" I inquired.

"Why this 'ere light had gone adrift in a gale o' wind, and was blowed somewheres into the North Seas afore ever she could bring up, and the Scotchman seeing her a comin' down end on, sung out to know what she was. 'I am the Nore Light,' shouted out t'other. 'Then,' says the Scotchman, 'if you're the Nore Light, why the hull don't you stay at the Nore—nobody wants you in these parts.'"

This little trait of character, notwithstanding the unpolished dialect of the narrator, amused me infinitely, and after bestowing a gratuity upon the bronzed veteran, I at once entered it in my table-book, and turning aft I leisurely trod my way to the bows, carefully holding on by the grapnels as the vessel began to lurch on her beam-ends, a smart squall at that moment striking her amid-ships. I did so in good time, for the motion became now exceedingly unpleasant, and I was glad to seat myself quietly to windward of one of the paddle-boxes, a position in which I was told by the captain's steward, I should find myself very comfortable in the event of my being sick. I fear, however, I must have misunderstood him, for I afterwards found the spray and other things extremely inconvenient, but as it is not in my nature to succumb to difficulties, and as my fixed determination is, while on my travels, invariably to "rough it," I declined the invitation of several passengers—evidently land-lubbers by the nature of their remarks—to go to the opposite side of the vessel. When we were off Margate, a heavy sea at that time running, and the steamer being evidently in stays, by the stiffness with which she pitched and tossed, the steward came to ask me to go below to dinner. I am not habitually cruel, but still think that the punishment of keel-hauling has been prematurely abolished in the naval service of England; that steward, had my will prevailed, should certainly have been hauled after the keel until we reached this port. To my faint and dejected refusal, he replied with even more than a grin, as he repeated the injurious proposition, saying "it would do me good." I cannot enter into any further detail; let it suffice that the hateful malady was triumphant.

"It is paying dearly for going to France," I ejaculated, between each throes of agony, "but like Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington, who, they tell me, were always sea-sick, I know how to suffer for my country." This patriotic sentiment was my only consolation, as in imagination I beheld the "ravening salt sea shark" gliding noiselessly and with outstretched jaws beneath the vessel's bulwarks, or, in imagination also, heard the rustling pinions of the albatross as she soared above the main-top, and flapped her wings heavily over my abandoned corse!

The day drew to a close;—Earl Godwin's fatal beacons already illumined the main, and were left, like stars, to twinkle in solitude, when another light was descried, which the experienced mariners declared indicated our proximity to the port of Calais. Their words awoke new life within me,—I aroused myself from the torpor which had enthralled me, and supporting myself on a marlin-spike which lay upon the deck, I gazed in the direction in which they pointed.

"What cheer, my hearty?" exclaimed the boatswain's mate, as he passed me, rolling his quid and twitching up his trousers, "luff while you can, that ere's the mounseer's country, hard-a-port, helm's a-lee," and with an expressive gesture of his thumb and outstretched fingers, as if he

were bidding defiance to France, he disappeared behind the gangway. My spirits rose with the occasion ; I now recognised the truth of my family motto, "Fortune favours the bold," and buttoning my pea-coat tightly across my chest, I felt all the Briton within me, as I beheld the shores of haughty France.

"They may examine my carpet bag," I cried, "but if they venture to touch my person this strong right arm—"

I should have finished the sentence if I had not just then been run against by two or three men with a coil of rope which they carried in readiness to cast on the jetty, for we had silently made our way between the piers of Calais, the silver moon which had just risen, lighting us on our way.

Being naturally anxious about my baggage, I desired the steward immediately to send my portmanteau up-stairs,—I mean upon deck,—and with my carpet bag in one hand, and ticket in the other, prepared to go ashore, but was informed—I thought somewhat rudely—by the captain, that I must "leave my traps aboard, and go with these ere gentlemen to the custom 'us," and, as he spoke, he pointed to some sinister-looking men attired in a dark kind of uniform, whose presence at once convinced me that I was now indeed in the land of "slavery and wooden shoes."

With a swelling heart, but a proud and determined countenance, I obeyed the mandate, and proceeded under the escort of a body of *douaniers*,—a corps of light-armed soldiery raised by Napoleon at the period of his threatened invasion,—to a hovel that stands near the famous gate immortalised in Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated picture. Here I was narrowly eyed by several dark-looking repulsive personages, who, however, reading British valour in my haughty gaze, and in the close compression of my lips, refrained from offering me the indignity of personal search ; but the following inquisitorial questions were unhesitatingly put to me :

"Quel nom, monsieur ?"

I threw a withering glance on the man, but calmly replied,

"Jolly Green."

"Très bien, Monsieur Joli Grin! A quel hôtel allez vous ?"

I must here observe that at this stage of the interrogatory, an official personage deputed by the government,—one of the royal commissioners,—(the French name, "*commissionnaire*," very nearly resembles the English one), perceiving that my knowledge of the language was imperfect, kindly interposed, and translated the question, at the same time suggesting the hôtel of M. Dessin, where, I understood, he resided himself. My official friend, whose kindness, I may add whose goodness of heart, I shall ever remember, then amiably volunteered to show me the way to the hôtel, and, to relieve me from the embarrassment which a stranger always feels when cast upon a foreign shore, undertook to get my baggage passed safely through the custom-house (called, "*La Douane*" in French), and also took charge of my passport to convey it to the municipal authorities.

I must confess that by this last act he relieved my mind from a weight that had at intervals severely oppressed me during the voyage, for I was conscious that the description of my person was not correctly stated in the passport, having attentively perused it (by the aid of Tibbins's

pocket dictionary) previous to my being prostrated by sickness. It was not from any intentional deception on my part, but the gentleman who reduced my portrait to writing in Poland-street before my departure, spoke and wrote so very fast that I had not time to tell him any thing myself, except that I was, as he said, "five feet two, and twenty-three years old," and I certainly suppose he must have been looking at or thinking of somebody else when he wrote down, "Hair, chesnut; forehead, round; eyebrows, chesnut; eyes, chesnut; nose, middling; chin, round; face oval; complexion, *ditto*."

Now, as far as I am able to form an opinion,—for, they say, one is never a good judge of one's own likeness,—this is rather nearer my description:—Hair, flaxen; forehead, rather rosy; eyebrows, light; eyes, of a light blue, inclining to green; nose, *not* aquiline; chin, dimpled—(my mother prided herself always on *that*); face, expansive; complexion, florid. I flatter myself that this is not only a more correct portraiture, but has more in it of the characteristics of a brave and free-born Briton whose ancestors fought and bled on the field of Crécy, Poitiers, and—but no, I will restrain my sense of triumph, though, like the man who stood with Dr. Johnson on the plains of Marathon, I could not but feel my patriotism grow stronger while gazing upon the ramparts of Calais!

The moon was shining bright in the heavens as, accompanied by my friendly guide, I traversed the broad market-place of—what Shakspeare truly calls,—“this ancient and fish-like” town, and advanced with eager footsteps to Dessin's hotel, where, as my companion informed me, the immortal Yorick wrote his “Sentimental Journey.” As we neared the portal, whose vast and gloomy arch seemed yawning to receive the wave-worn traveller, Hypolite,—for such was my new friend called,—moved briskly forward, and seizing an iron handle attached to a heavy chain, rang forth a loud and stirring peal; lights glittered in the corridors,—obsequious men came rushing forth, and, for the first time I beheld the face of woman in France! It was the *femme de chambre*, and her name, as I gathered from those around me, was Mademoiselle Rose. With a graceful, winning smile she approached, and addressing me in my native language, though with a foreign accent, exclaimed,

“How you do, sare? Good bye! Very well thank you! Shall you want to go to bed?”

“Monsieur will like some soppare,” interposed a young man with a large beard, wearing a jacket and very full plaited trousers, and holding a napkin in one hand.

“Supper!” I murmured, “yes;” for I remembered that I had had no dinner. “Yes, I *will* have some supper, but show me first to my chamber.”

“Com dis way, sare,” said the charming *soubrette*—the term is, I think, correct—and by the clattering sound which echoed along the stone passage, I perceived that she wore a species of wooden slippers, called in the language of the country, *sabots*. Though they seemed to fit very imperfectly, I was struck by the ease and lightness with which she tripped before me, and fancy immediately drew for me a sketch of one of those charming scenes which I have no doubt, I shall shortly witness, where under the light and rustling foliage of the lime and poplar, the village maidens will dance with their enamoured swains to the sound of the rus-

tic pipe—the stranger haply forgetful of his sorrows the while! I was roused from the reverie into which I had fallen by nearly losing my footing in consequence of the slipperiness of the glazed tiles with which the gallery was paved, but recovering myself without assistance, I strode on to the chamber-door, where the smiling Rose awaited me.

“Voilà, monsieur,” said she, as she threw the door wide open; “dis is de room his Majesty King Shorge was sleep in when he stop in Calais.”

I have always been much struck by the accounts which I have read of the simplicity of the sleeping apartments of various monarchs, and certainly that which George IV. occupied at M. Dessin's hotel is a remarkable instance of the absence of ornament. As I now sit in it, and as I am now not aware that other travellers have described it, I write down from actual observation the manner in which it is furnished. Four-post beds are unknown in this country, but their place is supplied by others of a couch-like form, such as the antique Romans may be supposed to have reclined on: they are crowned with a canopy, from which falls the drapery, hanging in a graceful sweep over each extremity. Beside the bed stands a small circular table with a marble top, whereon is deposited the *chandelle* that lights one to repose, and two classically-shaped chairs, on one of which is placed my pormanteau, complete the furniture of the apartment. I must not, however, omit to mention a large pier-glass which stands above the chimney-piece. In this country there are no fenders or fire-irons, nor any grates in the fire-place, but dogs, I understand, perform that duty, in a similar manner, no doubt, to that in which turnspits are employed to roast meat in kitchens—though how it is accomplished I am at present unable to conjecture. I should observe, that the floor of the room is laid down in red tiles, which at this season of the year impart a pleasing coolness to the unstockinged feet. The dimensions of the apartment and of the bed also are on rather a small scale, and how George IV., who was a large man, managed to accommodate himself to them, I do not distinctly perceive; but the adventurous traveller, be he prince or peasant, must submit to slight inconveniences—so true it is that in our passage through life the even current of prosperity is ever liable to be deformed by the rocks and shoals of adversity!

I now descended to the saloon to procure some supper, and the waiter presented to me the bill of fare, saying, that as it was late I must sup by the cart. To this I replied, that I should much prefer supping where I was. He smiled with a significant air, and explained that I must order what I wanted from the paper before me. Not being as yet perfectly master of the language of the country, I hesitated what to choose; at last I calmly observed, “Well, as I am in France, I suppose I cannot avoid it; bring me,” I added with emphasis, “bring me some soup meager, a bottle of Champagne, and a nice dish of FROGS!”

“Comment, monsieur! Sacre-bleu! des grenouilles! Frogs! nobody eat frogs in dis ouse!”

“Not eat frogs!” I exclaimed; “why I thought they were the national dish. I have always been given to understand that the French invariably dined on frogs.”

“No, sare, the Frenchmen nevere eat frogs,” he returned, in a tone

of indignation; "but," he resumed, softening as he saw astonishment legibly imprinted on my countenance, "you can have *pigeons à la crapaudine* and a *bifteck*, or a cold *shickin*; there is no *soupe maigre*—it is not a fast day."

"You surprise me greatly," I observed; "neither soup meager nor frogs! Well, I shall certainly publish that fact. Let me have the things you have named, and the Champagne. *That is to be had?*"

"*Ma foi, oui!*" he answered, with a grin, "we have plenty of dat for de English gentlemen—dey always begins vith champagne;" and he left me to meditate upon the information I had acquired.

It was not long before I was served, and all I shall say with regard to my first meal in a foreign land is, that whatever it was, it seemed particularly good. I could have wished for the presence of my obliging friend to have shared it with me, but he had disappeared as soon as I entered the hotel, in his extreme politeness to go and look after my baggage. I had finished supper before he returned to inform me that, through his influence with the government authorities, he had succeeded in procuring my things without examination, and that they were now in my bedroom; at the same time he handed me my keys. The least I could do by way of requital was to order another bottle of Champagne: I had some difficulty in inducing him to sit down and share it with me, but he yielded at last, and a pleasanter or more gentlemanlike personage I have seldom conversed with. He seems to be intimately acquainted with the town, and has kindly placed himself at my disposition, and to show me all it contains that is worthy of observation.

In this country there is certainly a great deal of attention paid to foreigners; but, to be sure, I am in my passport particularly recommended to the civil and military authorities, as well as to all countries in alliance with France, who are strongly desired to give me assistance and protection in case of need. It is no slight triumph for an Englishman to find that his character is thus esteemed! With this gratifying reflection I must pause for the present. A new world is like an open book before me. Be it mine to interpret its pages!

Dessin's Hotel, July 5th.—I was yesterday engaged in seeing the lions of Calais, and familiarising myself with the character of the inhabitants. My opinion of the French as a nation, is more favourable than I had been led to anticipate; but, as an eloquent writer justly remarks, "It is only by foreign travel that a true knowledge of the idiosyncrasy of a people can be attained." I trust I have not travelled in vain.

I had passed a comfortable night in a small, but,—I must say, an excellent bed—and at an early hour I rose, breakfasted on what the French call *café au lait*, and with my "Tibbins" in my pocket for occasional reference, was ready at the hour appointed by Monsieur Hypolite, whose kind promise I gladly recalled. The first thing I noticed when I got into the street was, that the French do not in general wear hats; as an instance of the fact I may mention that Monsieur Hypolite had not got one; he wore a kind of cap instead, apparently formed of the skin of a seal, and ornamented with a broad band of gold lace—possibly a mark of official rank. I am of opinion that this circumstance may have its origin in the politeness which is so universal in this country, for the cap is more frequently in the hand, in bowing to an acquaintance, than on the head. But, whatever the cause, such is undoubtedly the case.

The first place we proceeded to was the great market-square nearly in the centre of the town. It was here that the famous interview took place between Pope Leo X. and Henry VIII., which procured for the latter the title of Defender of the Faith, as the letters F. D. on the coinage of our native land significantly imply. As I gazed upon the vast arena, now filled with market-women, I pictured to myself the effect of the gorgeous scene, which might well be called the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and lamented the decay of worldly grandeur. On one side were the papal guards, led on by the Sovereign Pontiff in his triple cowl and embroidered *san benito*, followed by a proud array of bare-footed cardinals and sandaled bishops, bearing the Oriflamme of Liberty in one hand and the keys of St. Peter in the other; while advancing to meet them came our own royal Harry, in hose of miniver and burgonet of samite, with sparkling solerets and plumed gambesson, befitting a crowned king—supported as he was by the free lancers and mail-clad bowmen of the household brigade, under the command of the daring and impetuous Wolsey. Scenes like these are fixed upon the memory too indelibly ever to be effaced. How different a sight presented itself now! In lieu of armed knights and jewelled courtiers were piles of vegetables and mounds of fruit—the cabbage and the turnip-top—the carrot and the onion, supplanted the crested pennon and the waving helm; and instead of the voice of the herald shouting, “Largesse to the rescue,” was heard the cry of “Hareng frais,” from the throat of the fisherwoman!

In this square, opposite the Hôtel de Ville, or town-hall, are the marble heads of the Cardinal Richelieu and the Duke of Guise, who were executed by order of Louise XV., for betraying the town to the Spaniards under the sanguinary Duke of Alva. We may draw from this a moral, that however successful treason may be for a day, justice sooner or later overtakes the unwary traitor! Here, too, is seen the statue of Eustache de Saint Pierre who saved the life of Queen Philippa at the battle of Crécy. All three were natives of Calais.

The cathedral church of Nôtre Dame is an object worthy of every Englishman's attention; the architecture, as Hypolite observed to me, is of the early florid Norman, before the introduction of the pointed Byzantine arch of the lower empire. The portal at the eastern entrance is sculptured in that style of simplicity which distinguished our ancestors as well in the cloister as in “the marble courts of kings.” In the interior, the transept is highly imposing—the intercolumniations are massive, and the nave and crypt exquisitely carved. The flying buttresses contrast admirably with the zig-zag mouldings in the oriel, and the fretwork on the corbels in fine. Hypolite directed my attention to a *chef-d'œuvre* of Vandyke—the ‘Ascension of the Virgin. In speaking critically of this picture, I may remark, that it is deficient in breadth, being a great deal higher than it is broad. But the impasto is exceedingly impressive, and the handling has an air of sweetness which harmonises admirably with the subject. The foreshortening of the *chiar’ oscuro* is perhaps incorrect, for Vandyke was not so severe an anatomist as his master, Michael Angelo; but, in point of treatment, it is unrivalled. Had a little more colouring been thrown into the composition, I question very much if Jan Steen's great fresco of the same subject at Hampton Court would bear any comparison with it. There is a brilliancy of out-

line and warmth of drawing in this work, which all the freedom of the great Italian could never accomplish. The *pentimenti* are executed with a firm and vigorous hand.

On the high altar, which stands below this picture, is a fine statue of the Virgin, supposed to be by Cimabue—a supposition which, however, admits of doubt, for the flow of the drapery is scarcely sufficiently Cimabuesque to warrant us in ascribing it to the noble Venetian. It is one of those composite works in which colour contends with the material of which it is formed. The Virgin is attired in a robe of bright blue, profusely ornamented with golden stars; on her head she wears a gilt crown, from which hangs a long veil of the best Brussels lace; the hue of health glows in her cheeks, and her black eyes gleam with maternal sympathy. In the right-hand she holds a sceptre, the left supports the *Bambino*. An air of condensed repose plays gently over the touching group.

It was in this church I became, for the first time, aware of the manner in which the poor people in France accomplish distant journeys. On several of the pillars I observed small boxes, with the words, “*Tronc pour les pauvres*” written upon them, with apertures for the insertion of money. I ascertained that when these trunks were filled, the owners came and took them down, and immediately set out by the diligence for Paris. This fact was communicated to me, in the French language, by an intelligent mendicant, who seemed to have travelled some distance himself, and with whom I entered into conversation at the door of the cathedral. His civility did not pass unrewarded.

From the cathedral we ascended to the embattled ramparts which frown over the surrounding country, a dreary sandy level which, combined with the well-known bravery of the French troops, suffices to render Calais impregnable. In these wild marshes the bittern may often be heard booming for its prey, while the solitary foot of the midnight traveller scares the aquatic duck from its sedgy nest! The ramparts of Calais, in time of peace, are the favourite resort of the war-worn veterans of the empire now *en retraite* (that is to say, who retreated from Moscow on the invasion of the Russians), and the boarding-schools for young English ladies, for which this sea-port is celebrated. These seminaries are admirably adapted by nature to the wants of the British nation, and it is sincerely to be hoped that those statesmen who place a well-grounded reliance upon the value of the social amenities, in an international point of view, will never lose sight of this principle. It was a matter of pride to me, and a just tribute to the charms of my fair countrywomen, to notice the admiring gaze which the rude old campaigners threw upon them in passing, nor did they fail to elicit the equally expressive glances of other military gentlemen who, dressed in the gay uniform of the French army, enjoyed the promenade.

I must remark, that every one of the veterans to whom I have alluded, was accompanied by a small dog; indeed, I am of opinion that it may be laid down as a truth which admits of no denial, that there are as many dogs in France as there are inhabitants, for the number that I noticed is almost beyond credibility! I should think that they bear a striking resemblance to the jackals in the Ephesian ruins; and I am told that the motive for encouraging so vast a canine population, is to turn

them to account as provision in the event of a war with England, when the British gun-boats, blockading every city in France, the great supply of dogs will remove all fear of famine. This, at least, is certain, that dogs'-flesh enters largely, even now, into the composition of most French dishes, and a *vol-au-vent* would be considered incomplete in Paris if it did not possess the true canine flavour. I have this on the best authority. It is said that their flesh resembles mutton; and indeed this may well be the case, for a certain class of dog, the poodle, is as frequently called "mouton" as any thing else.

From the ramparts we went to the pier where formerly stood the leg of Louis the XVIIIth, a fine specimen of heroic sculpture,—but it was destroyed by the national guard in the year 1830. It is much to be regretted that the iconoclastic rage of the multitude should thus disfigure the most precious monuments of antiquity. It is true that Louis was a tyrant, and as such, justly obnoxious to the soubriquet of "*Des Huitres*" which has been bestowed upon him, but it must be remembered that tyrants have often been the greatest benefactors to art, witness the brazen bull of Perillus, now in the Vatican, and the Colossus of Rhodes in the Forum at Athens.

Calais is the great market from which London is supplied with fish. Standing as it does on the shores of the ocean, its situation is greatly in its favour, and the enterprising character of its inhabitants is beyond all praise. The fishermen are an amphibious race, as attired in their long-gold ear-rings, and heavy jack-boots, they inveigle their finny prey! Nor are their wives and daughters less remarkable. With a simple kerchief gracefully wreathed round their matted locks, and a woollen garment of coarse material enveloping their rounded forms, bare-legged, and wooden-shoed, and bending beneath the weight of the basket, which is fastened by a cord across their bosoms, they realise the idea of the fabled Ionian women as they crowded to the shrine of Delos. The cry which they utter is loud, distinct, and piercing. I have not yet been able to ascertain exactly what they say, but this is a difficulty I have frequently experienced in my own country. Like the words of a popular song, it matters little what is said, provided the proper expression be conveyed, and he who has listened to the warbling of a Coburg or a Surrey syren, will readily bear me out in this particular. The Calais women utter something, however, which *implies* "fresh fish."

The use of tobacco is as prevalent in France as in England; indeed to such an extent is its indulgence carried that even animals are occasionally seen smoking in the streets. I have not myself yet witnessed the fact, for I am scrupulous in asserting only what I know to be true; but the evidence of it is recorded in a public monument which has been raised over the entrance to a tobacconist's shop in the street directly behind the Hôtel de Ville, where may be seen the effigy of a cat with a pipe in its mouth, with this inscription, "*Au chat qui fume*," meaning, Hypolite assures me, "To the cat that smokes"—a kind of votive offering, similar to that which the ancients made to the demigods of mythology, for in many respects the French people entertain opinions that bear a close affinity to paganism. It is most probable that the tobacconist himself had a cat that was in the habit of smoking.

I should omit the most striking feature of French life, if I were to

pass by the cafés unrecorded. Those at Calais are, I understand, considered the finest in France. I will select the Café Marin in the Grand Square, as an instance. The exterior of the building is of a bright, sunny colour, in the centre of which is painted in narrow black characters, the name of the café. Below this, are represented two billiard cues crossing each other, and tied with a blue ribbon, with the balls between, and the words, "*Billard. Ici on joue La Poule.*" Another inscription which runs under this intimates that "The coffee is held by M. Gogo, merchant of wine and spirituous." I have had this carefully translated by Hypolite, as well as the preceding one, which says, "Billiards. Here they play the hen;" meaning, of course, that fresh eggs are to be had daily—France being famous for new-laid eggs. It is on this account that the French people are so fond of breakfasting at these places.

The interior corresponds in elegance with the external decorations; you enter by a glass-door from the street into a spacious saloon, the walls of which are covered with a paper representing the sports of the field, in which the French are known to excel. Here you see gentlemen wearing scarlet coats, top boots, and casquettes with far-projecting peaks, with guns in their hands and game-bags over their shoulders, and attended by bull-dogs and terriers, flushing the timorous woodcock, and blazing at the startled partridge. In another compartment huntsmen in green uniform with sabres and horns are madly urging their fiery steeds down terrific precipices in pursuit of the deer and the fox, and are cheered on their dangerous sport by ladies in riding habits and Oldenburg bonnets. Apart from these are sportsmen reposing after the toils of the day are over, and solacing themselves with Périgueux pies and Champagne, the spontaneous growth of the fertile land they inhabit. The well-directed energy of the various figures, and the brilliancy of the colouring, develop the talents of a painter of no mean order. Several engravings also adorn the saloon, the most striking being the adieux of the Emperor Napoleon to the old guard at St. Helena—the distribution of the Legion of Honour by Francis I. after the battle of Pavia—his majesty the present King of the French on the horse which he rode at Austerlitz reviewing the National Guard of Calais in front of the Tuileries, and the passage of the Alps by Henri Quatre at the head of the Grand Army of the League. At one extremity of the room a very elegantly attired elderly female, in a puce-coloured pelerine and head-dress of gimp, *brodé en garniture de dentelles*, sits behind a kind of counter or bar, on which are several vases of *plaqué*, a very rich kind of silver with frequently a golden tint,—bottles containing rare liqueurs, such as anisette double,—absinthe and *Genièvre de Hollande*,—numberless small glasses, coffee-cups, and little waiters in *plaqué* piled up with large pieces of sugar. Small marble tables are scattered round the apartment on which refreshments are served, scarlet curtains in gay festoons shed a glowing light on the scene, the air is perfumed with the smell of the choicest cigars (at the low price of two sous each), on every side is heard the agreeable rattle of the domino, whilst an absence of restraint on the part of waiters as well as guests characterises the delightful *abandon* of SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

REFORM YOUR WALTZING.

A NEAT little book was put forth under the above title a couple of years ago by Messrs. Longman. A second edition is, we understand, in the press, with a supplement containing *Meditations on the Polka*, by a Bavarian diplomatist, and the *Physiology of the Cellarius* by the distinguished professor who invented and gave his name to that graceful dance.

The author takes for his text the dictum that "waltzing is the art of a gentleman, and never yet was taught or understood by a dancing-master."

To an unlearned eye the diagrams and directions by which he asserts his claims to gentility appear hopelessly abstruse and complicated; and although a practised dancer may possibly find little difficulty in unravelling them, yet as we presume that the object of an amateur is rather to instruct the ignorant than to address the accomplished, we must entreat that he will not cast aside his pen until he has given us clearer and ampler directions on a topic which must, in the present day, interest so deeply the head of every family.

His view of waltzing as practised in Britain is gloomy in the extreme. He deplures the clumsiness of the English as a nation, and even ventures to affirm that "he never has yet met with two persons together who did the real three steps backward and forward of the Rhenish waltz in the perfection of which it is susceptible."

Now this is really going too far. We must maintain, in despite of the amateur's assertions, that London, during the season, contains some of the finest waltzers, both indigenous and exotic, that the civilised world has generated.

We would back ourselves, with the aid of the court newsman, to bring to bear at a very few hours' notice on any given point where the Champagne was good and the plover's eggs genuine, scores of elegant young men unsurpassable in speed, endurance, and oiliness of movement. The government offices, the foot guards, and the Scots horse, are a host in themselves, not to mention the agile and energetic *attachés* to the various foreign missions at our court.

Moreover, it is well known that a large and well-organised body of young men exists in London, under the conduct of the ubiquitous Alphonse Tiptoe, who earn their daily bread solely by their proficiency in the waltz, Polka, and Cellarius.

We do not publish this fact to their disadvantage. Far from it. For how, we pause to inquire, can a man earn his livelihood more creditably than by the sweat of his brow?

These deserving and hard-working votaries of Terpsichore are well-made, active fellows, tastily but inexpensively dressed, who would be equally well calculated for the vocation of lamplighters, or any other calling which depended more upon their calves than their brains. Indeed, it has been intimated to us that when the London season is over, those members of the Dancing Club who do not travel about the country professionally with Weippert and Julien, or betake themselves to Paris, "*pour reviver leur Polka*," endeavour to keep up their condition, and

earn a few shillings by feats of pedestrianism in the suburbs of London, which are recorded in *Bell's Life*, as those of the Piccadilly Pet, the Belgravian Snob, the Mayfair Deer, &c.

From February to August they are diffused throughout the ball-rooms of London wherever link-boys and fiddles are to be heard and lobster salads to be eaten, in Baker-street and in Belgravia, at the Lord Mayor's ball and at Devonshire House, dancing indiscriminately with every thing female, "*qui leur vient sous la main*," for it is the grand principle of their profession to be impartial.

They give themselves no airs, are civil to every one, venerate ball-rooms much and dinner-givers more, and acquire marvellous adroitness in discovering mislaid shawls, getting up family coaches in a crowd, and transporting corpulent *chaperons* from place to place with celerity and precision. They are not much estimated by men, but mothers consider them as safe partners for their daughters, and girls like them because they dance well, and don't bother them with conversation.

They appear to us to occupy the same relative position with regard to the *débutantes* of the season that professional jockeys bear to the favourites for the Derby and Oaks.

In fact, when a lady who breeds for the London market "brings out" a daughter whom she considers likely to carry off one of the great stakes of the matrimonial lottery, she prefers intrusting her on grand occasions to the guidance of Alphonse Tiptoe rather than to that of any one who may hold an intermediate grade between that accomplished pupil of Madame Michau and the Marquis of Colchicum, the prize *parti* of the day.

In the first place Mrs. Rhino is aware that Alphonse knows if he were to presume to dream of making love to the innocent Eloise Rhino, she would treat him as unceremoniously as she would treat her butler under similar circumstances; and that all the capital dinners, and pleasant *soirées*, and morning polkeries in Grosvenor-square, and *déjeuners d'antichambres* at Richmond, would, from that moment, belong rather to the past than to the future.

Alphonse Tiptoe therefore thinks no more of committing such a folly than Jem Robinson does of buying "The Merry Monarch" cheap to draw his one-horse chaise, but he waltzes smoothly, and gallops rapidly, and polks intricately, and shows his white teeth, and asks Eloise whether she was at the opera on Tuesday, and whether she is going thither on Saturday; and inquires how she liked the last court-ball, and whether there was not a dreadful mixture at Mrs. Percy Smith's, and so on.

The Marquis of Colchicum, whose pensive air may be occasioned either by love or by the wretched breed of foxes in the midland countries, looks coolly on, meanwhile, at Miss Rhino's tiny twinkling feet, and sees her smiling and chattering earnestly with Alphonse, without feeling the smallest twinge of jealousy; for he is a man of the world, secure in his 20,000*l.* a year; he knows Alphonse's precise position in society—that he is poor, and a dancer by profession, and that the simple Eloise is too well principled, and has been too carefully brought up to think of any thing but the pick of the peerage, for her first two seasons at least.

Mrs. Rhino contemplates the trio with maternal pride and anxiety, smiling approvingly at Alphonse's trained activity, and rivalling the electric telegraph by the delicacy and accuracy with which she works Eloise,

who is as well broken as an old pointer, and would no more think of listening to Alphonse when Lord Colchicum appeared disposed to talk to her, than the said pointer would deign to notice a lark, with a partridge under his nose.

In such little social scenes as these, Alphonse and his compeers play conspicuous parts, and so they lead pleasant, easy lives till their youth has glided away in one incessant twirl, and then when baldness or grey hairs and corpulence assail them, and when their legs, their bread winners, begin to fail, they shuffle off the stage of fashionable life, and nobody knows or cares what becomes of them.

Some few, who have interest, settle down as masters of ceremonies at Margate and Broadstairs, whilst others marry rich and hideous relicts of opulent tradesmen—but the demand for such desirable widow-women is far greater than the supply.

Young and more active members of the profession fill up their places at the dinner-tables and in the ball-rooms of London; their old partners, who are all married, and have houses in Belgrave-square, and from ten to fifteen children a piece, hate them because they know too much about their anti-nuptial campaigns; dances from Australasia and the Polynesian Islands supersede the Polka and Cellarius of their youth; and the only consolation which remains to poor, fat, stupid, gouty old Jack Tiptoe (for his name wasn't Alphonse), whilst he leads the life of a cabbage in the corner of a second-rate club, is the retrospect of an actively-spent life, which moralists assure us is a very agreeable thing to look back upon—and for Jack's sake we hope it is.

And yet in the face of all this an amateur asserts that Englishmen cannot waltz. Bah!

Cependant, il y a du bon dans son livre. He hints in conclusion at the disgraceful condition in which many very promising young ladies commence the London season.

No man in these enlightened days would be so foolish or so cruel as to attempt to distinguish himself in a quick thing from Melton Spinney on a horse fat and short of work. Yet how many girls do we see brought up to town in country condition, and expected, without any previous preparation, to go through the season with advantage to themselves and credit to their *chaperons*.

We again, in conclusion, entreat the amateur not to lay aside his pen until he has worked out the vein which he has so happily touched upon; he would confer a real blessing on mothers, far beyond the soothing syrup, if he would throw together a few chapters on the condition and training of young women for the London market, with instructions as to the quantity of walking exercise and alteratives requisite to enable them to polk till five in the morning without changing colour or turning a hair.

He cannot take a better model for his work than "Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters."

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. XLIX.

MANY weeks passed away without producing any great change or material variety in the state of affairs as already described. Bertha Harrington had become better acquainted with Rome than one traveller in ten thousand, and the Robertses were running the race that so many of the same species have run before them. The difference between the one mode of life and the other was certainly very great, considering that the parties inhabited the same domicile, and were members of the same family. Another difference between them arose from the fact that every day which passed added to Bertha's wish for the arrival of her cousin, whose letters were much shorter and much less frequent than she had expected; while every day rendered both the tender Maria and the high-minded Agatha more resigned to the prolonged absence of the two gentlemen with whom he was associated.

The even tenour of Miss Harrington's life was, however, at length varied by an adventure, and a very startling one. The religious feelings which had been impressed on the mind of this young girl by her excellent mother, were equally simple and sincere. Never, perhaps, were prayers uttered with more purity of spirit or more undoubting faith than those daily breathed by her in the solitude of her chamber, and at the weekly assembling of her tacitly tolerated fellow-worshippers outside the gates of Rome. But in these days of speculative devotion, when all men, all women, and almost all children seemed called upon to decide upon contested points of doctrine and discipline, the quiet, deeply-fixed piety of Bertha, though most truly it had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, might have been mistaken by superficial observers as being indicative of more indifference than zeal. But they would have been mistaken. The first feelings which were awakened in her on looking about her at Rome, were those connected with an instinctive and almost passionate love for the fine arts, and the fresh impressions left by the eager perusal of history, which had made a prominent feature in her education. But it was not long before the religious aspect of Rome, as displayed to the eyes of even the most careless observer, attracted her attention. The prodigious number of churches, the astounding splendour of some among them, and the multitudes of priests which thronged the streets, produced a sensation of awe, mingled with curiosity. Young as she was, however, Bertha Harrington was not one of those persons who are in danger of changing either the faith or the form of the religion which, from their earliest days of consciousness, has been the object of their deepest reverence, by looking at the pompous prelacy of Rome. She was made of other stuff. But she was interested greatly in watching the external worship of the church from which her own had seceded, and with the most innocent unconsciousness of deciding for herself a point of such importance as to shake the tranquillity of man for ages past, and ages yet to come, she thanked God very fervently for having been born in England. But still there was one feature of Romanism which had taken strong hold of her imagination. She

thought there was something very delightful in the idea of a society of women withdrawing themselves from the idle vanities of life, and devoting themselves to holy thoughts and deeds of charity. And such a notion of the state and occupation of a sisterhood of cloistered nuns, though perhaps not exactly accordant with truth, must not be sneered at as a proof of folly in my Bertha, for most assuredly it is that which most naturally suggests itself to an uncorrupted female mind upon considering the subject. But be this as it may, Bertha certainly did feel a great deal of interest about convents and nuns, and one of the injunctions given to Luigi Mandorlo was, that he should do all he could to get her admitted within their walls, and enabled to witness their most interesting ceremonies. This was one of the many powers upon which Luigi particularly prided himself. He had a sister who was a nun, and this, as he now declared to Bertha, and had often declared to other of his lady employers before, gave him greater facilities in gratifying all their wishes as to nuns and convents than were possessed by any other valet-de-place in Rome.

The adventure of Bertha, which has been alluded to, arose from this curiosity on her part, and the not quite vainly boasted power of gratifying it on his.

He had long promised to obtain for her an especially favourable place for seeing a lady receive the white veil, and on this occasion at least he kept his word faithfully, for having informed his holy sister that a young English lady, extremely rich and perfectly independent, had fixed her heart upon knowing all about it, and that he thought it very likely indeed that one day or other she would turn nun herself, permission was obtained from the abbess for her admission into the interior of the convent on the day appointed for the ceremony. Greatly to her satisfaction, therefore, she was conducted into the parlour where the nuns were permitted to stand on one side of a grated aperture, and converse with such friends as were licensed to visit them, who were stationed on the other. Bertha modestly seated herself as near this grating as she conveniently could, without interfering with the approach of the visitors, who each in succession were permitted to hold a few minutes' conversation with some near relative, or connexion within the cloister.

Several pair of fine black eyes, seen by no means to a disadvantage under the white band that crossed the forehead, had, more or less, interested Bertha, according to their beauty or their expression, when a figure approached the grating, whose dress, though almost equally monastic with that of the sisters who had preceded her, was without the speaking accompaniment of the veil. This difference in her attire so much attracted the attention of Bertha, that for a moment she did not look at her features, but when that moment being past, she looked in her face, she suddenly lost all command of herself, started from her chair, and uttered a loud scream. And another moment made it evident to the startled females on both sides of the grating, that the individual who had caused this vehement emotion shared it also. She uttered a deep groan, took a faltering step or two backwards from the grating, and fell fainting into the arms of the sisters who were crowding the space behind her.

Some of the ladies who occupied the parlour approached the pale and trembling Bertha, offered her numerous smelling bottles, and presently

obtained for her a glass of water. Their attention produced the desired effect, the cheeks and lips of Bertha resumed their natural colour, and she recovered herself sufficiently to thank them, and to say that if her carriage was in waiting she would wish to return home immediately, as the unexpected sight of a person whom she had known under very painful circumstances, had disturbed her spirits too much to permit her looking at the ceremony about to take place with the interest it deserved.

But upon inquiry, it was found that her carriage was not in waiting, nor her valet-de-place either, so that she was obliged to exert herself still further, and submit to the disagreeable necessity of accompanying the rest of the party to the chapel of the convent, which they entered by a private door, notice being given that the ceremony was about to begin.

A scene of great confusion, meanwhile, was going on in the interior of the convent. The novice, whose features had so painfully affected the unfortunate Bertha, was conveyed to her cell in a state of insensibility, from which she was not restored till after long and repeated applications of the strongest remedies that the terrified sisters could apply, and when at length she recovered her senses, their troubles were by no means at an end, for she began almost clamorously to demand the attendance of a confessor. At any other time such a requisition from an inmate of that house suffering under affliction either of body or mind, would have met with immediate compliance, but now there was great difficulty, great demur.

"There are but just enough to do the service of the altar handsomely," said the stately Sister Eugenie, knitting her brows, "and what will the lord cardinal think if the convent of the Santa Consolazione cannot command a proper attendance of officiating priests on such an occasion as this?"

"I must, I must," exclaimed the novice, vehemently. "The loss of my soul will rest as an eternal burden upon yours if you refuse me a confessor. I must—I must confess, and instantly, or it may be too late."

Persuaded from this last phrase that the novice believed herself to be dying, a feeling of terror took possession of those around her, lest indeed the last offices of the church should be denied her through their negligence or indifference. Even Sister Eugenie allowed that this was not a moment to stand upon ceremony, even though that ceremony concerned the splendour of the service about to be performed before the altar of La Santa Consolazione.

"Let Father Maurizio be brought hither instantly," she said; "he will be still in the sacristy. Sister Clara," she added, addressing the oldest female in the room, "go you and see to it. It is a moment of peril when a house like this is open even for this holiest of offices."

The summons thus sanctioned was immediately conveyed to Father Maurizio, who obeyed it without a moment's delay, for he was told that a dying novice required his aid. The holy sisters, who, notwithstanding the strong temptation to enter the gallery of their chapel, still continued in attendance at the bed-side of the novice, all reverently left the room, when the priest entered, and the confessor and his penitent were left alone.

The confession was not a short one, and when it was over two or three of the good nuns, who still resisted their longing desire to enter the chapel that they might attend their suffering sister in her hour of need, entered her cell, and found her, though certainly not in danger of immediate death, extremely pale, and still trembling violently from the agitation it was evident she had undergone.

The ceremony in the chapel, meanwhile, was proceeding with becoming pomp and solemnity, and even Bertha, though still suffering from the unexpected shock at seeing a person whom she had hoped never to behold again, forgot for a moment her own sorrows and sufferings as she gazed at the delicate-looking young creature who had found strength to renounce all that this world has to offer of lovely, loving, and beloved, in the hope of obtaining a reward for the sacrifice in another.

The exhortation pronounced, and the tremendous ceremony ended, the newly-made nun retired into the convent, where she was to find all that was left to her of earth, through a door that opened on one side of the altar, and the company who had witnessed it began to disperse. Bertha too well knew the punctuality of Luigi to feel any doubt as to finding her carriage in attendance at the door of the church, and thankful that she should so soon be restored to the solitude for which she was longing, she was anxiously endeavouring to make her way through the crowd, when she felt her arm gently touched by a hand that evidently had not come in contact with it by accident. She looked round, and saw an elderly man in the dress of a Romish ecclesiastic, but not in his clerical vestments, who immediately addressed her in French, requesting that she would have the kindness to remain in the chapel for a few minutes, as he had a communication of great importance to make to her.

"To me, sir," she said, turning extremely pale. "Can it be from her?—Is it possible that she should seek any communication with me?"

"Your conjecture is evidently right, Miss Harrington," replied the priest. "You suppose that it is the unhappy Mathilde Labarre who has sent me to you, and you are not mistaken."

"Sir, sir, I cannot see her, indeed I cannot," cried Bertha, earnestly, though suffering herself to be led, or rather guided by the priest, whose hand still rested on her arm, into the sacristy. "You cannot know, she cannot have told you all the misery she has caused me. Oh, sir, for pity's sake never let me look upon her more!"

"Pardon me, young lady, she has told me all," replied Father Maurice, "and I can too well understand your natural unwillingness to see her, to attempt persuading you to overcome it, nor will it be necessary for the attainment of the very proper object that she had in view in giving me the commission which I am now executing. Sit down, Miss Harrington," continued the old man, kindly, as he set a chair for her. "Though it will be less terrible for you to listen to me than to her, I am quite aware that the discussion cannot be entered upon at all, without causing you great agitation, great suffering."

"I will bear every thing that you shall tell me it is necessary I should bear," replied Bertha, touched by the tone of genuine compassion in which the old man addressed her, "I will bear every thing if you will only promise me that I shall not see her."

"I do promise you, Miss Harrington," he replied, "and in return, you must promise me, that excepting to your father; you will never re-

peat what I am now about to disclose. It was confided to me in all the sacred security of confession, and it is only permitted to reach you in the hope that it may tend to console you under your heavy affliction."

"Console me?" repeated Bertha, with a shudder.

"Yes, Miss Harrington," replied the priest, "if all this unhappy woman has revealed to me be as true as I suppose it to be, you will find consolation, oh, great and lasting consolation from what it is in my power to tell you. Will you give me the promise I require?"

"I will, sir," replied Bertha, solemnly. "I do promise you."

"You promise me, never to reveal the circumstances I am going to state, except to your father," said the priest.

"I wish not to make any exception," returned Bertha, a crimson flush colouring her pale cheeks for a moment, and then leaving them apparently paler than before.

"You will thank me for the exception ere we part," said Father Maurice, looking at her kindly, "and charged with this condition, I again ask if you give me your promise?"

"I do," said Bertha.

"Let me spare you," resumed the priest, "all unnecessary minuteness of reference to the dreadful scenes which preceded your departure from your father's house. You were, and are very young to form such horrible conjectures respecting the origin of all you have endured, as I cannot but believe from your agitation at the encounter with this guilty woman, you have done. You suspect Mathilde Labarre poisoned your mother?"

"Her maid suspected it, and she told me," said Bertha, speaking with difficulty.

"My miserable penitent supposed it was so," resumed Father Maurice; "but she supposed also that she was not the only person suspected by the maid—she supposed—"

Bertha uttered a faint shriek, and raised her hand as if to forbid his going further.

"Oh, speak it not!" she cried. "Have pity on me! Let me go—let me go, and hide myself from every body."

The old priest looked at her with an eye that spoke no want of feeling.

"Do not believe," he replied, "that I would have detained you here for the sole purpose of reviving feelings which have made your young cheek, my daughter, paler than it ought to be. That a fearful crime has been committed, has been rightly guessed, but bless the mercy of God which permits you to know that your surviving parent had no share in it. Of great and grievous sins your unhappy father has been guilty, but of this, he is as innocent as you are."

"Thank God!" cried Bertha, sinking on her knees, and raising her clasped hands to heaven. "Oh, praised and blessed be the father of all mercy that has taken this frightful weight from my heart! And you, a stranger, how can I ever thank you as I ought?" and here poor Bertha burst into a salutary flood of tears, of which every drop that fell seemed to give her relief.

The good Father Maurice proved his sympathy, by letting them flow without interruption, but in truth, it was partly that he might remove the drops from his own eyes, that he turned from her so completely, and

when he again approached, and offered his hand to raise her, she looked at him with a feeling of affectionate gratitude that could not be mistaken.

"Sit down for a moment, my dear child," he said, replacing her in the chair she had before occupied, "and tell me if you would wish that I should communicate any further particulars of her confession? She has given me unrestricted permission to tell you all; and may the earnestness of her wish to relieve your mind from the dreadful suspicion which she herself endeavoured to throw upon your father, together with the heavy penance she is to undergo," he added, crossing himself, "may it assist in reconciling her soul to God! Tell me, my poor child, have you strength to listen to any further details?"

Bertha paused for a moment ere she replied. Her heart sank within her at the idea of hearing any voice dwelling upon the dreadful theme which she had so often prayed in secret and in silence, might be permitted by Heaven to pass from her memory as a dream, and as a delirious dream, she had almost taught herself to believe it.

There was a sort of filial impiety in suffering her mind to rest on the suspicions which the unguarded words of her mother's maid had awakened, that made her feel this effort to forget, or rather to render vague and uncertain, all that occurred on the dreadful night of her mother's death, as an imperious duty; and much of the eagerness with which she pursued every occupation that had power to interest her mind arose from this. But still there lay at the bottom of her heart, though resolutely guarded from every voluntary movement of recollection, a dark and heavy load, which the words of the friendly confessor had removed in a degree that had, comparatively speaking, restored her to happiness; and for a moment she was tempted to say, "No! no! name it not again! It is past, it is gone, it is over! Oh, never let it come to me again!"

But before the words were spoken she remembered how utterly alone she was, how totally beyond the reach of learning any thing that might enable her to decide upon what she ought to do. Her position relative to her father was now completely changed. Not only had she in her recent thoughts accused him of having participated in the horrid crime which had deprived her of a mother, but she fully believed that his hateful paramour was still his companion, and earnestly as she had laboured to drive all such thoughts from her mind, had been living under the torturing conviction that her mother's honoured place was usurped by her murderer. This it was which had made her endure the uncongenial home upon which she had been cast, and the idea that any remonstrance to her aunt against it might lead to her being recalled to Castle Harrington would have sufficed to chain her to it for ever. But now every thing was changed, new duties seemed to arise before her eyes, but before she could take any step towards performing them, it was necessary that she should still learn much which it was possible the revelations of the repentant novice might have disclosed. Almost desperately therefore she resolved to hear all that the kind priest had to say, and again fervently thanking him for his goodness to her, she declared her wish to hear all that he thought it desirable she should know.

"You have decided wisely, my daughter," he replied. "Painful as the theme must be, it is better that you lose not this opportunity of learning facts which probably may have an important influence on your future

conduct. And yet it may not be needful, my dear young lady, that I should repeat to you at length all the disclosures of this unhappy woman. Unhappily you must already be aware that a sinful connexion existed between her and your father. But deeply as this is to be deplored on his account, it is but just to tell you that the guilty confession to which I have been listening clearly proves that all the most appalling features of the crime belonged to Mathilde Labarre. She states that her principal reason for taking the situation of your governess was the knowledge she had obtained of your unfortunate father's propensity to gallantry; that she soon obtained great influence over him, and flattering herself that it was much greater than she afterwards found it, she conceived the horrible scheme of removing your honoured mother, in the hope of being installed as the lawful mistress of the castle in her place. The first movement of your father's mind on learning the dreadful catastrophe was to prevent the disclosure of Miss Labarre's guilt. He might perhaps have been awake, even at that dreadful moment, to the probability that suspicion might fall upon himself. But be this as it may, it is evident that he did all he could, and very skilfully too, to dissipate the suspicions which this sudden death occasioned. In this, it seems, he was quite successful, which, as she truly says, could not have been the case if he had been guilty of the imprudence of immediately parting with her. In a paroxysm of terror that seems to have seized upon her after the fatal catastrophe, she left the castle, but was brought back to it by your father, who enforced her remaining there for some weeks; but nothing, by her own account could be more hostile than the terms on which they lived during this interval. His horror and detestation of the deed she had committed seemed to have rendered her presence a punishment almost proportioned to the sins of which he had been guilty, and she confesses that her first feelings of repentance arose from witnessing the passionate grief with which your father mourned for the wife he had injured and lost. May this repentance avail," added the priest, crossing himself, "but the death of your mother is not the only one that lies upon her soul. The only person whose evidence she had cause to fear was the personal attendant of the unfortunate lady, and to this poor woman she administered repeated doses of a slow but subtle poison which gradually paralysed her limbs, and, ere long, produced her death. I really believe that it is now only for your father's sake that she wishes the whole of this terrible history to be buried in eternal oblivion, and she wished this last atrocious act to be communicated to you, that you may be aware of the importance of any indiscretion on your part, as no disclosure can be feared from any other quarter."

"Even without the promise given, it would be buried safely with me," replied Bertha, solemnly. "But can you tell me, sir, if you gathered from any thing she said the motive of my unhappy father for keeping me thus estranged from my home?"

"Yes, Miss Harrington," answered Father Maurice, "I can answer that question distinctly. Your being sent off in the first instance was the natural result of the overwhelming horror in which he found himself plunged, and from which it was his first object to withdraw you; and I suspect that your not being recalled arises from a want of courage on the part of your father, who dreads to see the child he has rendered motherless by his infidelity, though not by his hand."

"And must we then remain estranged for ever?" said Bertha, mournfully.

"I scarcely perhaps know enough to be a proper adviser," replied the good man, "but it seems to me that you would best perform your duty, young lady, by returning to him. Mademoiselle Labarre stated her belief that one source of the misery in which she saw him plunged arose from the idea that you might implicate him in the fearful crime that has rendered you both so desolate; and if this be so, the power of removing this agonising idea from his mind is reason sufficient to induce you to go to him, without thinking of any other; though there may be many."

"I will go to him," said Bertha, rising with sudden energy, "you are right, good father. I feel it at my heart, and that shall guide me. I have trusted to my poor head hitherto, and now it seems to me as if I had acted very ill. Alas! alas! my father must indeed be wretched! May Heaven pardon me for having judged him wrongly!"

"Atone for it my child by breathing to his ear, and to his alone, the solemn secret of this day's confession. Go then, and may the God who watches over all his creatures with a father's pitying eye, protect and sustain you!"

Once more Bertha uttered an earnest assurance of her deep gratitude, and departed from the church, her carriage and her wondering servants having been long waiting for her at its door.

CHAP. L.

DEEPLY now had Bertha cause to deplore the thoughtless expenses in which she had indulged herself since her arrival at Rome. Bronze copies after the antique, if they are in a good style of workmanship, cost a good deal, and so, too, do mosaics, and well-cut intaglio imitations of first-rate gems; and in all these little gauds and toys she had indulged herself so freely, that the second remittance of her increased allowance was so nearly gone, as to leave her with very little more than sufficient to pay for her carriage and servants for the current months.

Had she possessed the means of paying for her journey she would have set off the very hour her accomplished Luigi could have obtained her a passport and so forth *en règle*, but this was now impossible, and notwithstanding the inexpressible consolation afforded by the information she had received, she felt a miserable restlessness from her enforced continuance at Rome, which made her look forward either to the arrival of her cousin or of her next remittance with feverish impatience. She felt, indeed, that she should find some difficulty in explaining to Vincent the cause of her sudden determination to return. The impossibility of her doing so having been again and again the theme of lamentation in her conversations with him. But this was nothing compared to the agony of being thus kept from atoning for her involuntary fault, and of bestowing on her suffering and contrite father the best, perhaps the only consolation the world had left for him. Her increased allowance had hitherto been carelessly received, and without inspiring the slightest sensation of gratitude. But now she seemed to feel that her unhappy parent did all he dared to do towards contributing to her comfort, and proving that his thoughts were with her. But Vincent came not, and two months had still to wear themselves away before she could act upon the resolution she had taken.

* * * * *

Perhaps it may be said of adventures as of sorrows. When they come,

They come not single spies, but in battalions.

Plots were certainly thickening round Bertha, nor were the Roberts family beyond the reach of rather startling vicissitudes.

* * * * *

"I give you notice, ma'am," said Mr. Edward Roberts, rushing into his mother's bed-room in rather an unceremonious style, "I give you fair notice that preaching won't do for me now, so don't try, if you please. I don't suppose you have the power, have you, of accommodating me with three hundred pounds?"

"Three hundred fiddle-sticks, Edward! What joke are you upon now?" returned his mother, who was in excellent spirits, having just received an invitation to an ambassadorial ball.

"Joke, mother? You will find soon enough that it is no joke, I promise you. I have lost bets to the amount of three hundred pounds; and it is no good for me to give my I. O. U. for them, unless I am sure of being able to take them up. Can you, or can you not, get this money for me?"

"Most certainly, Edward, I cannot," replied his mother, in considerable agitation. "Your poor father is, no doubt, getting more twaddling and imbecile every day. But this would rouse him to fresh life and opposition, you may depend upon it. We should not only fail of getting such a sum as that, but take my word for it we should have him getting troublesome again about every shilling we wanted."

"Then my last race is run, mother!" replied her son. "I must shoot myself."

"Nonsense, Edward! How can you be so wicked as to try to frighten me by talking such *rodamontade*? I don't see any thing at all just at present that can justify us in being out of spirits. Only see the fuss that Theresa Yabiolporakiosky makes with Agatha! I am quite sure she might go and live with her any day. And as to Maria, who really grows handsomer every day, I will ask you to tell me who there is in Rome that Prince Frederigo Paulovino appears to care about excepting herself? It is impossible not to see it. The thing is as clear as light. Can you deny this, Edward?"

"Oh! dear no, ma'am. The thing is very evident indeed—only you know the prince is unfortunately married, and therefore there is no hope from that quarter that our beauty should be transmogrified into La Princesse Maria. This is unlucky, you see."

"Not at all unlucky. You really speak as if you had left England and your leading-strings yesterday. I never said that I expected to see her made Princess Maria Paulovino. I am not so wicked as to wish for any one's death. But it is her success I am talking of—the high fashion that you must perceive she is in, if you are not turned blind with your odious betting. It is *that* I am talking of, Edward, and it is *that* which I am alluding to when I say that her prospects are good."

"Well, mother, so much the better for her," returned the young man. "But if you know what's what, enough to understand the sort of condition I am in at present, you would not think my prospects very good, I promise you. So I will beg you to stop short, ma'am, if you please, in

your crowings about your daughters, and recollect that you are now, perhaps, looking at your son for the last time."

"How very silly it is of you, Edward, to try to bully me in this way by threatening to blow your brains out. How can you think I am such a goose as to believe you," returned his mother, with a tone and manner which proved she had profitted a good deal by past experience. "Perhaps it will do you good to hear that we are invited to the ball that people were talking of last night at the — ambassador's?"

But Mrs. Roberts was considerably alarmed when she saw the lips of her handsome son become suddenly white, while he stamped his foot vehemently on the floor as he replied, "By Heaven, madam, this is no laughing matter. The man I owe the money to is Prince Frederigo; and if you have a grain of common sense left, you may guess without my telling you the sort of reception I should be likely to meet at the ball you talk of, if I appear there with my bets unpaid. It is very likely you may enjoy the satisfaction of seeing Maria in the very tenderest of all possible flirtations on one side, and Miss Agatha on the arm of her princess on the other, showing her admirable tact by not hearing a word of what is murmured from a moustache into her highness's off ear. All this is very likely, and may, as you say, promise well. But you will see ME looked at from head to foot by the high mightiness who is making love to my sister, in a style that will be perfectly well understood by the knowing ones to mean, 'I intend to kick you, young sir, at the first convenient opportunity.' And kick me he will, ma'am, you may depend upon it, notwithstanding his tender passion for my sister."

It is always, or almost always, easy to see when a man is in earnest, and Mrs. Roberts plainly saw that her son was in earnest now. She did not indeed believe that he had any very serious thoughts of shooting himself, but she saw plainly enough that the high place in society, of which she had just been boasting, must inevitably be endangered if her son exposed himself to such a meeting as he described. Instead of replying to him in the same light tone she had used before, she remained for some moments silent, and when at length she spoke, it was in a manner that showed she was quite as much in earnest as himself.

"I doubt, Edward," said she, "if you are at all aware of the great difficulties, nay, it may be the utter ruin, in which your unthinking folly is likely to plunge us. If you think, my son, that you and your sisters can be taken from a small faded house in Baker-street, where we thought ourselves lucky if we could catch the wife of a knight, that we might delight our ears by the sound of 'her ladyship,' if you think that you can all be taken from such a home as that, and thrown into the greatest intimacy with princes and dukes, princesses and duchesses, without some difficulty, you are mistaken. I have done a good deal for you all (and this I believe nobody will deny) in contriving to do this with no greater expense in the way of lodgings than what we pay here. Nobody can say that I have ever indulged my pride by inviting a single creature to visit us here, except just leaving cards in a morning. Have I spent a single farthing upon giving any one even a cup of tea? Have I not managed to get you all received night after night into all the finest drawing-rooms in Rome, without ever dreaming of giving any parties in return? Who is there, then, that can reproach me with extravagance or bad management? But yet, Edward, all this cannot be done for no-

thing—you know it can't—you know what your own dress has cost, and you may guess, then, mine and your sisters cannot have been a great deal less. This and the carriage, and the being obliged to have something like a regular dinner every day on account of Miss Harrington, has obliged me to push your father to the very utmost for money. And to tell you the truth at once, Edward, I don't think he has lost his faculties enough, though he does, poor man, drink brandy-and-water every night, to make him draw a check for three hundred pound more of capital, without more fuss and difficulty than I know how to stand; therefore, if you please, you must ask him for the money yourself."

Her son who, during the whole of this long speech, had sat with his arms on the table, and his face resting upon them, now looked up with a desperate sort of wildness in his eyes that certainly did frighten his mother considerably, and when he spoke, there was nothing either in his words or manner to comfort her.

"This is your answer, ma'am, is it?" he said, with a sort of unnatural quietness. "Then I will wish you good morning," and he rose from his seat as he spoke.

"Stay, Edward," said she, laying her hand on his arm, and almost forcing him to sit down again. "Stay, my dear boy. I have told you nothing but the truth as to the hopelessness of getting such a sum of money from your father just at present, without such a scene as it would be much better to avoid. But that is no reason why you should leave me in this way, without a word of consultation upon any other way of getting out of the scrape."

"Consultation! Words won't pay debts, ma'am. I hate talking when no good can come of it," said the young man, gloomily.

"But good may come of it, Edward," she replied. "Do tell me," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, "do tell me, *when* do you propose to put your plan in execution about marrying Bertha? You have not given it up, have you?"

"What has that to do with what we are now talking about? If I marry the girl to-day, can she give me three hundred pounds to-morrow?" replied the young man, impatiently.

"I don't know about to-morrow—but it would not be very long first, depend upon it. Besides, Edward, if you would but leave off frowning so savagely, and let us set our wits to work together as to how things might be managed, I think it is very likely we might hit upon something or other that might help to get you through your difficulties, great, as I must say, you have managed to make them."

"I will not be reproached, ma'am," said her son, with a good deal of vehemence. "*That* I will not bear, and it is as well to tell you so at once."

"I don't mean to reproach you, my dear boy. I vow and declare that I had no such idea in my thoughts. Quite the contrary, Edward. What I was thinking of, my dear, was this. I know all about debts of honour, remember, and that they must always be paid almost directly, and all that, but yet I think that with your cleverness, and my cleverness to help you, something might be done to gain a little time—only a very little, remember."

"Impossible, ma'am! Don't delude yourself with any such nonsense."

"Well! but only just hear me, Edward. Of course, my dear, you must not attempt to pass it over, even for a day, as if you had forgotten it. I know all that just as well as you do," said Mrs. Roberts, nodding her head with a satisfactory degree of intelligence. "On the contrary, Edward, I would not have you lose an hour, or hardly a moment, excepting to hear what I have got to say before you go to Prince Frederigo. If you don't find him at home, leave your card with a message, or a little scrap of paper that you can have ready written, which would show at once that you have no intention of behaving unhandsomely; and the message should be to say that you greatly wish to have the honour, or pleasure, whichever you like best, of seeing him for a few minutes. And then you may be very sure that he would send for you; and when you do get at him, you must not look as frightened and as miserable as you do now, but you must have rather a gay, but at the same time a confidential air, and tell him that though you should never, under other circumstances, have thought of troubling him with your private affairs, yet that you trust he will favour you with his attention for five minutes. And then, Edward, you ought to look very happy and very triumphant, and go on to tell him that though the trifle you have lost to him—be sure you say trifle, Edward—that though the trifle you have lost to him would have been of no great consequence at any other time, it was very inconvenient at this moment, because—and here you should laugh, and hesitate a little—because you were this very night to elope with the loveliest girl in the world, whose father, a man of very high rank and enormous fortune, opposed your happiness because you could not, during the lifetime of your father, come forward with an income equal to her own. You should then add, in a gay, laughing, coaxing sort of way, that you hope and trust he will give us a day or two for the redeeming your I. O. U., as you cannot pay it immediately without dipping so deeply into your travelling purse as to render the elopement impossible. Because of course you cannot apply to your father and mother, who would not consent to such a thing for the world."

Something like a smile took place of the portentous frown with which the young man had hitherto listened to his mother.

"Upon my word, ma'am, you seem to have considerable talent in the romancing line," said he; "and I won't deny that such a statement might be made in the tone you describe, without giving the prince any reason to suspect that I was a swindler. But be so good as to tell me what is to come next? Because this confidential statement, you know, will not do above once. Do you think it will?"

"No, certainly, Edward," replied his mother, laughing, "I do not think it, nor do I intend that you should try. Only get him to give you a little law, and the rest will be all plain sailing."

"Plain sailing? What can you mean, ma'am? Are we all to sail away from Rome? Is that your project?"

"No, not all, Edward—only you and your wife."

"My wife? Do you mean that I am to get married to that odious Bertha within the next twenty-four hours?" exclaimed the youth, the awful frown again taking possession of his features.

"There is no use in trying to look fierce about it, Edward. I am sure I have let you go on your own way very patiently, and had really made up my mind to wait your own time about it. And now it is you, and

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not I, who have made it necessary for you to marry her immediately. If the prince gives you leave and licence to set off on this expedition, and even if there were no Maria in the case, I don't think he could refuse—but if he does give leave, he must know as well as you do, that the thing cannot be done in a moment. You must get out of the way of pursuit—nay, I am by no means sure that you must not go all the way to Scotland before you can get married. But when you are once the girl's husband, you may depend upon it Sir Christopher won't let your name be posted for the sake of saving three hundred pounds. What do you think of it, Edward? Can you suggest any thing better?"

"No, ma'am, I don't think I can—that is, if you really think it impossible to make my father give me the money. I should like that a great deal better," he replied.

"I tell you it is impossible," said his mother, frowning in her turn; "but you may try, if you please—you may go to him this moment, if you like it, and try what you can do."

"Not I, ma'am, I promise you, I have no taste for that sort of thing. But by the way, mother, will you be so obliging as to tell me how I am to set off with Miss Bertha on a journey to Scotland without any money? Do you keep a little hoard, ma'am, always ready for the purpose?" demanded the youth.

"No, indeed, Edward," she replied, "Heaven knows I have not twenty pounds at my command, if my life depended upon it, and we have already got milliners' bills here that were perfectly unavoidable, but not the more easily paid, for all that. However, if I am not greatly mistaken, your good father has still got his wits enough about him to give us a check for this, if he never gives us another. I have never plagued you about it, but he has asked me over and over again when I thought it was likely to happen."

Edward drew forth a sigh of great length and depth.

● Well then, I suppose," said he, "that I must really submit, and swallow the gilded pill. Oh, heavens, how I shall hate her! And the poor dear Countess Tornorino!—it will give her a dreadful pang, I know. You must promise that you and the girls will be most particularly civil and attentive to her; and tell Agatha not to be rude to the tiresome husband, though I know she hates his love and his waltzing, as much as I adore both in his wife. But I shall like to find you all great friends when I come back."

"Very well, my dear, we will promise to do every thing you wish in that way," replied his mother, delighted to have brought him at last to do what she had often feared would be too long delayed. "I will go to your father directly, and get what I think will be sufficient for the purpose; he will be ready enough to give it, I'll answer for him. Poor man! he often says it is the best stake we have yet to play for, but I won't allow that yet—I wish Lynberry would come on to Rome at once—he never saw Maria looking as she does now. But we must not stay gossiping, Edward, you must go your way, and I must go mine, and may success attend us both."

THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N. :

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Sail for Liverpool in the Sally and Kitty—Fall in with a Gale—Boy Overboard—Nearly Drowned in Attempting to Save Him—See the Owners at Liverpool—Embark in the Dalrymple for the Coast of Africa—Arrive off Senegal.

A GREAT deal of prize money being due to us, I called upon the agent at Port Royal to obtain an advance. I found him in a puzzle. Owing to the death of Captain Weatherall and so many of the officers, he hardly knew whether those who applied to him were entitled to prize money or not. Whether he thought I appeared more honest than the others, or from what cause I know not, but he requested me, as I knew every thing that had passed, to remain with him for a short time, and finding that I could read and write, he obtained from me correct lists of the privateer's crew, with those who were killed, and on what occasion. All this I was able to give him, as well as the ratings of the parties; for on more than one occasion the privateer's-men had come to him representing themselves as the petty officers, when they were only common seamen on board, and had in consequence received from him a larger advance than they were entitled to. As soon as his accounts were pretty well made up, he asked me whether I intended to go to England, as if so, he would send me home with all the papers and documents to the owners at Liverpool, who would require my assistance to arrange the accounts; and as I had had quite enough of privateering for a time, I consented to go. About two months after leaving the hospital, during which I had passed a very pleasant time, and quite recovered from my wounds and injuries, I sailed for Liverpool in the Sally and Kitty West-Indiaman, commanded by Captain Clarke, a very violent man.

We had not sailed twelve hours before we fell in with a gale, which lasted several days, and we kept under close-reef-topsails and storm-staysails. The gale lasting a week, raised a mountainous swell, but it was very long and regular. On the seventh day the wind abated, but the swell continued, and at evening there was very little wind, when a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost me my life, as the reader will acknowledge when I relate the story to him. During the dog-watch between six and eight, some hands being employed in the foretop, the other watch below at supper, and the captain and all the officers in the cabin, I being at the helm, heard a voice apparently rising out of the sea, calling me by name. Surprised, I ran to the side of the ship, and saw a youth named Richard Pallant in the water going astern. He had fallen out of the forechains, and knowing that I was at the helm, had shouted to me for help. I immediately called all hands, crying a man overboard. The captain hastened on deck with all the others, and ordered the helm a-lee. The ship went about, and then fell round off, driving fast before the swell, till at last we brought her to.

The captain, although a resolute man, was much confused and perplexed at the boy's danger—for his friends were people of property at Ipswich, and had confided the boy to his particular care. He ran backwards and forwards, crying that the boy must perish, as the swell was so high that he dared not send a boat, for the boat could not live in such a sea, and if the boat were lost with the crew, there would not be hands enow left on board to take the vessel home. As the youth was not a hundred yards from the vessel, I stated the possibility of swimming to him with the deep-sea line, which would be strong enough to haul both him and the man who swam to him on board. Captain Clarke, in a great rage, swore that it was impossible, and asked me who the devil would go. Piqued at his answer, and anxious to preserve the life of the youth, I offered to try it myself. I stripped, and making the line fast round my body, plunged from the ship's side into the sea. It was a new deep-sea line, and stiff in the coil, so that not drawing close round me, it slipped, and I swam through it, but catching it as it slipped over my feet, I made it secure by putting my head and one arm through the noose. I swam direct for the boy, and found that I swam with ease, owing to the strength and buoyant nature of the water in those latitudes. I had not swam more than half-way before the line got foul on the coil on board, and checking me suddenly, it pulled me backwards and under water. I recovered myself, and struck out again. During this time, to clear the line on board, they had cut some of the entangled parts, and in the confusion and hurry, severed the wrong part, so that the end went overboard, and I had half the coil of line hanging to me, and at the same time was adrift from the ship. They immediately hailed me to return, but from the booming of the waves I could not hear what they said, and thought that they were encouraging me to proceed. I shouted in return to show the confidence which I had in myself. I easily mounted the waves as they breasted me, but still I made my way very slowly against such a swell, and saw the boy only at intervals when I was on the top of the wave. He could swim very little, and did not make for the ship, but with his eyes fixed upon the sky, paddled like a dog to keep himself above water. I now began to feel the weight of the line upon me, and to fear that I should never hold out. I began to repent of my rashness, and thought I had only sacrificed myself without any chance of saving him. I persevered, nevertheless, and having, as I guessed, come to the spot where the boy was, I looked round, and not seeing him, was afraid that he had gone down, but on mounting the next wave, I saw him in the hollow, struggling hard to keep above water, and almost spent with his long exertion.

I swam down to him, and hailing him, found he was still sensible, but utterly exhausted. I desired him to hold on by my hand, but not to touch my body, as we should both sink. He promised to obey me, and I held out my right-hand to him, and made a signal for them to haul in on board, for I had no idea that the line had been cut. I was frightened when I perceived the distance that the ship was from me—at least a quarter of a mile. I knew that the deep-sea line was but a hundred fathoms in length, and therefore that I must be adrift, and my heart sunk within me. All the horrors of my situation came upon me, and I felt that I was lost; but although death appeared inevitable, I still struggled for life—but the rope now weighed me down more and more. While swimming

forward it trailed behind, and although it impeded my way, I did not feel half its weight. Now, however, that I was stationary, it sank deep, and pulled me down with it. The waves, too, which, while I breasted them and saw them approach, I easily rose over, being now behind us, broke over our heads, burying us under them, or rolling us over by their force.

I tried to disengage myself from the line, but the noose being jammed, and having the boy in one hand, I could not possibly effect it. But what gave me courage in my difficulties was, that I perceived that the people on board were getting out the boat; for although the captain would not run the risk for one person, now that two were overboard, and one of them risking his life to save the other, the men insisted that the boat should be hoisted out. It was an anxious time to me, but at last I had the satisfaction of seeing her clear of the ship, and pulling round her bow. The danger was, however, considered so great, that when they came to man the boat, only three men could be found who would go in her, and in the confusion they came away with but two oars and no rudder. Under these disadvantages they of course pulled very slowly against a mountainous sea, as they were obliged to steer with the oars to meet it, that the boat might not be swamped. But the sight of the boat was sufficient to keep me up. My exertions were certainly incredible; but what will not a man do when in fear of death. As it approached—slowly and slowly did my powers decrease. I was now often under water with the boy, and rose again to fresh exertion, when at last a crested wave broke over us, and down we went several feet under the water. The force of the sea drove the boy against me, and he seized me by the loins with my head downwards. I struggled to disengage myself! It was impossible. I gave myself up for lost—and what a crowd of thoughts, and memories passed through my brain in a few moments, for it could not have been longer. At last, being head downwards, I dived deeper, although I was bursting from so long holding my breath under water.

This had the desired effect. Finding me sinking instead of rising with him, the boy let go his hold that he might gain the surface. I turned and followed him, and drew breath once more. Another moment had sealed our fates. I no longer thought of saving the boy, but struck out for the boat which was now near to me. Perceiving this, the boy cried out to me for pity's sake not to leave him. I felt myself so far recovered from my exhaustion, that I thought I could save him as well as myself, and compassion induced me to turn back. I again gave him my hand, charging him on his life not to attempt to grapple with me, and again resumed the arduous struggle of keeping him as well as myself above water. My strength was nearly gone, the boat approached but slowly, and we now sunk constantly under the water, rising every few seconds to draw breath. Merciful God! how slow appeared the approach of the boat. Struggle after struggle—fainter and fainter still—still I floated. At last my senses almost left me. I took in water in quantities. I felt I was in green fields, when I was seized by the men and thrown into the bottom of the boat, where I laid senseless alongside of the boy. There was great danger and difficulty in getting again to the ship. More than once the boat was half filled by the following seas, and when they gained the ship it was impossible to get us out,

as had they approached the side, the boat would have been dashed to atoms. They lowered the tackles from the yard-arms. The three men clambered up them, leaving us to take our chance of the boat being got in, or her being stove to pieces, in which latter case, we should have been lost. They did get us in with great damage to the boat, but we were saved. The line was still round me, and it was found that I had been supporting the weight of seventy yards. So sore was I with such exertion, that I kept my hammock for many days, during which I reviewed my past life, and vowed amendment.

We arrived at Liverpool without any further adventure worth recording, and I immediately called upon the owners with the papers intrusted to me. I gave them all the information they required, and they asked me whether I should like to return to privateering, or to go as mate of a vessel bound to the coast of Africa. I inquired what her destination was to be, and as I found that she was to go to Senegal for ivory, wax, gold dust, and other articles in exchange for English prints and cutlery, I consented. I mention this, as had she been employed in the slave trade, as most of the vessels from Liverpool were, I would not have joined her. A few days afterwards I went on board of the Dalrymple, Captain Jones, as mate of the vessel, and we had a very quick passage to Senegal, and brought to an anchor off the bar.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

In Crossing the Bar at Senegal the Boat is Upset by a Tornado—We Escape being Devoured by Sharks only to be Captured by the Natives—Are taken into the Interior of the Country, and brought before the Negro King, from whose Wrath we are saved by the Intercession of his female Attendants.

A day or two after we had arrived, the master of another vessel that was at anchor near us came on board and borrowed our long-boat and some hands that he might go in it to Senegal. The captain, who was an old friend of the party who made the request, agreed to lend it to him, and as accidents are very frequent with boats crossing the bar, on account of the heavy breakers, the best swimmers were selected for the purpose, and the charge of the boat was given to me. We set off, five men rowing and I at the helm. When we approached the bar a tornado, which had been for some time threatening, came upon us. The impetuosity of these blasts is to be matched in no part of the world, and as it came at once in its full force we endeavoured, by putting the boat before it, to escape its fury. This compelled us to run to the southward along the coast. We managed to keep the boat up for a long while, and hoped to have weathered it, when, being on the bar, and on broken water, a large wave curled over us, filled the boat, and it went down in an instant.

Our only chance now was to reach the shore by swimming, but it was at a distance, with broken water the whole way; and our great terror was from the sharks, which abound on the coast and are extremely ravenous—nor were we without reason for our alarm. Scarcely had the boat gone down, and we were all stretching out for the shore, when one of our men shrieked, having been seized by the sharks, and instantly torn to pieces. His blood stained the water all around, and this attracting all

the sharks proved the means of our escape. Never shall I forget the horrible sensation which I felt as I struggled through the broken water, expecting every minute a limb to be taken off by one of these voracious animals. If one foot touched the other my heart sank, thinking it was the nose of a shark, and that his bite would immediately follow. Agonised with these terrors we struggled on—now a large wave curling over us and burying us under water, or now forced by the waves towards the beach, rolling over and over. So battered were we by the surf, that we dived under the waves to escape the blows which we received, and then rose and struck out again. At last, worn out with exertion, we gained the land, but our toil was not over.

The beach was of a sand so light that it crumbled beneath us, and at the return of the wave which threw us on shore we were dragged back again, and buried in sand and water. We rose to renew our endeavours, but several times without success for we could not obtain a firm footing. At last the Negroes, who had witnessed our accident, and who now came down in great numbers on the beach, laid hold of us as the sea threw us up, and dragged us beyond the reach of the waves. Worn out with fatigue we laid on the sand, waiting to ascertain what the savages would do with us; they were not long in letting us know, for they soon began to strip us of every article of clothing on our backs. One of our men attempted to resist, upon which a Negro drove a spear through his thigh.

Having divided our apparel, after some consultation, they tied our hands, and placing us in the midst of a large force, armed with spears, and bows and arrows, they went off with us for the inland part of the country. We set off with heavy hearts; taking, as we thought, a last farewell of the ocean, and going forwards in great apprehension of the fate that awaited us. The sand was very deep, and the heat of the sun excessive us, for it was then about noon. Without any garments, we were soon scorched and blistered all over, and in intolerable anguish, as well as fatigued; but the Negroes compelled us to move on, goading us with their spears if we slackened our pace, and threatening to run us through if we made a halt. We longed for the night, as it would afford a temporary relief to our sufferings. It came at last, and then the Negroes collected wood and lighted a fire to keep off the wild beasts, lying round it in a circle, and placing us in the midst of them. We hoped to have some rest after what we had gone through, but it was impossible—the night proved even worse than the day. The mosquitoes came down upon us in such swarms, and their bites were so intolerable that we were almost frantic. Our hands being tied, we could not beat them off, and we rolled over and over to get rid of them. This made matters worse, for our whole bodies being covered with raised blisters from the rays of the sun, our rolling over and over broke the blisters, and the sand getting into the wounds, added to the bites of the mosquitoes, made our sufferings intolerable. We had before prayed for night, we now prayed for day. Some prayed for death.

When the sun rose, we set off again, our conductors utterly disregarding our anguish, and goading us on as before. In the forenoon we arrived at a village, where our guards refreshed themselves; a very small quantity of boiled corn was given to each of us, and we continued our journey, passing by several small towns, consisting as they all do in that

country, of huts built of reeds, round in form, and gathered to a point at top. This day was the same as the preceding. We were pricked with spears if we stumbled or lagged, threatened with death if we had not strength to go on. The evening again arrived at last, and the fires were lighted. The fires were much larger than before, I presume, because the wild beasts were more numerous, for we heard them howling in every direction round us, which we had not done on the night before. The mosquitoes did not annoy us so much, and we obtained some intervals of broken rest. At daylight we resumed our journey, as near as we could judge by the sun, in a more easterly direction.

During the two first days we were badly received by the inhabitants of the towns, whose people had been kidnapped so often for the slave trade, and they hated the sight of our white faces, for they presumed that we had come for that purpose, but as we advanced in the interior, we were better treated, and the natives looked upon us with surprise and wonder, considering us as a new race of beings. Some of the women seeing how utterly exhausted we were with fatigue and hunger, looked with compassion on us, and brought us plenty of boiled corn and goats' milk to drink. This refreshed us greatly, and we continued our journey in anxious expectation of the fate for which we were reserved.

On crossing a small river, which appeared to be the boundary of two different states, a multitude of Negroes approached, and seemed disposed to take us from our present masters, but after a conference, they agreed among themselves, and a party of them joined with those who had previously conducted us. We soon came to the edge of a desert, and there we halted till the Negroes had filled several calabashes and gourds full of water, and collected a quantity of boiled corn. As soon as this was done, we set off again and entered the desert. We were astonished and terrified when we looked around us, not a single vestige of herbage, not a blade of grass was to be seen—all was one wild waste of barren sand, so light as to rise in clouds at the least wind, and we sank so deep in walking through it, that at last we could hardly drag one foot after the other. But we were repaid for our fatigue, for when we halted at night, no fires were lighted, and to our great delight we found that there were no mosquitoes to annoy us. We fell into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning, and were much refreshed, indeed, so much so as to enable us to pursue our journey with alacrity.

In our passage over the desert we saw numbers of elephants' teeth, but no animals. How the teeth came there, unless it was that the elephants were lost in attempting to cross the desert, I cannot pretend to say. Before we had crossed the desert, our water was expended, and we suffered dreadfully from thirst, walking as we did during the whole day under a vertical sun. The night was equally painful, as we were so tortured with the want of water; but on the following day, when our strength was nearly exhausted, and we were debating whether we should not lie down and allow the spears of our conductors to put an end to our miseries, we came to the banks of a river which the Negroes had evidently been anxiously looking for. Here we drank plentifully, and remained all the day to recruit ourselves, for the Negroes were almost as exhausted as we were. The next morning we crossed the river, and plunged into a deep wood; the ground being high, the mosquitoes did not annoy us so much as they did down on the low marshy land near the sea-coast. During our tra-

verse through the wood, we subsisted solely upon the birds and animals which the Negroes killed with their bows and arrows.

When we had forced our way through the forest, we found the country, as before, interspersed with wicker villages or small hamlets at a few miles' distance from each other. Round each village there were small patches of Guinea corn, and we frequently came to clusters of huts which had been deserted. Between the sea coast and the desert we had traversed we observed that many of the inhabitants had European fire-arms, but now the only weapons to be seen were spears and bows and arrows. As we advanced we were surrounded at every village by the natives, who looked upon us with surprise and astonishment, examining us and evidently considering us a new species. One morning we arrived at a very large Negro town, and as we approached, our guards began to swell with pride and exultation, and drove us before them among the crowds of inhabitants, singing songs of triumph and brandishing their weapons. Having been driven through a great part of the town we arrived at a number of huts separated by a high palisade from the rest, and appropriated, as we afterwards found, to the use of the king of the country, his wives and attendants. Here we waited outside some time while our guards went in and acquainted this royal personage with the present which they had brought for him.

We had reason to think that our captors were not his subjects, but had been at variance with him and had brought us as a present that they might make peace with an enemy too strong for them. We were at last ordered to go inside the enclosure, and found ourselves in a large open building, constructed like the others of reeds and boughs. In the centre was squatted a most ferocious-looking old Negro, attended by four young Negro women. He was rawboned, and lean, and of a very large frame. A diabolical ferocity was imprinted on his grim countenance, and as he moved his arms and legs he showed that under his loose skin there was a muscle of extraordinary power. I never had before seen such a living type of brutal strength and barbarity. On a mat before him were provisions of different kinds. Behind him stood several grim savages who held his weapons, and on each side at a greater distance were rows of negroes, with their heads bent down and their arms crossed, awaiting his orders. The chief or king, as well as the four women, had clothes of the blue cotton cloth of the country, that is one piece wrapped round the loins and descending to the ankles, and another worn over their shoulders, but with few exceptions all the rest, as well as the inhabitants generally, were stark naked. So were we, as the reader may recollect. Round the necks of the women were rows of gold beads, longer by degrees, until the last of the rows hung lower than their bosoms, and both the king and they had large bracelets of gold round their arms, wrists, and legs. The women, who were young and well-looking, stared at us with eager astonishment, while the old king scowled upon us so as to freeze our blood. At last, rising from the ground, he took his sabre from the man behind him who held it, and walked up among us, who, with our heads bowed and breathless with fear, awaited our impending fate. I happened to be standing the foremost, and grasping my arm with a gripe which made my heart sink, with his hand which held the sword he bent down my head still lower than it was. I made sure that he was about to cut off my head, when the women, who had risen from the ground, ran crowd-

ing round him, and with mingled entreaties and caresses strove to induce him not to put his intentions, if such he really had, into execution. They prevailed at last; the youngest took away his sword, and then they led him back to his seat, after which the women came to us to gratify their curiosity. They felt our arms and breasts, putting innumerable questions to those who brought us thither. They appeared very much amazed at the length of my hair, for I had worn it tied in a long cue. Taking hold of it they gave it two or three severe pulls, to ascertain if it really grew to my head, and finding that it did, so, they expressed much wonder. When their curiosity was satisfied, they then appeared to consider our condition, and having obtained the old king's permission, they brought us a calabash full of *cush-cush*, that is Guinea corn boiled into a thick paste. Our hands being still tied, we could only by shaking our heads express our inability to profit by their kindness. Understanding what we meant, they immediately cut our thongs, and the youngest of the four perceiving that my arms were benumbed from having been confined so many days, and that I could not use them, showed the most lively commiseration for my sufferings. She gently chafed my wrists with her hands, and showed every sign of pity in her countenance, as indeed did all the other three. But I was by far the youngest of the whole party who had been captured, and seemed most to excite their pity and good will. Shortly afterwards we were all taken into an adjoining tent or hut, and our bodies were rubbed all over with an oil which after a few days application left us perfectly healed, and as smooth as silk. So altered was our condition that those very people who had guarded us with their spears and threatened us with death, were now ordered to wait upon us, and as the king's girls frequently came to see how we were treated, we were served with the utmost humility and attention.

D A N T E.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

"FAINT not, nor tremble on thy high career!"
The guardian genius of his spirit said.
"Stay not thy course though pealing round thy head
The heavens let loose their elements of fear—
The firm earth shake—shed thou no mortal tear:
But like some tower fix'd on its rocky bed,
Scorning the tempests round its summit spread,
Meet thou the storms of fate and peril here.
Let the world smile or frown—be thou the same,
And wrap thee in thy spirit's sanctity.
From life's low paths, and man's vain converse flee,
And walk as one returning whence he came—
Whom other thoughts and nobler cares employ
Than all he sees around—earth's mockery."

LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XVI.

CAPTAIN CALLAGHAN RELATES HIS MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES.

"Did ye know Dick Donovan, of Knockcroghery?" inquired Captain Callaghan.

I expressed sorrow at not having the honour of that gentleman's acquaintance.

"Then I'll tell you," continued Peter, "a mighty sensible remark of his. When Dick ran away with a widow from the Bath boarding-house, where the devil did he head with the bride but to his father's. Well, the sheriff had as many executions against the ould fellow as would have papered the parlour, and as the wedding-party arrived late in the evening, it was some time before they would be let in. Well, while the bride was brushing up a little after her journey, Dick and his father came to an understanding.

"By the Lord!" says ould Donovan, 'you're a broth of a boy, Dick! and ye say the money's right?"

"As a trivet," says Dick.

"She seems," says ould Donovan, 'a dacent, sober kind of woman. She's past mark of mouth I persave, but that's no great matter if the money's ready.'

"She's no chicken, I allow," replied Dick, 'but then she's the more prudent for that, and ten thousand *arra-gud-shish** I suppose must make up for the loss of a tooth or two.'

"Give me your fist," says ould Donovan. '*Mona-sin-diaoul!* but ye have put us all upon our pegs again, and before the week's out we'll be able to open the hall-door again. But, Dick, dear, as she hobbled from the post-shay I saw that she was amiss in the off-leg. Is she regularly spavined, or has she only thrown out a curb?"

"If God's truth must be told," says Dick, 'the creature's dead lame.'

"Oh! murder," says ould Donovan, 'and did ye get no engagement with her!'

"Engagement!" returned Dick. 'By my conscience, father dear, I was too happy to get a grip of her. The day that young Mistress Donovan bestowed her vargin hand upon me, I was not the proprietor of a *schultogue*.'†

"Well, then, Dick dear, if she does go short, why in the Lord's name we must put up with it."

* Ready money.

† *Schultogue*—Anglice, a rap.

"Go short!" says Dick. "Arrah, father, from the way ye talk one would suppose that men married wives to run races with them!"

"Now," added Captain Callaghan, "that was what I call a sensible observation."

I agreed with the gallant captain that the younger Mr. Donovan's opinions regarding matrimony were incontrovertible. A masonic sign, accompanied by the usual whistle, had produced for Mister Callaghan a relay of *sangaree*. My "withers being unwrung," or, rather, my copper not being over-heated, I declined to follow the captain's example, and when he had finished number two, Peter intimated that we must separate.

"I must be off, Harry, to make pace with the little woman in time. Between the play and the Cyder Cellar, and getting into a shindy in the Strand, and into the station-house afterwards—and feudin' and proving this morning—and compromising for a waiter's black eye, and buying off a cabman—and gettin' bail—and one business after the other—devil a one of me was at home last night, good nor bad. But be sure to come at six. Mind, six sharp, for Mrs. C. is rather particular, and by that time all will be right, and ye'll find us like a pair of turtles. If mention should be made accidentally of being out three nights—"

"Three!" I exclaimed. "Peter, Peter! Do you ever think of your poor sowl?"

"Asy, asy," returned the captain, "arrah! could I lave three soft lads like Jack Blake, Pat Boylan, and Frank Haggarty, to the mercy of a wicked world? They came, the creatures, just for a fortnight, to see life—but by gogstey! they could only manage the nine days—for the money failed. Well, I have nothing on my conscience to reproach myself with. In the short space, the devil a three boys ever saw more of the town. Sorra crook or cranny, from Pimlico palace to the back of Tower-hill, but they had a twist through. During their visit there was no time lost to be sure. They were only regularly in bed, that's with their clothes off, a couple of nights, but when we were rowling about they now and then took a sleep in the omnibus. I hope Pat Boylan's eye will be right before he gets home, for a peeper in mourning ye know would look odd in a man returning from a party of pleasure. Faith he got an ugly clip the second night we were meandering over town, at a free-and-asy in St. Giles's, but next morning I brought him to a place off the Haymarket, where he got his eye settled to perfection. I forget the man's name—he lives three doors from a barber, and search London over there's not his equal for painting out a black eye. Isn't it well for a man to know where he can head to safely if he meets with a misfortune, and come away with the natural colour on his face, done so beautiful, that the devil a Christian would suspect that he had ever been in trouble. But as I was saying before, if Mistress C. should make any remark about my being out a night or two, put it off as well as you can, and say it's the custom of the country. Don't be later than six, and mind the number. You can't mistake the house—it's within a stone's throw of Madame Tussaud's, where ye'll see a dozen murderers in their real clothes for a shilling. Mind, it's sharp six."

So said Mister Callaghan. As we parted I overheard an equivocal aspiration—it seemed to be a sigh, which, however, Peter contrived to

convert into a whisper. I might wrong the courage of the captain, but shrewdly suspect that with all the modest assurance of a bashful Irishman, he was in mortal terror, had pride allowed him to acknowledge it, of a conjugal *tête-à-tête* with Mistress C.

Faithful to my promise, at a quarter of an hour before the captain's dinner-time, I was duly at the place where twelve murderers in real clothes could be seen for a shilling, and who should round the corner, immediately in my front, but the identical Peter, a saplin in one hand, and on the opposite arm a lady. I concluded at once that the fair one was the captain's helpmate, and the slim proportions of "nature's masterpiece," contrasted to those of her liege lord, were as shadow is to substance. The parties seemed in earnest conversation, and judging by pantomimic action, the lady played "accusing angel," and Peter was on the defensive. I followed half the street, and slowly closing up in the rear, overheard two sentences distinctly.

"Ah, Callaghan, you Irishmen *are* so specious that I feel half inclined to forgive you. But, *three* nights, Peter! Ah! Peter, was not that cruel? I know what the end will be, you'll break my heart, and when I'm in my cold grave—"

"*Astore!*" rejoined Mr. Callaghan, breaking in on the unfinished observation, in accents too pathetic for description, "and how long do you suppose I would be after ye?—You that's my only comfort in this wicked world."

I was now nearly alongside of the perfidious commander, and whispered in his ear, "I'll leave it to your own oath, arn't ye at this moment the biggest villain unchanged?"

The delinquent started.

"Arrah, Harry, it's yourself, and here's the door of my present whereabouts, small and snug, and with the *ceade fealteagh*, you'll put up with it as well as you can. Mrs. Callaghan, my darlin', this is my particular friend, Captain O'Sullivan."

I bowed, the lady courtesied, and there was something in her manner which intimated that the impression I made was not very favourable. She was reserved, Peter not exactly on a bed of roses, and I was consequently uncomfortable. Dinner was removed, wine made us more colloquial, and Mrs. Callaghan hinted broadly, that three nights running out of bed, would not affect the constitution like Parr's pills, and that to be regularly returned on the police-sheet might, in the end, damage a gentleman's reputation. I remarked at once that the observations were addressed at me, and I, in Mrs. C.'s estimation was one of the pleasant party finishing their education under the tutelage of Peter. To suffer innocently was not to be endured, and the *meus consue*, that I had been regularly at roost for the last three nights, induced me to disclaim the "soft impeachment."

"My dear madam," I said, addressing Peter's "better half," "I apprehend you are under a mistake—I am not one of the pleasant gentleman who have been patronised by my friend the captain. I am a humdrum sort of devil, undress when I go to bed—my name, like Nórval's, is as unknown on the police-sheet, as it is in the 'Court Circular.' I never had a black eye painted in my life—have escaped prosecution for assault and battery—have neither shot any one nor been shot at—in fact, madam, I am a character that 'a

broth of a boy' would not acknowledge at a bull-bait. In the fullest acceptation of the term, I am 'a slow coach,' and, to sum up all, I am resolutely bent on committing matrimony without delay. In this resolution, the decided felicity attendant on my friend Peter's draw in the hymeneal lottery has given confirmation, and I only wish to benefit by his experience, and learn by what arts he proved so eminently successful as he has done."

"Ah, Captain O'Sullivan, well may ye say arts; but I'm leaving you to yourselves, and let Peter tell his own story—he knows that I had four suitors for my hand, and would any of them, had he been so fortunate as to obtain it, within one short week, spent three nights, God knows where, and two others in the station-house."

The lady became teary—Peter muttered something about "leading a new life." Mrs. Callaghan, on rising, bestowed on me an approving look, and on Peter one of incredulity. The door closed, and the captain and I were left *tête-à-tête*.

"Peter, you unfortunate man! what have you to say for yourself?"

The captain shook his head.

"How can you neglect that amiable gentlewoman as you do? One who for you rejected four suitors, who, had it been required, would have given security to sleep at home, and during their natural lives would have never seen the inside of a station-house."

"'Pon my sowl, I'll turn a new leaf altogether, and make Mrs. C. as happy as the day is long. She's a good creature after all—no beauty ye see, but that can't be helped—she's mighty thin too, there's no getting her into condition."

"But how the devil, Peter, did you persuade any decent woman to venture into matrimony with a scapegrace of your kind?"

"Well, it's a quare story, and I'll tell you the whole of it."

Peter having duly replenished his glass, and extracted the cork from a relay bottle, then and thus commenced a narrative of his matrimonial adventures.

"In 183—, I had the grenadier company of the 8—th, when the devil put it into the heads of a parcel of cotton-spinners to pull down mills, and half murder the proprietors. Our regiment was detached through the disturbed district to drive the fear of God into the hearts of these malefactors. My company was detached to —, and on a beautiful summer evening in the end of June, after a clean march of two-and-twenty miles, we reached the town, and halted at the Wheatsheaf in the market-place. The men were sent out on billet, and Charley Ormsby and myself—the other sub. had been in trouble about a baker's wife, and got leave of absence to take possession of his Irish estates, and there remain until the regiment changed quarters. Well, Charley and I took up our abode at the Wheatsheaf, and wasn't it mighty quare, the landlord had been one of our own people—he had come to the town with a beating order—was billeted at the inn—a claner made chap you never saw wear wings—and Mistress Tubbs having two months before buried a sort of porter, but she called husband, took a fancy to the light-bob, and in a couple of weeks the lady purchased her lodger's discharge first, and a licence afterwards—the brush was drawn over "Timothy

“*Tubbs*,” and under the *Wheatsheaf*, in gilt letters, there appeared the name of “*Martin Grady*”—there was an Irishman’s luck for ye!

“When Martin found he had a brace of his ould companions in the house, the divil a thing it contained was good enough for the couple. In a week we found ourselves mighty snug and mighty stupid—the town was dull as ditch-water—the moment we marched in half the women were locked up, and the remainder, who were left at liberty, might have passed through the world under the protection of their own looks, and feared nothing but a dark night and a drunken sailor—every mill-owner in the neighbourhood could have quilted his daughter’s petticoats with ten-pound notes, and never missed them; but then they were so suspicious, that we had about as good a chance of slipping out of the bastille, as ever introducing a leg under a cotton-weaver’s mahogany.

“‘Arrah! what’s to be done?’ says I to Charley Ormsby as we finished the second bottle one warm summer evening.

“‘By my conscience,’ returned Charley, ‘I think that I’ll be found dead in my bed some blessed morning—this place would kill a priest.’

“‘Let us ask Grady if there’s ever any thing stirring in the place.’

“Charley rang the bell, another bottle was ordered, and the landlord was requested to bring it up. Martin obeyed the summons, and when he had settled himself in a chair, we explained the difficulties of our situation.

“The landlord thought awhile.

“‘Gentlemen,’ says he, ‘would ather of ye be inclined to marry?’

“‘I would rather, for my part, keep clear of that,’ returned Charley. ‘The doctors say the ould fellow can’t weather the next winter, and when my uncle slips his girths, and I come into the estate, I would like to take a twist out of myself single before I sate down for life. But, Peter, you would not mind taking a sporting offer if it came in the way.’

“‘You’re right,’ says I, ‘for between ourselves, tailors and boot-makers will be the ruin of me in postage—for the last six weeks the devil a seal I ventured to break, they all looked so suspicious. There’s nine or ten lying on my table up-stairs, I wish, Charley dear, you would read them at your leisure, and break the contents as gently as possible to me.’

“‘I don’t know your price, captain,’ said the landlord; ‘there’s thirty thousand at the other side of the garden hedge.’

“‘Oh, murder!’ says I, ‘is it fun you’re making?’

“‘Divil a joke,’ says he. ‘Mr. Newcomb, the banker, lives next door, he’s rich as a Jew and wary as a kite—and, faith! he has good reason for looking sharp; first, he has to watch his money; secondly, he has a daughter with an independent fortune; and thirdly, he has got a wife of twenty-two, beautiful as the morning-star, and playful as a kitten. No wonder, then, that the ould divil’s in a faver constantly.’

“‘Oh, murder, Martin,’ says I. ‘Thirty thousand in her own power! Phew! I’m ready to make her Mrs. Callaghan in a shake.’

“‘Upon my sowl,’ returned the landlord, ‘I think the same thing

Peter, to any point short of manslaughter, and stick to ye like a brick.'

" 'Gentlemen,' replied the landlord, 'I'll explain myself in a brace of shakes. Mr. Newcomb married forty years ago, and his wife died a few years afterwards, leaving one daughter, and thirty thousand secured upon herself when she reached twenty-five, and the money was placed out of the old fellow's control. Now five years ago the unfortunate man was desperate enough to marry a girl of sixteen—and between endeavouring to prevent his daughter contracting matrimony, or his wife committing love, devil an hour's comfort the banker has had, good or bad, since his second visit to the hymenial altar—hate each other cordially, but they detest him still more. Both have threatened to become mutinous—and an old catamaran, stiff as a ramrod, and on the wrong side of half a hundred, has been brought here to keep a bright look out. Here's beauty on this side—there's fortune on the other—and the ould dust that has the double charge, scarcely knows on which hand to turn. On every side the hedge is closely clipped, and there the banker's left flank is insecure. On the right a terrace walk runs along the street, and a wall-flower may be thrown out, and a billet pitched back again in return. Ye see, gentlemen, I understand the terms. Ah! poor dear Major O'Donohoe! Three years I lived with him as valet after I joined the Royal Irish. He was an out-and-outer in love affairs—one night keeping an appointment in a church-yard, and the next quadrilling at the county ball. Ah! *willistruer!* the purse wouldn't stand it, though in spirit the divil couldn't bate us to a stand-still. Every assizes we had 'a loss of service' to account for—but at York a 'crim. con.' finished us tee-totally. The poor dear major had to send his papers and be off to France—and when he went to the continent, I was sent recruiting. You know the rest, gentlemen. Mrs. Tubbs honoured me with a preference—the Wheatsheaf got a master—and the king lost a gallant supporter.'

" 'I should like to have a peep at the ladies,' observed Charley Ormsby.

" 'Ah! then, that's easily managed,' said the successor to Timothy Tubbs. 'But, gentleman, it must be managed discreetly. If we show a full front too suddenly, Penelope Winterton might take alarm, and one whisper to old Newcomb would lock up the garden during the time you honour Hadleigh with your company. There is a summer-house close to the hedge—there you can lie concealed, and, unseen yourselves, observe every movement of the enemy.'

"The host led the way—Charley and I were safely ensconced in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Newcomb's premises—and before we had finished a cigar, the next garden-gate opened, and three ladies made their appearance. In Indian files they turned off the gravel-walk, and took a narrow grass-path which ran within a foot of our ambuscade, as if they knew we were on the look-out, and had determined to pass review. The banker's lady led the advance, and the divil a more beautiful sample of flesh and blood did ever an Irish sinner throw his eyes upon.

" 'Och!' says Charley Ormsby, with a sigh; 'Peter, I'm a dead man, and it's all over with me.'

"Next came the heiress.

" 'Charley,' says I, in a whisper, 'what do you think of her?'

" 'She's rather thin to please me,' says he.

" 'She's all right, I see, upon the pins—and haven't she beautiful auburn hair?'

" 'In my part of Ireland,' returned Charley, 'they call that red.'

" 'Oh, devil may care,' says I. 'Fat or lean, red or auburn, she's a dead bargain at half the money.'

" 'But, blessed Bridget!' whispered Charley, as Penelope Winterton brought up the rear. 'Since the creation of cats, did you ever lay eyes on such a horse-godmother as that?'

"Of course I had been looking anxiously after the future Mistress C.; but when Charley nudged my elbow, I turned a glance on the lady employed to herd her—and, upon my conscience, she was a wopper! Fancy to yourself a woman three inches over regulation height, with black moustache, and an immensity of condition—a wool-pack mounted on a pair of pillars, and compressed in the centre, only to give additional expansion elsewhere, as a sailor would call it, 'both aloft and below.' In a Moorish market where they say that beauty is bought by the stone, who could even fancy the figure that Miss Penelope would come up to? Well, after taking three or four rounds of the garden, a servant came to announce that lunch was ready, and Charley and I returned to the house to settle future operations over a glass of sangaree.

"After dinner we were debating the best manner to open the campaign, when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Corporal Hawley. He was one of the smartest lads in the company, and a steady soldier into the bargain. I filled him a glass of wine, and asked him what he wanted. He hummed and hawed a while, and then asked my honour's permission to get married!

" 'Marry!' exclaimed Charley Ormsby, 'why is the devil busy with ye, man, to tempt ye to commit such an enormity?'

"I put in my oar too, to dissuade him from the bare idea—and the poor fellow looked blank enough.

" 'Arrah! who the devil do ye want to strap yourself to here?' says I. 'Some idle dress-maker who wishes to range the world over in a baggage-waggon?'

" 'No, gentlemen,' returned Hawley, 'she's a young woman of excellent character, and has saved a sufficient sum of money to buy my discharge, and set us up in business comfortably. She has lived for ten years maid to the banker's daughter, and Miss Newcomb has promised to forward our settlement in the world if we can but get a consent to marry.'

"Charley Ormsby looked at me, and I looked at him, and we both gave a whistle.

" 'All's right, Peter,' says he.

" 'As a trivet,' said I, 'and no mistake. Hawley,' said I, 'you have always been a good soldier—I put two V's upon your arm, and I intended to add the third when I could find the opportunity.'

" 'Your honour has always been my friend, and nothing but to settle well in life would make me part from a regiment I am proud of, and gentlemen who make us happy.'

"And I suppose, Hawley, if it came in the road, you would go a little way to serve your ould captain?"

"To the world's end!" exclaimed the honest corporal, as the blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Ah, then, I'll not trouble you to go half the distance—Gretna Green will be the extent of the journey. In a word, Hawley, you want to marry the maid, and I have exactly the same intentions respecting her mistress. Will you give me a helping hand?"

"Well, captain," returned the corporal, "I believe Julia has a fancy for me, and all I can say is, that devil a ring shall press the maid's finger unless another appears upon her lady's."

"Give me your honest fist," says I, "and by the blessing of God we'll make one business of it—and the captain and corporal shall be spliced at the same time."

"According to arrangements with her lord elect, Miss Julia, late the same evening, was formally introduced by her lover, and assisted at the council of war. The intelligence she gave us was invaluable. Mrs. Newcomb was tired of a septagenarian husband, and Miss Newcomb of celibacy and a pretty step-mother; and whether the matron or the maid was a source of greater uneasiness to the banker, appeared to be a doubtful question. Miss Newcomb declared that her determination was taken to visit a watering-place upon the coast—and never did an heiress in her own right select a more dangerous locality wherein to enjoy the salubrious breezes from 'the deep blue sea'—every boarding establishment being infested by retired captains, and 'gentlemen from Ireland'—'a worse lot,' where ladies were concerned, even than H. P.'s. The banker's rib intimated an immediate intention of visiting 'dear papa and mamma.' Well, filial affection was commendable—but there was a cursed cousin on a visit, while his ship was refitting; and Mr. Newcomb very properly considered, that invidious comparisons might be drawn merely by reversing figures, between a lieutenant of twenty-seven and a banker of seventy-two. As to Miss Penelope Winterton, she could never comprehend how she had escaped male persecution so long. Of course, her conduct had been rigidly correct; but still if a man threw himself upon her compassion, she would never rudely reject him, but by a gentle refusal, soften the pain she must inflict. Well, the upshot of the conclave was, that Miss Newcomb was assailable. Mrs. N. might be induced to enter on an innocent flirtation merely *pour passer le temps*—and while I attacked the heiress, Charley Ormsby would hold the matron in check. But what the devil was to be done with Penelope? Who was to 'bell the cat' and muzzle the she dragon? If a game of love were played, it was quite certain that Pen. would never consent to remain an outsider. Here was the 'fix regular' in our operations—but fortune, while she threw Charley overboard, for once in her life, treated me like a raal gentleman.

"A London bank, with which the old fellow kept an account, was reported to be rather shakey—and as letters by the morning post determined Mr. Newcomb to repair for a few days to town, and ascertain the worst, he generously offered to take his fair bedfellow on this pleasant trip to the modern Babylon. The overture was made and accepted. But it was considered as a sop to Cerberus.

“ ‘He fancies a run up by the railway will satisfy the child!’ observed Mrs. Newcomb, laughingly to Julia. ‘Ha! ha! Mr. N., you’ll find yourself mistaken, and I’ll see cousin William before he sails from Plymouth, or faith! the house shall be made too hot to hold us all.’”

“Here was a glorious diversion in our favour! Against either a young wife or an antiquated duenna, Charley Ormsby declared himself ready to take the field—but against the combined powers of both no man could have a chance. Deeply did my gallant comrade regret that in selecting a travelling companion, Mr. Newcomb’s choice had not fallen upon Miss Penelope. To that, however, many considerations were opposed. In the absence of the captain of the hold, it would have been injudicious also to have removed the lieutenant; and as it was necessary to travel twenty miles upon the king’s highway to reach the nearest terminus it would have been very questionable whether the narrow doorway of a post-chaise would have allowed Miss Penelope room to introduce her person into the interior of ‘the leathern conveniency.’ Charley Ormsby was a stout soldier, and an Irishman—and against the banker’s wife he would have commenced operations without delay, but an onslaught upon Miss Winterton was an undertaking which required even a desperado to ‘screw his courage to the sticking point.’ To try ‘a passage of arms’ with the pretty matron, would, like a skirmish of cavalry, have been light, pleasant, and exciting—but to assail a mountain of virginity like Penelope, which for five-and-forty years had defied the amatory advances of ‘villanous man’—that, indeed, was breaking ground before a first-rate fortress, whose extensive batteries, were they opened in anger with a single salvo, would annihilate the audacious assailant who ventured to insult the place.

“One circumstance was in our favour—between the fair inmates on the banker’s establishment mutual dislike and distrust reigned paramount. Now every body knows that no woman could let a week slip over without taking prussic acid, unless she had some one to confide every matter to, which common prudence whispered she should reserve strictly to herself. Did either of the three gentlewomen meditate aught against a canary bird, from each other the dark design would have been carefully concealed—if you want to kill a lady by inches oblige her to keep her own secrets. Now Mr. Newcomb’s womankind, to preserve life, were of course obliged to elect a confidante, and local circumstances not permitting an extensive selection, by happy accident, on all delicate points, Julia was consulted, and hence the bosom of the *soubrette*, formed a general dépôt for the private history of all concerned.

“On the morning of Mr. Newcomb’s departure for the metropolis, a cabinet council was convened—Julia, whose opinions were considered oracular, advised active operations, as it was desirable that if the place should not be carried, at least the siege should be well advanced before the governor returned and reassumed the command. A summons, in shape of a love-letter, should be prepared, and she, Julia, would undertake that the same should be deposited where each lady would find the billet before she sought the arms of Morpheus. She retired—the corporal went down to the tap to wait until the amatory missions were prepared, and pens, and paper, and another bottle of port being

duly paraded, Charley Ormsby sate down to intimate to the enslavers of our hearts, the deplorable state to which we were reduced.

" 'Are ye a good hand at a love-letter?' said I to Charley, as I filled his glass, and he nibbed the pen.

" 'Faith! and I think I ought to be, or I would be a stupid devil—I that have read five hundred romances and as many plays! Give me ten minutes,' says he, 'Peter, and if I don't produce ye an appale to the feelings that would split a paving-stone, never trust me again.'

"He was as good as his word, and in less than no time he paraded a billet-doux, and upon my conscience, if a woman were as hard-hearted as a hyena, she couldn't have read it without emotion."

The contents of Charley Ormsby's letter, and the effect it produced upon the ladies to whom it was addressed, cannot be disclosed to the gentle reader until the November number of this "right pleasant" magazine shall appear.

MORELLO;

OR,

THE ORGAN BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

CHAP. I.

TEODORO DI SIDOLO.

THE native land of the Italian organ-boys is an unknown country to the English traveller. Tourists are a gregarious imitative race. Their progress has all the periodical regularity of a flight of wild geese. Mariana Starke and John Murray have traced out their route to a minute and to a penny. Byron has taught them to look very lackadaisical on the "Bridge of Sighs," and fall into raptures before the "Venus that loves in stone." The English pilgrim is thus saved the trouble of having a taste or a will of his own. He knows every sight and how that is to be seen. Beyond, there is only chaos and wilderness; hard roads, hard beds, and harder fare; bandits, vampires, and Lestrignons. With an eye to his comforts, he never ventures beyond the confines of English Italy. The volleys of sugar-plums at Naples, the mummeries of Passion-week at Rome, are all he studies of Italian life. His types of national character are drawn from the courtier-prelates who procure him the honour of kissing the pope's toe, or from the half naked lazzaroni, among whom he flings a handful of coppers to enjoy the fine fun of setting them by the ears, or to see them swallow a yard of macaroni at one effort.

Once upon a time, in the heyday of life, I remember having been a traveller of a very different class. I was young and active, and fond of excitement; I shunned the beaten track, and set out in quest of adventure—I aspired to the glory of a discoverer. I shouldered my double-barrelled gun, and not forgetting honest Iago's advice, I "put money in

my purse." I travelled on foot attended by a red-haired muleteer's lad with a shaggy mastiff at my heels. Thus equipped I made up my mind, like Columbus, to find out a new world or—to starve.

I searched over hill and dell, every cliff and crag in the Apennines—I ran over the wooded ridge from its deep-set roots, near the rocks of Oneglia, to its wide-spreading branches in the wilds of Calabria. For full twenty months, over a track of seven hundred miles, I led the life of a wild Indian. I sat down at many a smuggler's board, and rested in many a bandit's lair—I shot down the eagle and hunted the wolf—I stemmed the roaring current of the mountain creek, and forced my way through the maze of impervious woods.

The sights I saw, and the vicissitudes I met with in that epic march, are not, however, the theme of the present story. If I allude to them now, it is merely because it was at the very outset of that eventful excursion that chance led me to visit the land of organ-boys.

If you ask any of the organ-grinders about the London streets, what part of the world he comes from, he will be sure to answer in his half-whining, half-singing tone, "Eh, signore! son de Parma per servirla!" The probability, however, is that he never saw that town, or set his foot on its lovely plain. He is a native of the Parmesan Apennines, as his image-selling brother comes from the mountains of Lucca. To that cluster of hills which rises between the shores of Genoa, and the level lands of Parma and Piacenza, to the upper vales of the Taro and Trebbia, of Magra and Serchio, the immense majority of these poor Italian vagrants belong. Their head-quarters, however, are in the Val-di-Taro, a broad and smiling, but sterile region, whose teeming inhabitants have been by turns, a host of brigands, and a band of smugglers, and have now been systematically reduced to a swarm of beggars.

On the road between Compiano and Bardi, on the very brow of the Apennine ridge, there spreads a wide extent of thin pasture-grounds known under the name of the *Tavoliere del Pelpi*.

Around this vast table-land rise the steeples of Terzogno, Bedonia, Sidolo, and other villages, whose denizens claim the right of pasturing their flocks and herds upon that almost measureless common. The meadows, however, are covered with snow for six months in the year, and during that period the whole region is turned into a battle-field for the elements to run riot in.

It was in the winter of 1830 that I first ventured into that district, anxious to wage war against the wolves, whose hungry howlings alone, at that time of the year, enliven the stillness of the dreary solitude. There I made acquaintance with one Teodoro Sidolo, a famous huntsman, as well as a land and cattle-owner of the hamlet of the same name. Each of those villages is inhabited by one tribe or family, bound by ties of kindred, and known under one common appellation, in a manner somewhat analogous to the Highland clans.

My friend Teodoro was as fine a specimen of Alpine manliness, as I ever set my eyes upon. His southern blood glowed under his nut-brown complexion like a vein of molten lava under a layer of the same material hardened by time. His gray eyes had a hard, wild, earnest stare, never subdued by the broad noontide sun, never affected by the glare of the glittering glacier. Heat and cold, hunger and weariness, seemed to have no effect on his adamant frame.

On our first field-day, Teodoro briefly related his story. To the

best of his recollection, he was in his fortieth year, a married man, with six children, five girls, and an infant boy, whom he had christened Morello. In his youth, Teodoro had fought against the French. Led by their priests, the mountaineers of the Apennines continued, more or less, in open hostility against Napoleon, during the whole period of the French occupation. In Italy, no less than in Spain, the ranks of the conquering legions were thinned by the same harassing system of guerrilla warfare. Having at last witnessed the "Triumph of the Holy Faith," as he called the restoration of the pope and other Italian governments in 1814, Teodoro, who had no taste for smuggling, laid down his rifle, and set up for a quiet and peaceful subject. He came back to his scanty patrimony which had been but too long ravaged by a ruthless enemy. He built up his father's hut, fenced his meagre lands, and pruned his chesnut-grove. Well aware, however, of the insufficiency of his property as a means of subsistence, he warded off starvation at home, by seeking employment abroad.

The tillage of the Tuscan marshes, and the labours of the harvest season in Lombardy opened a wide field for his industry. In times of peace, the rich plain afforded then, and might now far better afford, ample means for the support of the surplus population of the barren mountain. Teodoro, with a thousand other reapers set out from his native valley early in June, made the tour of the plain to see the harvest-home of a hundred fields, exchanged a few bushels of his chesnuts for as many bushels of Indian corn, to procure a yellow, or at least a gray, instead of a brown pudding for his family, and hastened back to be in time for the more tardy and less luxurious crops of his home fields.

In October, he marched in the van of the southern emigration; he ploughed his way through the rank Maremma as far as Vienna and Grosseto, sometimes to the Campagna di Roma; or embarked with a host of Lucchese at Viareggio, to try his fortune on the Corsican shores—and if God blessed his labours, if he had the good luck to escape the effects of the *malaria*, he reappeared at Christmas on the threshold of his highland home, a shade yellower, perhaps, in the face, but still in the best health and spirits, and with sometimes ten, sometimes even thirty and forty crowns in his pocket. Such was in those days the life of the most orderly of the inoffensive part of the Val-Tarese peasantry, the fathers of the organ-boys of our present generation. Six or seven excursions, such as we have described, enabled the thrifty Teodoro in as many years to build the incipient fortune of his rising family. At the epoch of my visit he had already retired from active life. He was the owner of six heads of Swiss cattle, besides a considerable flock of goats and sheep; his lands, now he was settled at home, were in excellent trim; his house snug, his wife plump and dimpled, his children as fat and dirty as their darling playfellows, the pigs.

I was the guest of Teodoro di Sidolo for nearly a fortnight. In the morning we took the field together, and a more faithful and intelligent guide, or a more pleasant companion in those wild mountain sports, it never was the good fortune of a wolf-hunter to meet. In the evening, crackling fires and cheerful smiles awaited us on our return. After supper, five romping girls crowded upon us, striving to climb on their father's knees. Teodoro patted now one, now another, on their thin and sunburnt necks with parental complacency; but all the pride and

centered on his only son, and certainly a merrier or lustier little fellow than that chubby Morello never crawled on all fours. His dark hazel eyes and delicate features, endeared that child to the brave mountaineer, who fancied he beheld in him a living picture of Santa, his wife.

"It is for this little rogue I have toiled," he often exclaimed, glancing with a proud joy round his well-stocked kitchen. "Praise be to God, who has blessed my labours! My son shall never have to beg his bread."

Alas, for the vanity of human expectations! Only three months later, that hopeful child was an orphan. The political tumults of central Italy in 1831, had driven to the Apennines swarms of illustrious fugitives. The daring mountaineers, with their innate feeling of independence, did not hesitate to proffer them aid and shelter, in open defiance of the governments that persecuted them. One by one, with the help of sure guides, the unfortunate exiles were smuggled through the defiles of the mountain-passes, and reached the sea-shore in safety, thence to be shipped off to Corsica or the south of France. In this work of patriotic charity no one exerted himself with more zeal or success than Teodoro di Sidolo. He had volunteered his services to favour the escape of one Count Baiardi, a political agitator, on whose head the government of Parma had set an enormous reward. He had safely conveyed him through the Pass of La Cira, and on a dark night in March, he was threading his way with him through the Alps of Lunigiana, on their way to Levici, where a fishing-boat was in readiness for the proscribed nobleman. At the dead hour of midnight they came before Aulla, a frowning mountain fastness, garrisoned by the dragoons of Modena. That fort commands the high road, and a wild Alpine torrent, fordable only immediately under its walls. The river, swollen by an early spring thaw, roared dark and menacing at their feet. At this season of the year, few travellers would, even in broad daylight, have ventured on the huge plank thrown athwart the stream, and which was now quivering and reeling, as if ready to be engulfed in the foaming abyss. Yet the intrepid Teodoro stepped on that dizzy bridge—he reached his hand to his dismayed follower—he held him almost suspended in the air with his iron grasp. They had now attained the middle of the stream when they were challenged, and almost at the same instant fired at by the sentinels on the fort. Teodoro staggered, and forcing the count along with him, plunged headlong into the raging billows. The current shot them downwards with arrowy speed. It dashed them against the opposite bank. Teodoro, mortally wounded, was not even in that terrible moment, unmindful of his companion; he clung to him with the tenaciousness of despair; he opposed the bulk of his stalwart frame to the rocks, against which they were hurled with irresistible violence. His own limbs were horribly shattered and mangled in the concussion, but the count was cast ashore, although senseless, almost perfectly unscathed.

CHAP. II.

THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

TEN years had now elapsed since the ill-fated mountain-hero had thus lavished his life for the safety of a fellow-being. Time and absence had almost effaced from my mind the very remembrance of that tragical catastrophe, when in August, 1840, I was ascending the St. Gothard, on

my way to the north. I had left my *vettura* to toil its weary way as it could and walked forward alone, with my soul all alive to the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. It was a calm, balmy morning. God alone, and His everlasting Alps were around me. The ineffable purity of the air, the solemn silence of that hoary wilderness, the awful majesty of those mighty peaks, reared up like so many unhewn thrones for a consistory of Olympic deities—all had contributed to wind up my spirit to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, when my thoughts were suddenly summoned down to the earth by the immediate vicinity of a fellow-traveller trudging laboriously at my heels.

"Who is there?" I cried, rather sharply, and not over-pleased at this sudden interruption.

"Eh! signore, sono un povero 'Taliano," drawled out a panting boy, about ten years of age.

"Ha! an Italian? And where are you going to, my boy?"

"Eh! signore, se va in Inghilterra."

"To England, poor fellow! Rather a long run, I should think, for thy short bandy legs."

"Eh! pazienza!"

I turned back to look at him. His air of cheerful resignation interested me. A boy of that age, on such a journey, under such circumstances, uttered his "patience!" with the accent of heroism.

"And art alone, my poor lad?" I asked.

"Eh! signore, I me' compagni son innanzi."

"And what is your name, child? Where are you from?"

"Eh! son Morello de Sidolo."

The name startled me. I fixed my eyes upon him. The boy had the dark hazel eyes, the fine features of Teodoro's wife. It was the only son of my host of ten years since.

In half an hour's conversation I was enabled to make out the particulars of the boy's life. The thought of her helpless children alone, had given the poor widowed Santa strength to survive her husband's fate. With the assistance of her neighbours, and with as handsome an allowance as Count Baiardi, now himself harassed by penury in the land of exile, could afford, she had contrived to manage the little property on which Teodoro laid so much stress. But as the Italian saying has it, "I disastri son come i frati, vengou sempre accompagnati." An epidemic disease for several years thinned the flock in her fold; the count fell in battle abroad, and the gratitude of his relatives was not proof against time and oblivion. Famine ravaged the Apennine districts, and Santa's neighbours, anxious for their own daily bread, began to slacken in their charitable zeal in behalf of the helpless widow. By her needle and distaff, with the help of her eldest daughters, the unhappy woman contrived for a few years to scare the gaunt wolf from her door. But the winter season is long on the Apennines; and, of late, baffled in all her endeavours, she was ready to give herself up to despair, when chance led to her cottage a man, whom she looked upon as an agent of Providence, to save one at least of her children from impending starvation.

This man was Biagio Pelagatti, one of the white-slavers, owners of organ boys in London.

The numbers of these poor emigrants had then already increased to an appalling extent. The systematic traffic of these deluded creatures

had begun almost within my recollection. Soon after the peace of 1814, a few poor Swiss and Savoyard vagrants spread over the rich plains of Lombardy, exhibiting dancing bears, dogs, and monkeys, or playing on their bag-pipes and tambourines for the amusement of an idle populace. Some of the mountaineers of the Apennines either joined them or followed their example. Beggars of this sort increased to such a degree, that the Italian towns could no longer afford them subsistence. A few of the most venturous sought their fortunes beyond the Alps. Throughout France and Germany, up to the deserts of Russia, and beyond the seas to England and America, they almost miraculously piped and drummed their way. England especially, the famed land of countless wealth, the El Dorado of continental adventurers, became their favourite resort. In some of the German states, the provident though arbitrary police ridded the country of the nuisance by a decree of summary expulsion. In England, the regulations respecting aliens were fortunately so framed as to offer them an undisturbed asylum.

In progress of time, what had at first arisen from sheer want or idleness of disposition, became the result of villanous speculation. Vagrancy was encouraged and beggary systematised. Two or three wretches established themselves in Paris, in London, in St. Petersburg; they invested their paltry capital in organs, plaster-casts, and white-mice; and set up, under the protection of the laws, in countries which had been foremost in the abolition of negro slavery—as traders in human flesh.

One of these scoundrels, and one of the most cunning and unscrupulous, was that same Biagio Pelagatti, a native of Borgotaro, and a denizen of the purlieu of St. Giles.

He was then on a recruiting mission in his native valley. He heard of the calamities of poor Santa di Sidolo, and grounding his hopes of success on her despair, he offered to enlist her only son.

At the first proposal of a separation from her darling, the unfortunate mother was wild with horror. But hunger and misery pleaded in Biagio's behalf. "The boy," said the tempter, "would be taken into a country where gold flows in the very kennels of the streets. His master would be more than a father to him. He would defray his travelling expenses, though they might cost him sixteen or twenty crowns. He would find him in clothes and linen, and provide for his education. Once in England the boy would feast at his own table, he would share his last crust with him. He would have nothing in the world to do but to saunter about the London streets with a guitar on his neck, like a little love of a minstrel, playing merry tunes to the fair English ladies, who run wild after Italian musicians."

"But," observed the bewildered Santa, still with a sense of undefinable misgiving, "but my poor Morello knows never a note of music, and—"

"Bless your heart and soul," interrupted the cunning Biagio, "what do you think the English know or care for music? They are a clever set of people enough in their way; they know how to make more money than they can fairly get rid of; but as for music, they have no more heart and ear for it than the pitcher in yonder corner. No, no; if they love our itinerant musicians, as they call them, it is their black eyes and white teeth that take their fancy; and if eyes and teeth ever helped a creature to a handsome fortune," said the villain, with a hideous leer, patting his little urchin on his ruddy cheeks, "why where is the child that has

inherited more dazzling pearl and more sparkling jet from his mother than this boy?"

Against this little piece of rustic flattery a mother's heart had no defence. Biagio produced pen and ink. A bargain was struck, and on the following morning the kidnapped child followed in the blackguard's train. According to the terms of the agreement, Morello was to remain with his master only three years. Biagio solemnly pledged himself to convey the boy to England and back, to feed and clothe him, and to treasure up his salary of six crowns a year, which, at the expiration of the term, should be paid into the hands of his mother.

The boy was no sooner out of sight of his parent's home, however, than he was accommodated with one of the lighter instruments of the craft, and made to understand that he was to beg his way to Calais, where his master would pay for his passage to England in the steerage of one of the colliers plying between Calais and London.

Biagio Pelagatti, who had enlisted about fifty boys during his visit to the Apennines, conducted his little caravan with the tactics of an experienced general. The little beggars, too young and too ignorant to dream of the possibility of escape, were directed to follow the main road from Borgo Taro to Piacenza, and hence to Milan, Lugano, and Bellinzona, on their way to the Alps. They travelled in a long line at ten or twelve miles from one another. Little Morello, the tenderest and weakest of the party, came last; a few miles behind the slave-driver, Biagio himself, mounted on his mule, closed the march.

The grating of their instruments, their innocent smiles, and more frequently their tears and wailing, would occasionally wring a copper, or more often a crust of bread from the compassionate rustics, on whose threshold the young vagrants stopped to beg. Thus indifferently fed, jaded and bruised, they had toiled through Lombardy, and were now about to proceed on their way to Switzerland and France.

My heart was smitten. I gazed at the way-worn boy whom I had, ten years before, dandled, a boisterous infant, on my knees, and who was hardly yet fit to be removed from his mother's nursing care. I beheld his well-organised frame already bent, and his limbs vitiated under the weight of his apparently light but cumbrous and wearisome burden. I descried in his countenance the bewilderment of a chaos of crude sensations, of crushed feelings, of vague fears, of desolate hopes, and withal a cheerful air of endurance, a vigour and buoyancy of spirit, which it would take years of suffering to subdue. My heart was smitten, and for the sake of his father's memory, I determined to step between him and the evil fate that was in store for him. I proposed to take him into my service if he would but forsake his master for me.

"Eh, signore!" he exclaimed, in that piteous whine which was part of the schooling he received at his master's hands. "Eh, signore! you are a good and a kind gentleman, but I belong to my master. My master loves me, and will make my fortune, and I promised to follow him to the world's end if he wished, and I vowed it in my mother's presence, and I swore it on the blessed crucifix."

What argument could be urged against such faith and devotion? The best filial and religious feelings of the conscientious boy had been wrought upon to bind the innocent victim to his heartless destroyer!

Then a better thought struck me. His master, I fancied, could be at no loss for new recruits. Nothing would be easier for him than to fill

the place of this almost helpless child. One boy more or less could make no difference to him. I resolved to purchase this poor creature off his hands.

I took leave of my little Morello as my conveyance overtook me near the Hospice. I rolled down into the bleak vale of Ursen, and put up at an inn in Andernach. Towards evening the slave-driver arrived, and took up his quarters for the night in the same house.

I had an interview with him, and acquainted him with my project. He received my proposal with sanctimonious indignation. He asked me with some petulance, what I took him for? He assured me the Milordi Inglesi had often in vain offered him lots of gold for one of those same organ boys; that they were not his to sell; he had them in trust from their parents, and he was a conscientious man. They were apprenticed to him, and he brought them up to an honest calling, &c.

In short, I soon became aware of his unwillingness to establish a precedent which might prove fatal to the interests of his shameful traffic, and saw that like a slave owner, he was loath to part with any of his victims, lest the emancipation of one individual might eventually lead to the abolition of the whole system.

Vexed and disappointed I pursued my way. I settled in London, and for a whole year I lost sight of Morello and his unfeeling task-master.

CHAP. III.

LIFE OF AN ITALIAN BOY IN LONDON.

IN the month of November of the following year, I was invited to be a spectator of a strange sight. Messrs. Pistracci, Mazzini, and other Italian gentlemen residing in England, opened a free school for the poor Italian boys. I was shown into a mean-looking house in Greville-street, Hatton Garden. I listened to an affecting address delivered by the gray-headed but warm-hearted director of the new establishment. I cast a glance around, and beheld, with a blended feeling of horror and pity, the wasted frames and wan, haggard faces of the ill-clad audience. It is only when seen *en masse* that one can be made aware of the life of hardship and wretchedness that those Italian beggars endure in this uncongenial climate. I could hardly believe that I beheld in those misshapen and stunted creatures the children of the bold and sturdy race I had so often seen vieing in daring and rapidity with the wild goats of the Apennines. Whilst joining in heart-felt sympathy with my generous countrymen, who by so charitable an institution aspired to reclaim those miserable outcasts from their deplorable abjectness, and by a liberal education to rouse them to a proper sense of their dignity as rational and responsible beings, I could hardly help thinking that a little attention to their bodily comforts was perhaps as great a desideratum as the best scheme of moral and intellectual improvement; that feeding and clothing were a boon for which the objects of their charity would be more thankful than even reading and writing.

At the close of that inaugural ceremony I was about to leave the house, when my coat was gently and timidly pulled by some one behind me, and a well-known voice falteringly exclaimed, "Eh, signore! have you forgot poor Morello?" I had not forgotten him. All my feelings of deep interest in that child's welfare were suddenly re-awakened. The lapse of one year had added a few inches to his height, but the blight of rapid decline was already on his youthful countenance.

The misery of the Italian organ-boy, like that of a Carolina slave, blunts and benumbs, whilst it crushes his soul. Morello seemed hardly aware of his suffering. He still cherished and blessed his master with a kind of instinctive dependence. He depicted his vagrant life as one to which he was already attached no less than inured. If he brought home eighteenpence in the evening, Biagio was all smiles and caresses. If he failed in scraping up that sum, indeed, he knew that he forfeited all right to his evening meal, even if he escaped a sound thrashing; but that could hardly occur twice in the week. Morello was a great proficient in the multifarious science of begging. He had acquired method and tact in his strolls. He had studied his way with a shrewdness which did great credit to his organ of locality. The map in his brain was dotted with golden marks, pointing out the situation of compassionate parlour-windows or bountiful area-steps. The little knave made himself punctual and assiduous in his rounds till he became almost a necessary visitor. His roguish leer, his humorous accent of distress were absolutely irresistible. Few of his trade were ever more petted and spoiled by London charity.

Early at daybreak he jumped from the straw couch which he shared with half-a-dozen fellow-mendicants. Unkempt and ill-washed, he groped his way from the thronged garret, his dormitory, and hastened down to the kitchen, where his *polenta*, an Indian meal porridge, was smoking in an enormous cauldron, under the vigilance of his sour-looking *maestro*. After having scalded his throat with a few spoonfuls of that tasteless stuff, each boy shouldered his *mestiere* (so by antiphrasis they call their instruments), and was turned adrift into the London streets. The whole world lay open before them. They were only bound to make their way back some time at night with a certain sum (from one shilling to two and sixpence) in their pocket. Morello, as we have said, was tasked eightpence; where, when, and how he got it was no concern of his owner. So long as the silver or copper was forthcoming, all went on smoothly enough between master and slave. The mendicant might take to the kindred trade of thieving; so long as he kept clear of the police, it mattered not. Happily, however, those wretched organists, though degraded, are seldom actually dishonest: even the surplus of their daily earnings is faithfully deposited in the hands of their grasping employer.

Morello's excursions were usually to the most fashionable quarters of the West-end. Down Holborn and "stony-hearted" Oxford-street, he picked his way towards Chelsea, Brompton, Kensington, and Bayswater. Near the fence of the neat suburban love-cottage, under the window of the rustic ale-house, many a time I met him with dreamy eye and gaping mouth, lazily and listlessly grinding his instrument. Whenever he caught a glimpse of me, his music was brought to a sudden stand. He hobbled up to me, he blushed, he smirked, he grinned, he whined, and fawned upon his old acquaintance with all the lively, though speechless, fondness of a playful puppy.

But, alas! the perceptive faculties of that intelligent creature were developed at the expense of his native innocence. The base cunning of the consummate beggar lurked beneath every fold of his dimpling cheek. He had already acquired a powerful relish for that kind of gipsy-like vagabondism which unfitted him for all useful and honourable

pursuits in after life. Every time I met him his dress was a shade more squalid, his face more irreclaimably dirty, his manners more pert and impudent. The intercourse with his older and more wary companions hastened the work of contamination. I often caught him in the act of gambling away his master's coppers with some of his fellow-bondmen in their games of *la spanna* or *la mora*, on the doorway of some nobleman's house in Portman or Cavendish squares, himself the happiest, and always the noisiest, of the little group, though the result of an unlucky cast might lead to the loss of all he had raked up in his peregrinations, and to the horrors of a blank supper and a merciless flogging at home.

It was likewise obvious to me (though any one else might, perhaps, have been deceived by appearances) that his constitution was gradually undermined. No hard work in the factory, in the mine, or the plantation can prove more fatal to manly vigour than that slow but incessant journeying, that perpetual exposure to all the inclemencies of the air, that constant stooping under an unwieldy machine, without a sufficiency of sleep, without the means of habitual cleanliness, without the compensation of a wholesome and nourishing food.* Black eyes and white teeth (as his master prophesied) contributed to alleviate such evils in the case of Morello. So long as tender-hearted kitchen-maids could dispose of an unpicked bone or a stray slice of pudding, the "little love of an Eye-talian" could be under no apprehension of starving. Yet, even under such peculiarly happy circumstances, it was with difficulty that I could recognise in Morello the heir of the broad-shouldered and brawny-limbed Teodoro di Sidolo. It was impossible to foretell how long constitutional strength would bear up against the inroad of disease, but that the young plant was already bowed and blasted in its growth, and never destined to reach maturity, was no longer a matter of doubt.

Yet Morello was happy, as we have seen, the *beau-ideal* of a favourite beggar, the merry-andrew of organ boys. His companions, no less than his benefactors were partial to him. His masters at the Greville-street school were charmed with his ready wit and docility. Artists and ladies'-maids were enchanted with the brightness and freshness of his ruddy complexion.

CHAP. IV.

MORELLO BECOMES A PAGE.

DURING the whole of 1842, and part of the following year, I was absent from England. On my return, intent upon renewing acquaintance with my old London friends, I called on Lady Muscovado, in one of the

* Let it be supposed that I avail myself of the privileges of a writer of fictions to exaggerate the evils of those miserable Italian mendicants, here are a few authentic records from well-informed testimonies :

"They are huddled together in one of the most unhealthy, the most crowded, the lowest localities of London, in small ill-ventilated rooms, many in a room, worse housed than animals, badly as slaves ever were. From being so many hours a-day under the weight of a heavy organ (to say nothing of their long exposure, ill-clad and ill-fed, to our fickle climate) they contract fearful disorders, such as hernia, varicose veins, diseases of the spine, &c., and it has been calculated by a medical man, one of their own countrymen, that the average duration of time during which they can continue such occupation is about eight years, by which time their constitution is utterly broken down."—*Address and Rules of the Society for the Protection and Education of the poor Italian boys.*

streets bordering upon Portland-place. The porter and footmen were either asleep or absent, or otherwise inattentive to their duty. The door was at last opened by a boy in a green jacket, with silver lace and buttons, richly and somewhat fantastically attired. In that house, however, I was prepared for strange sights ; so, without taking any further notice of that gaudy attendant, I pushed him unceremoniously aside, when the lad laid his hand on my arm to arrest my progress.

"Good Heaven, Morello !"

That was indeed a metamorphosis. The page was no other than my own old acquaintance, the strolling musician !

Lady Muscovado's character could be summed up in one word. She was a universal fancier. She loved her greyhound for its transcendent beauty, she fondled her poodle because he was so ludicrously ugly. Her drawing-rooms were an arsenal, a museum of the most incongruous nick-knacks. The odd was for her the beautiful. Her *réunions* had all the extravagance of a motley masquerade. Absurdity and eccentricity was the best passport to her *soirées*. She sealed her cards of invitation with the well-known Italian motto, "*Le non son matti, non gli vogliamo.*"

Gifted with a lively wit and exquisite sensibility, skilled in every branch of art, and otherwise universally accomplished, she protested she was dying of *ennui* from want of employment. Her mornings were spent in protracted visits to every old curiosity shop in Wardour-street and St. Martin's-lane. The evening she consecrated to genial intercourse with her friends. She had a warm heart and true. She never discarded or neglected an old acquaintance, though she knew none of them that did not bore her to death after five minutes' conversation. The greatest of bores was, of course, her husband, because she had been plagued with him for ten years. That gentleman, however, had long renounced all hope of amusing her. A baronet, an M.P., all alive to the welfare of the nation whose commercial interests he advocated, Sir Harry loved his wife, indulged her, pitied her, but wisely left her alone. On her all the cares and management of the household exclusively devolved, and she was determined it should be no sinecure. She had four footmen, all as tall as church steeples, a French maid, a Piedmontese cook, a Dutch nurse, and an Iclander *chasseur*. She was now in want of a Lapland dwarf. In the meantime, she put up with the services of an Italian page, and her choice fell upon poor Morello. She wooed and won him. She baited him with cakes, buns, and fourpenny-pieces. She hooked him at last, smuggled him into the house, sent back his organ to its owner by the Parcels' Delivery Company, and consigned her prize to the care of her German housekeeper.

It so happened that the lady made her offer at a conjuncture in which it must prove little less than a Godsend to Morello. The boy, who had hitherto been treated with comparative regard and humanity by his master, had lately become the object of his most relentless persecution. Like all other despots, from the great Czar of all the Russias to the little Duke of Modena, Biagio Pelagatti, had a horror of all educational schemes. No sooner had he a distinct knowledge of the Greville-street institution than he waged war against it to the best of his abilities. Perhaps he apprehended that his boys would waste in the school-room

the time they needed for repose after the toils of the day. Perhaps he dreaded that learning would lead to self-sufficiency, and this to independence and insubordination. But from whatever cause his malevolence arose, he had set his heart against the school. He joined the priests and other agents of the Italian police, who cried down that establishment as a seminary of young rebels and atheists, and swore the most horrible oaths that he would flay alive any of his boys who ever dared to set his foot within that hated threshold.

Morello had the presumption to violate this interdiction. Fascinated by the kindly and almost brotherly reception he met with on the part of his instructors, he could not find courage in his heart to part with them. He stole from home in the dark, with the connivance of his bed-fellows, and joined his class for months after the school had been the object of the rancorous denunciations of Biagio. This latter had missed him for several evenings, and although unable to prove his guilt, had already inflicted summary punishment on the refractory boy. Finally, on an unlucky night the cruel *padrone* watched his movements and caught him in *flagrante delicto*. The book the boy used at school had not as many letters as were the lashes with which his literary propensities were visited on his devoted shoulders.

On the morrow of that fearful execution, Morello all black in the face, all maimed and bruised, was, with a parting kick, in the way of a last *memento*, despatched on his rounds. Almost instinctively he travelled towards Portland-place; he stopped under the well-known window, from which a fair laughing lady, who seemed to have nothing to do but to trifle with Italian boys, had so often coquetted with him. The window was there, and the merry lady likewise. She nodded to him; he kissed his hand to her; she sent the footman to summon the beggar to her presence. Little was said—no bargain was made; but in the evening the slave-owner received Morello's organ from unknown hands. The boy was gone.

If I were to assert that our little mendicant's happiness was now perfectly unalloyed, I should state more than I could be able to prove. He lived on sponge-cake, slept on swan-down, was dressed after an old print of the times of Catherine de Medici, and could "dream he dwelt in marble halls." For a whole fortnight his kind mistress would not allow him for one moment to quit her boudoir; at the end of that time the boy began to feel the want of air and exercise. The mansion of his lady, vast as it was, seemed like a prison to one accustomed to the open skies of sunny Blackheath and Wimbledon Common. He missed the raking melodies of his crazy organ; he missed his little countrymen; he missed his friends, the merry house-maids on the high roads. In short, had it not been for the glittering finery he was robed in, he would have deemed his old roaming life better suited to his taste, than the golden cage he was now confined in. He could not, indeed, think without a shudder of meeting his master's wrath, by going back to him, and throwing himself at his feet; but he saw with an aching heart, that though domiciled in the West-end, he had not yet got beyond the limits of the region of kicks and blows. Her ladyship's tall English footmen, who, with a proper sense of national jealousy, could ill brook their mistress's partiality for "furren warmint," as they called my lady's maid,

cook, nurse, and *chasseur*, took every opportunity to vent their rancour against poor Morello, who they perceived was too well broken in by his old employer, to rebel against those who had power to inflict bodily harm, or even to prefer a complaint against them. Nay, more! even the foreign domestics, who had so much in their turn to endure from their fellow-servants' ill-will, could not look without an envious spite on the new favourite; so that with the exception of the drawing-room, there was not a nook in the whole mansion, from the cellars to the attics, in which the handsome page could venture to put his foot.

In such state matters stood at the time of my visit to Lady Muscovado. The fair benefactress was too proud and happy to exhibit her new toy; but when, with my ordinary bluntness, I blessed her for her charity, and thanked her, as an Italian, for the generous impulse which had prompted her with the thought of rescuing that unfortunate being from a life of degradation, to make him a useful member of her household, methought the lady coloured and looked blank, as if she had never viewed the subject in so serious a light.

Soon after that interview, Morello ceased to be a pet; he was dismissed from her ladyship's immediate service and transferred to the servants' hall, there to make himself generally and indiscriminately useful. His tormentors took good care that he should never fall ill from want of employment; but in proportion as they saw him more helplessly consigned to their mercies, and more fairly brought upon a level with them, their enmity began to abate of its former intensity.

Morello had now been nearly three months in the house, and began to be reconciled to his new mode of existence when the Greville-street school celebrated its first anniversary. Lady Muscovado, as a patroness, consented to grace the meeting with her presence. She repaired to Hatton Garden in her modest brougham, with only one footman seated on the coachman's left, on the box. Unperceived by all, Morello had crept, and ensconced himself in the back of the carriage, and equally unnoticed he stole into the school-room on his mistress's footsteps.

Lady Muscovado, though unconscious of wrong, was not altogether without uneasiness respecting the mode in which she had come by Morello. A vague dread that the boy might be somebody's property occasionally flashed across her mind; and although, in accordance with that saying which attributes such a peculiar flavour to stolen apples and stolen kisses, she cherished him all the more from the idea that there was something like contraband in the case, yet she had been a hundred times on the point of making inquiries on the subject, but had put off her resolution with that heedlessness and procrastination which formed so prominent a part of her character. She ordered the boy never to leave the house, notwithstanding, and, till the evening in question, Morello had been altogether a prisoner under her roof.

On the night of the anniversary, the boy heard the words "Greville-street, Hatton Garden," communicated from the maid to the footman, and from this latter to the driver on the box. The force of old association, the desire of change and diversion, and, perhaps, the wish to be seen and stared at by his former comrades in the peacock-feathers of his picturesque costume, a sudden, irresistible whim seized the doomed Morello, and before "bang went the carriage-door and crack went the whip,"

he had formed and carried into effect his rash resolution. Lady Muscovado knit her gentle brows, when, on taking her seat, she beheld him standing behind her chair; but the eagerness, the raptures of wonder and delight with which her little tiger was hailed, handled, and cheered by his old associates, soon drove all thoughts of the boy's imprudence from her placable mind. All the addresses were spoken, prizes were awarded, and the meeting broke up. Lady Muscovado could not perceive that an unknown cab drove in pursuit of her brougham till it saw her with her page safely deposited at her door.

On the following morning Sir Harry Muscovado, in his dressing-gown and slippers, was seated in an arm-chair in his parlour, engaged in what was to him the dearest of all occupations, *i. e.* reading his last night's speech in the House of Commons, with the various improvements of the newspaper reporters. The parlour-door was thrown open, and a man with a sinister mien, Biagio Pelagatti, was ushered into the baronet's presence.

Sir Harry's brain was not so extensive as to admit of more than one idea at a time. It was now stuffed and crammed with corn-laws, sugar duties, free trade. He could hardly understand what a man with a hooked nose and bushy eyebrows, and who talked broken English, could want with him. "The page—her ladyship—the school—my own eyes—responsible to the child's mother—land of equal rights—kidnapped apprentice—violation of hospitality—the law!" That was all the black-guard could stammer in an intelligible tone.

Sir Harry, a legislator, stood in an almost panic dread of the law. From the construction he could put on the stranger's words, he apprehended that his wife might bring him into some scrape about that silly page of her choice. Without answering one word to the man who continued mumbling, bowing, and scraping with surly obeisance, the baronet hurried upstairs, closeted himself with his lady, and after a warm conference, during which the lady alternately shed tears and broke into fits of ungovernable laughter, the page was surrendered at discretion in exchange, as it is supposed, for a German bullfinch, which Sir Harry pledged himself to present his accommodating lady with before that very evening.

Biagio took hold of the arm of his runaway slave. He held it with a tight grasp, wild in the exultation of his soon-to-be-glutted revenge. He spoke not a word, he turned not one glance on his terrified companion. He threaded his way through the street, driving the boy along with him in his homeward course. He had him! Yet a few steps and he had him all to himself!

They reached their dingy dwelling in St. Giles's. With many a hasty tug the slave-driver tore the showy livery from the limbs of the ill-starred lady's page. Then he hurled him, and shut him up in a coal-cellar to muse on his impending fate until evening. Late at night the neighbours were alarmed by piercing shrieks. Morello writhed, and groaned, and howled, and twisted under the castigation, till he fell fainting from the hands of his ruthless master.

WESTMINSTER CLOISTERS.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

THE thirteenth day of June—'tis hot enough
 For one of those old summer noons, before
 They meddled with our calendar, and nipp'd
 Us of a fortnight's comfortable sun—

Thanks give I to the monks with all my soul
 For their cool cloister roof, and lay me down
 Full length along the mouldering gothic bench,
 Envyng almost that ancient abbot stern,
 Gavartias de Blois, who close beneath
 Lies cut in stone. What might one better do
 On sultry days, than lie upon one's back,
 Along a cold stone flag, clothed all in stone,
 In full straight folds down to one's very feet ;
 Whilst pendant gossamers, from bosses hung,
 Rising and falling with slow stately swing,
 Waved one asleep ; or, as the eve came on,
 Marking the bats across the cloister grass
 Hurl themselves edgeways with delicious rush ;
 Such were cool dreaming, for the weather fit.

That old De Blois, he was a priest, indeed,
 Clutching his crosier on his carved grave
 As though he'd rule them from his very tomb.
 The monks who stole here from refectory
 To cool an after dinner's bursting paunch,
 Crept curve-wise round some yard or two, in awe
 Of the old Norman's irritable bones ;
 Though, for the love they bore him, had they dared,
 His name and date, they would have scuffled out.

Abbot and priest, they've time enough at last,
 In purgatorial graves to clear themselves.
 Each slab we step on's answered from below,
 By the fat marrow of some ancient monk,
 Who yet grins up in hate through brass and stone,
 As overhead some evangelic Dean
 Trips past in haste, to fill with serious look
 The chair at " Pastoral Aid " Society.
 Pastoral aid, indeed ! listen beneath,
 And hear them crunch their metacarpal bones,
 As they would fix him there in grisly clutch,
 His weasand clipping with their rosaries,
 To stop his scheming 'gainst the church's good.
 But hark ! the diapason's throbbing base,
 Trembles through windows pictured with the saints.
 —Now by the sweat of tempted Anthony,
 Were I the veriest mummy of a priest,
 The sacred wafer in my gorge would rise
 To listen to these hated heretics !
 'Tis Tallis day, and nimble-fingered Turl,
 Is torturing with stern Lutheran hymn
 The organ's fine old Catholic breath.

A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE LORDS STOWELL AND ELDON,

TOGETHER WITH SOME CORRECTIONS, AND ADDITIONS, TO MR. TWISS'S
LIFE OF THE LATTER.

PART III.

From morn till night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.

POPE.

In this chapter it is contemplated to sketch the lives of the two brothers, from their early successes, achieved in their respective courts, to the period when each obtained high judicial honours.

The ascent by which the judgment seat is approached, is long and toilsome. Neither genius nor ambition can leap it; they must here condescend to climb. But the unremitting exertions and regular advance of prosperous lawyers would be intolerably wearisome to read in detail. Although, then, the interval which we now propose to fill is long, and its occurrences are important, the space within which they shall here be compressed is limited and brief. And should the reader of the following pages observe, that some even of the leading events connected with the subjects of this sketch are merely touched upon, while others are altogether omitted, we must beg to remind him that, in our first chapter,* we advanced no ambitious pretensions to the dignity of regular biography; but professed that our chief object was to correct some of the errors, and to supply some of the omissions, which seemed likely, but for our intervention, to impair the interest, or, what should be of more consequence, the value, of an undertaking of much greater importance than our own. The object proposed was to correct the work of another, not to supersede it; let not, then, our performances be tested by a higher standard than that afforded by the promises which we made.

It has already been stated, that in the spring of 1780, William Scott, the eldest brother of the family, was admitted into the faculty of advocates. He was then in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

The entrance to the profession which he now embraced, is, as far as relates to the ecclesiastical courts, effected through the fiat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. To this is always annexed a condition, that the aspirant shall not exert his privilege of speaking in court till a year has elapsed from the time at which it was conferred—an interval which is commonly called his year of silence, and expected to be employed by him in attendance on court, in order that he* may learn to conduct business himself, by observing how it is conducted by others. When he has become entitled to practise at the ecclesiastical bar of Doctors' Commons, he is, according to prescriptive custom, allowed, without any formal admission, to practise also in the High Court of Admiralty.

In the spring of 1781, his noviciate expired, and, as we may recollect from the previous chapter, in the same spring he married. And hence-

* In the June number. The second chapter is inserted in that of August.

forward would be combined new opportunities for distinction, with fresh incentives for exertion.

The ecclesiastical courts follow, for the most part, the rules and customs of the Roman civil law. Hence sprung their rejection of a jury, and hence their reception of evidence through written depositions, instead of statements by word of mouth. The High Court of Admiralty* is formed on the same venerable, but exotic model. Both species of courts are consequently held within the walls of Doctors' Commons; and both are frequented by the same practitioners, having proctors and doctors for their attorneys and bar.

The practitioners, then in this amphibious calling, "one foot on land and one on sea," were now engaged in wills, marriages, and divorces, in church-rates, in the correction of the lives or doctrines of the clergy, or in other matters over which the church had from an early period been allowed a jurisdiction; and were now immersed in condemning and apportioning prize-vessels, in the adjudication of salvage, or of seamen's wages, and in other questions of a civil nature which had arisen at, or were connected with, the sea.

Never did advocate enter this profession with greater advantages than Dr. Scott. Intimately acquainted with the language in which the civil law was originally written, and wonderfully conversant with the history of the ages in which it grew, he must have derived from his long residence at Oxford, from the daily table-talk of its halls and common rooms, an insight into the questions involving the rights and interests, the difficulties and dangers, of the Church of England in his own day, not less minute than the information would be comprehensive, which, as professor of Ancient History, he acquired respecting the Church Catholic of earlier times.

In the shipping affairs of his profession, he must, at the commencement, have possessed such a practical knowledge as was probably never before attained by an advocate in the courts which he frequented. He had been born and bred in a sea-port town: his father had been actively engaged in its shipping interests: and, after his father's death, considering it unadvisable to wind up these concerns immediately, he, for a short period, himself carried them on;† principally, it would seem, through the agency of his brother Henry.

A privateering speculation, in which the brother just mentioned had an interest, early directed Dr. Scott's attention to the laws that regulated such adventurous enterprizes.

"Privateering," says Dr. Franklin, "is the universal bent of the English nation, at home and abroad, wherever settled;" and then, alluding to the war of American independence, he adds: "No less than seven hundred privateers were, it is said, commissioned in the last war! These were fitted out by merchants to prey upon other merchants, who

* Since Lord Stowell's time considerable alterations have been made in the practice of this court by statute 3 and 4 Victoria, ch. 65 and 66.

† In a letter without date, but, from internal evidence, written in the year 1778, and having on it the post-mark of the 29th of November, William Scott says to his brother Henry: "I look for some Profit this year from the ships, some bottomry will likewise be due—I intended finally settling with yourself as soon as the Profits of my ships came in this year. However, from the Misfortunes which have happened it will now be extremely inconvenient."

had never done them any injury."—And, in candour, it must be acknowledged that the Pagan blood of our sea-king ancestors did, at that time, somewhat predominate in the veins of the nation.

During the latter part of the war, when we were embroiled not only with the Americans, but also with the French, Spaniards, and Dutch, Mr. Henry Scott consulted his brother William as to the prudence of joining some other persons in fitting out a privateering vessel. The advice which he appears to have received, was not whether he should or should not enter at all into the speculation, but against what dangers, in the event of his so doing, he should be on his guard. He was cautioned against the indiscreet impartiality of the masters of these vessels, who take every thing that comes in their way—enemies, friends, or neutrals, alike; and he was warned that they who should meddle with Danes, Swedes, Prussians, or Russians, would burn their fingers. In the end, Henry Scott became a partuer in this speculation, and it was not unproductive; for, in 1781, their crew, violating a neutral flag, boarded and plundered a ship of Denmark.

A complaint was lodged with the British authorities; and the privateer, which may be presumed to have put into a Scottish port, was seized by the commissioners of the Admiralty in Scotland. Overwhelmed by the anticipation of a loss to a large but indefinite amount, liable for the restitution of what could be restored, and for damages for what could not, as well as to the forfeiture of the aggressive vessel, Mr. Henry Scott wrote to his brother William to ask his advice on the course which should be pursued under the threatening aspect of the case. He narrated that the master whom they had employed, had, contrary to their instructions, boarded a neutral ship, and, amongst other acts of spoliation, had deprived her of sails.

This statement created in Dr. Scott's mind a vivid and painful apprehension that, as the hulk, dismantled and left in the midst of the sea, was likely to founder, his brother would be put to a ruinous expense for his share of the compensation. The affair, however, turned out less serious than was expected. Part of the cargo of the Dane consisted of sails; and it was these which had been taken away. She probably, therefore, pursued her voyage, somewhat lighter indeed, but not the less sea-worthy, to the port of her destination. The privateer was eventually restored to its owners; but they would of course have to make compensation for all losses caused by the misconduct of their agents. The master, however, and the crew under him, were committed to take their trial.

Such, then, was the previous mental training which had fitted this distinguished civilian for the brilliant career on which he was entering. Yet in one respect his education had been deficient—there had been little or no preparation for public speaking. The debating societies, such as are now frequented with advantage by the students at our universities, and the younger members of the legal profession, had not then sprung into existence; and the lecture-room of the tutor or professor, where no one is privileged to deny his positions, or dispute his arguments, to smile at his reflections, or look grave at his jokes, is but a sorry school for the extemporaneous oratory of the bar or the senate. It is true, indeed, that Dr. Scott once appeared on the hustings of his native town,

and made a speech for Mr. Bowes, but we are not aware that he on any other occasion had attempted to speak in public.

From a diffidence, then, in his command of his own powers, or a fastidiousness in polishing his periods, he, on making his *débüt* in the little Court of Doctors' Commons, adopted the plan of writing out his speeches, and reading them from a paper before him. Those professionally opposed to him objected to this innovation in their courts; but he persisted for some months as he had begun, till he had acquired greater confidence or more of accuracy and elegance.

The Bar at Doctors' Commons (we ask pardon for having used an expression not strictly accurate) is now small in number when compared with that of any circuit, yet is large in comparison of its condition when Dr. Scott joined it. He had, before adopting it, been assured that a man of talent would readily obtain considerable emolument;* and the result justified the prediction. This Dr. Scott himself testifies in a letter, without date or post-mark, written probably in the spring of 1782; for he says:—"I believe our Rulers would be very glad of a Peace; but it is not to be had without a general Peace, which I sincerely wish for, tho' my own Interest will suffer considerably by it. I am exceedingly oppressed with Business, and shall remain so for these three weeks, and then hope to have something of a Vacation." John Scott, in a letter, dated the 9th of January, 1783, gives equally conclusive evidence of his brother's success. "The Doctor," he here observes, "has got a Daughter; he is also very happy in a sinecure place which the Archbishop of Canterbury has given him, and which is considerably above four hundred a year for Life. His Success is wonderful, and he has been fortunate beyond Example." And then, adverting to himself, the future Chancellor despondingly adds: "As to your humble servant, I have the younger Brother's portion, a Life of Drudgery; Our part of the profession has no places for young men, and it will wear me out before I cease to be such."

The sinecure place, in the acquisition of which Dr. Scott was so happy, would, it is presumed, be the registrarship of the Court of Faculties; for it is in the patronage of the archbishop, and Mr. Townsend informs† us that, in the year 1783, it was thus bestowed. The daughter, to whose birth allusion has been made, was Dr. Scott's eldest child.

And here may, perhaps, be conveniently introduced a short notice of the family of which Dr. Scott was the father.

The eldest child was followed by three other children, of whom a son and daughter died in infancy, and another son, unmarried, attained middle life. Of remoter descendants this great civilian had none. Mary Anne, the eldest child, who alone survived her father, and that for only a short period, was twice married. Her first husband was Colonel Thomas Townsend, a gentleman of Warwickshire; and, after his death, she became the second wife of Viscount Sidmouth.

For a considerable portion of Dr. Scott's life, he and his family resided at No. 5, College-square, Doctors' Commons, the house now occu-

* Sketches of the Lives and Characters of eminent English Civilians.

† Law Magazine, No. XXXIII, p. 42.

pied by Dr. Lee. In this, there is, on the ground-floor, a sitting-room, the windows of which open upon a garden; and this was the room in which, as Lady Sidmouth used, after her second marriage, to relate, she had, for the first time, though but for a moment, seen her husband. Her father and mother were sitting there, and she, a little girl with a dirty pinafore on, was playing upon the carpet near an open window, when a servant announced "Mr. Addington." On this, her mother, not thinking her costume such as would do credit to the *ménage*, snatched her up, and put her through the window into the garden.—Who at that time would have ventured to predict that the gentleman, whose age then probably exceeded thirty, and the little girl, who on his appearance had been bundled out of the window, were ever to be united as husband and wife!

Returning from the children to the father, it would be unpardonable to omit that, soon after Dr. Scott came to reside in town, he was elected a member of the Literary Club, where the wits and scholars of the day, Johnson at their head, assembled for good dinners and good conversation: nor has the whisper of detraction ever ventured to question the readiness of our civilian, at any period of his life, to partake of the former, and contribute to the latter, of these rational enjoyments.

But it is time that we should revert to Mr. John Scott. We left him in the last chapter, with a moderate practice in the northern part of his circuit; as well as before parliamentary committees, and at the chancery bar;* and he, therefore, had early acquired the only description of business to which he had directed his views; for, when in London, he did not frequent the courts of Common Law, and, when in the country, he did not attend Sessions. His gradually increasing business was, however, subject to the ordinary fluctuations; and, at the recurrence of these, he evinced more than ordinary timidity. He would feel, it is true, that the comfort of others was dependent upon the success of his exertions. He had become the father of a family, small indeed; for, though his eldest child John was born in 1774, nearly ten years elapsed before the appearance of another. Still his circumstances would afford ample grounds for the intrusion of anxieties amid the endearments of domestic life; and his strong family affections, the *capitis injuria cari*, would render the husband and father keenly, and more than commonly, sensitive to professional neglect, as well as forbid indolence and stimulate ambition.

The early part of June, 1780, was the period of Lord George Gordon's riots; when a holy alliance was formed between knavery and folly to pillage and burn the capital, in order that its recent pollution in tolerating Romish priests and masses† might be duly expiated. During this season of anarchy, Mr. John Scott, with his family, fled from his house in Carey-street, and took refuge within the gates of the Temple; a fact which is recorded by Mr. Twiss: but we have been enabled,

* In a letter, dated Carey-street, 1 May, 1778, Mr. John Scott says: "I do tolerably well, I do not get so much Pudding as Praise, tho' I fancy I am rather better of [sic] than most of my Age in the Profession."

† By Sir George Saville's act (18 Geo. III., c. 60), passed in 1778, Jesuits, and Roman Catholic bishops and priests, were henceforward exempted, on condition of taking an oath of allegiance, from arrest and prosecution on account of the religion which they professed.

through the kindness of an antiquarian friend,* to add to the authentic details of these disturbances the following contemporaneous letter† from Dr Scott.

“Dear Brother,

“I received your Letter this evening, and am happy in being able to assure you that Peace and Satisfaction are fully re-established among us. We are employed at present in securing the Agents in this infernal Business, and in taking every Method of Prevention against any future Attempts. Military Associations are formed in every Part of Town, and I hope to be a very tolerable Performer of the Manual Exercise by the next Time you see me. In short, the Spirit of every Man either of Property or of Education is so thoroughly raised, that if these Scoundrels (be they sanctified villains, or be they downright Newgate Ruffians) were to attempt any thing again, we should be able, I am persuaded, with hardly any Assistance from the Military, to drive them where they ought to go, that is, to the Devil.

“What you have heard of the Northumberland ‡ Militia is strictly true. In no part of the town did the troops behave with better regulated Impetuosity. The Execution they did was very considerable, and yet so necessary, that it has not subjected them to the least Imputation of Inhumanity.

“The Trials of the Rioters will come on next week. Till then the Public remains in ignorance whether these dreadful Scenes exhibited here were the effect of any regular Conspiracy, or only the sudden Eruption of that ill-humour which has been brooding in the Minds of the Common People for some time past, and has been but too successfully inflamed by the Artifices of a malignant Party. What the specific Charges are ag^t. L G Gordon we do not know, nor by what evidence they are to be supported. He is a close prisoner, and will continue so till his trial.§

“The Papers now have given you a complete Enumeration of Particulars ; for they have resumed Courage enough to speak out, which they durst not do during the Continuance of the Outrages. My Brother's family and myself had our full Share of the alarm ; Lincoln's Inn and the Commons being both marked out for Destruction, as being the Residence of Lawyers. I removed every Thing that I could, upon so short a Notice, expecting every minute to have my house fired about my Ears. John did the same, removing what He could carry, with his Wife and Child, in the Middle of the Night, to a Place of greater Security. The Terrors they were in are not to be described ; they were, however, no more than what

* Mr. John Bell, of Gateshead, to whose extensive manuscript collections we have referred in our first chapter.

† It is directed to “Mr. Henry Scott, Pilgrim-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne,” and has the post-mark of the 15th of June, but no date.

‡ The fatality which, on this occasion, seems to have paralysed the city authorities, extended itself to the lieutenant-colonel of the Northumberland militia, who was unexpectedly discovered to be incapacitated for taking the command: it therefore devolved upon the major.

§ On the 5th and 6th of February, 1781, he was tried at the bar of the court of the King's Bench for high treason, when the jury acquitted him, as they considered the criminality of his intention not to amount to that of which he was accused. (*Annual Register* for 1781, pp. 217—239.) A later freak of this mischievous and crack-brained fanatic was to turn Jew.

were felt by every decent, virtuous Family in town. Nobody was safe but He that was protected by his Poverty, and his Participation of Guilt. I am certain, that if the Riot had not been suppressed that [Day*], the next Night would have seen the whole city [in] Flames.

"The hospitals are full of wounded Men and Women, and the Number of Persons killed by the Military and by Intoxication is considerable. I believe not more than one Soldier was hurt. The City behaved with the most disgraceful Want of spirit. Jack Wilks was the only Magistrate almost, who showed any degree of Courage or Sense upon the Occasion.

"If Government make a right use of this Business, they may derive Benefit from it. People's minds are heartily sickened of licentious Notions, now that we have had such melancholy Experience of their Consequences; and the Public in general is returning to a Love of regular Government and of the old Constitution, under which we have lived happily for so many Years. I wish the opposition may not act an improper Part at the Meeting of Parliament next week. This is too serious a Business to be made party Contention.

"The Tower Guns have been firing very briskly, and the Report is, that it is on account of the Capture of Charles Town and of the American Army in it. I am, with best affections,

"Yours,

"W. S.

"Send me some money when you can."

The use which we have made, by way of quotation, of the extensive Scott correspondence to which we have access, has been very sparing. When from it extracts relating to mere family affairs have been given, it will generally be found that they were absolutely necessary; unless, indeed, all the mistaken representations or insinuations authoritatively promulgated were to be allowed to continue unrefuted—for with what face could we have asked a preference for our unsupported statements over the narrations of those who had already gained the public ear?—but, as the foregoing letter relates almost exclusively to matters of national interest, we have selected it for publication, as a specimen of Dr. Scott's epistolary style; and have deemed it more fair, both towards its writer and reader, to insert it, in spite of its length, without any mutilation.

But now let us quit matters whether of individual or public anxiety, in order to inquire into the friends, the relaxations, and amusements, of Mr. John Scott's private life.

We have been more than once asked, why the committee of supply, who appear to have voted so liberally to Mr. Twiss the aids of their accuracy and taste, have withheld from him all mention of the associate and friend of Lord Eldon's youth and age, so well known to the London world, convivial as well as legal, under the name of "Dick Wilson;" but it would be more serviceable, perhaps, to fill up the deficiency than to search out its cause.

The parents of Mr. Wilson were established at a house called Hepscoth,

* The spaces enclosed here in brackets were, in the original letter, torn with the seal. The context, however, supplies the words with which to fill them.

near Morpeth, while those of John Scott were, as we know, resident at Newcastle. Between the boys in each house there was a close intimacy; and the children of old Mr. Scott, glad to exchange the thronged streets of the town and the smoke of its neighbourhood, for the fresh green fields and rural sports of Hepscoth, often visited their country friends. In the succeeding stage of life the two younger sons of their respective families, John Scott and Richard Wilson, were again thrown in contact; for each had come up to London to follow his profession—Scott, ambitious of success as a barrister, and Wilson, with humbler aspirations, limiting his hopes to the realizing of a fortune as an attorney-at-law. Amongst these new scenes the intimacy of their boyhood was renewed or continued: and it is presumed that it would then not be unproductive of professional advantage to Scott; for Wilson obtained business and wealth. Often would John Scott, after he had attained distinction at the bar, avail himself of the Saturday afternoon, the lawyer's half-holiday, to dine with Dick Wilson; when he would enjoy his host's jokes and stories, and admirable mimicry of the Northumberland dialect, as well as his port, for a couple of bottles of which neither he nor his brother the Doctor would be the worse. Wilson had humour, observation, versatility, and assurance; and with such qualifications he could hardly be otherwise than successful in life. He became a member of parliament; and was, in spite of his adherence to Whig politics, appointed by his friend Scott, at the commencement of his first Chancellorship, to be one of his secretaries. His useful qualities, whether in the occupations of business or the pursuit of pleasure, became widely acknowledged. The doors of Carlton House were thrown open to him; and his society was cultivated by the young princes. The Duke of Sussex continued, during the remainder of their joint lives, to keep up an intimacy with him; and frequently did him the honour to be a guest at his table: but His Royal Highness is also believed to have been his debtor in obligations more difficult to repay than a good dinner.

It is stated by Mr. Twiss that Lord Eldon was so indifferent to the sweetest warblings of Italian song, that he humorously declared the Opera House, to him, was "*opera atque labores*:"* but we could wish that the letter from which we make the following extract, showing that he was not equally insensible to the triumphs of the histrionic art, had fallen into the hands of Mr. Twiss; since it might, on family grounds, have afforded him a justifiable pleasure and pardonable pride to record the instance by which it is now our lot to illustrate the early admiration for the theatre, entertained by the hero of his narrative.

"You will see," says Mr. John Scott in a letter, written about December, 1782, "the Papers very full of accounts of a Mrs. Siddons [*sic*] a new Actress. She is beyond all Idea capital, I never saw an Actress before. In my Notion of just affecting Action and Elocution, she beats our deceased Roscius all to nothing."†

* Twiss, vol. i., p. 70.

† It appears from Campbell's "*Life of Mrs. Siddons*" that, about the end of 1782, she received from the legal profession the complimentary present of a purse of one hundred guineas: and it may be presumed in the list of subscribers would be found the name of the youthful John Scott. The letter from which we have quoted has neither date nor post-mark. The "*deceased Roscius*," to which it alludes, is Garrick.

And now reverting from pleasure to business, we find that Mr. John Scott had surmounted all those impediments that obstruct the start and earlier advances at the critical commencement of professional life. With the increasing demands which were made upon their latent powers, his constitution strengthened, and his genius expanded. His ambition, too, advanced with the like progression; for one success is the pioneer to another. And he, whose aspiring hopes had lately been bounded by the recordership of his native town, now disdained the dignity of king's counsel, if a precedence were given to his junior, though that junior was Mr. Erskine, the son of a peer, and the most accomplished orator of the English bar. Mr. Scott was firm; the ministers yielded: and in May, 1783, he took his place as a king's counsel, with that precedence which he had so spiritedly vindicated.

A seat in parliament appeared early to each of the brothers a desirable object. But before we see them placed in a position to take a share in the direction of public affairs, it may be interesting to learn what had been their opinions on the American war, the leading national event of their earlier manhood, and on the conduct of some of those who were most conspicuous whether in its support or opposition. Such opinions may have their use as contemporaneous indexes to the impressions made, by the conduct of their rulers, on other well-informed men, unconnected with party politics. But it is more than ordinarily curious to read how the youngest Scott, hereafter destined to be so long a cabinet minister both in war and peace, expressed himself thus early upon a question calculated to disclose his views both of national spirit and constitutional justice.

In a letter, having the post-mark of 11th of December, and written in 1777 to his brother Henry, William Scott thus speaks of his own feelings and those of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, on receiving intelligence of the surrender of General Burgoyne and his army to the American General Yates, and adds a passing comment on the political incapacity of Lord North's administration. "You could not be more deeply concerned for the Fate of the gallant Burgoyne than were your two brothers and your sister: We mingled our Tears for two Days together, being English Folks of the old Stamp, and retaining, in spite of modern Patriotism, some Affection and Reverence for the name of old England. All People here whose Hearts lie in the same Direction, are extremely concerned. It is totally unknown even to themselves, what the Ministry will do: I think they want common sense and common spirit as much as the Minority wants common Honesty."

On the 27th of January, in the following year, he thus, from London, addresses the same brother: "The Political world is in great Fluctuation, [but] I do not apprehend from any thing that I can [hear] that Lord Chatham is likely to occupy the Place you mention, or that his Friends will obtain any Places at all. The King is reported to be very determined about the War, and consequently about employing none but such as are inclined to support it. Lord Cornwallis has brought over no news relative to a Pacification or a Conquest, one of which is the only Event that can give an Englishman Pleasure. An Inquiry will be made soon in Parliament about the Miscarriage of Burgoyne, which

will terminate in his Disgrace or that of L. G. Germaine,* whom the Ministry are inclined to support in preference." But a few days later, on the 12th of February, he recurs to Lord Chatham, and writes to his brother, that he "may depend upon it as an authenticated fact the Minority consider Lord Chatham as having totally quitted them."

In another letter, written also in 1778, and seemingly posted on the 30th of February, he mentions the impending war with France, and again alludes to Lord Chatham, as follows: "There is a strong Report that Lord Chatham will come in; but it continues all dark and gloomy. Why they Delay a Declaration of War I do not know; it seems to be no Manner of Doubt that a War *will* and *must* take Place. For my own Part I am sick of Politics—there is so much Folly on the Part of Ministers, and so much Villany on [the] other side, under the Cloak of Patriotism, [that] an Honest Man has nothing to d[o but to lam]ent the Fate of his Country, and butter his own Bread as well as he can. And I hope you take care to do so."

This letter was addressed by William Scott to his brother Henry, only a little more than a month before the great and venerable statesman to whom it refers, ended his oratorical triumphs and his life, in declaiming against "the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy."

In four years from the time of which we have last been speaking, the disastrous ministry of Lord North was compelled to retire. The Whigs, under the Marquis of Rockingham, succeeded it: but their ostensible chief, within a few months afterwards, dropping into the grave, their party became disunited; and the Earl of Shelburne, already a minister, was raised to the head of a dwindling and heterogeneously formed cabinet.

The brief authority of the last-named premier is thus foreboded in a letter from Mr. John Scott, written about the month of December,† 1782. "We seem here to think that Charles Fox can't get in again, and that Lord Shelburne cannot keep in, and that Lord North may rule the Roast again whenever he pleases. As to Peace," continues the letter, "we are in fifty different stories in a day. I own I cannot bring my proud heart down to yield Gibraltar, nor is absolute unconditional American Independence a bit more agreeable to my Ears and feelings than absolute unconditional American Submission was—I like the Language of Lord North‡ better than that of any other Man or Set of Men in the house upon the subject of Peace: all parties but his seem to be struggling who can give up most of the old Rights of old England."

Unconditional American independence was, however, acknowledged: and the Shelburne cabinet then fell before the North and Fox coalition, which, under the name of the Portland administration, forced itself upon the king and country.

But, passing from the opinions entertained by the Scotts upon the conduct of public men, and the course of public events, let us now return to their own careers.

* Lord George Germaine, afterwards, by creation, Viscount Sackville, the Secretary of State for our American colonies.

† It is in the same letter in which eulogistic mention is made of "a Mrs. Sidons, a new Actress."

‡ For an abstract of his speech, made in the early part of December, see Adolphus' Hist. of England, vol. iii, p. 444, *lasted*.

So early as 1780, on a vacancy occurring in the representation of the University of Oxford, the ambition of Dr. Scott, or the zeal of his friends, ventured to hope that he might then be selected to fill it: but his claims to this distinction were, for the present, postponed to those of an older candidate. Four years later, Dr. Scott was returned for the borough of Downton, but unseated on petition: in 1790, however, being again elected for the same borough, he kept his seat.

Shortly after Mr. John Scott had, to use professional language, "taken silk," death created a vacancy in the representation of Lord Weymouth's close borough of Weobly: and Mr. John Scott, in consequence of an unsolicited application made by Lord Thurlow to its patron, was elected the new member.

To those who should close their eyes to the course of the brothers during the concluding part of the eighteenth century, a change would present itself, on again regarding them, as great as that which awaited Endymion; when, aroused from his spell-bound slumber, he found the twig, on which he had leaned, had become a tree; for the one brother would in the meantime have been constituted a privy-councillor and judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and the other a peer and chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Yet of that intervening period we shall say but little. During it, much of William Scott's life was too uniform to supply materials to the biographer; and much of John Scott's was so public, as to be the province rather of the historian. Nor, as regards this interval, are we possessed of the means of making many important additions to the labours of Mr. Twiss and Mr. Townsend.*

Fox's India bill was the *cheval de bataille* of the Portland administration; and against its side John Scott broke his maiden lance. His speech on the first reading, though in opposition, was hesitating and dubious, and asked time for consideration: that on the third, unequivocal and unflinching. The latter speech, however, was laboured and pedantic: and in it, if not resembling Falstaff, in being witty himself, Scott resembled him in being the cause of wit in others; for Sheridan turned it into infinite ridicule. The bill was rejected by the House of Lords, and with it expired the ministry which had given it birth.

In extenuation of Mr. Scott's oratorical enormities, it should be remembered that the old law writers, to whom, since leaving Oxford, he had devoted himself, form but a poor school for either elegance of diction, or purity of taste; and, therefore, that the woeful deterioration from the days of the Oxford prize essay should be, in part at any rate, attributed to the evil communications of the quaint old company in which he had so often burnt the midnight lamp.

But, unlike the Coalition administration, he, if he fell here, fell to rise again; and, *clarior e flammis*, was all the better for the roasting he had got. His future speeches became conspicuous, not indeed for rhetorical brilliancy, but for subtle reasoning, sound law, and sterling sense.

Mr. Scott's business at the equity bar increased so rapidly, that before the year 1787† he had found it expedient to relinquish the eastern half of the Northern Circuit, and, indeed, had restricted his attendance to Lancaster.

* The Life of Lord Stowell in No. XXXIII. of the *Law Magazine*, and four valuable articles on the Life of Lord Eldon, by the same hand, commencing in No. XLI. of the same periodical, and continued in the succeeding numbers.

† Lord Brougham states that before Mr. Justice (James Allen) Park joined the

In the House of Commons, he gave a general, though independent, support to the ministry of Mr. Pitt, which had succeeded that of the Duke of Portland, and by it was, in 1788, rewarded by the appointment of solicitor-general.

The close of this year is painfully memorable from the mental malady of George III.; and from the factions it engendered in his family and his Parliament. Pitt now moved and carried a series of resolutions on the state of the king and the delegation of his authority; which were, for the most part, highly unpalatable to the young Prince of Wales and his Whig associates. In favour of these resolutions, the new solicitor-general, the friend of Chancellor Thurlow, spoke, as from office bound: but we have heard that one of his speeches on this occasion (and we presume it to be the first) was regarded by the ministerial side as too complimentary to the opposition; and ridiculed by the opposition for its prominent allusions to himself, his conscience, and his God. But the country was soon found to sympathise with the smitten monarch, and sided with his favoured minister: while at the same time the royal physicians, held out increasing hopes of the speedy recovery of their patient. And, if Scott's later speech, of the 19th of January,* 1789, has a fault, it certainly is not that of taking too charitable a view of the conduct or motives of the Whig minority. The Regency bill, which in this spring was introduced, has been said to have been drawn by the solicitor-general: and there is no doubt that the course which he then adopted, exposed him to the hatred of the prince; but covered him with the gratitude of the king, who was restored to himself and his people before the bill became a law.

In 1793, *Sir John Scott* (for he had by this time received the, to him, distasteful honour of knighthood) was advanced to the office of attorney-general; and on him, therefore, devolved the most prominent part in the prosecutions for treason,† undertaken against the British sympathisers with French republicanism.

His opening speech on the trial of Hardy occupied nine hours, but did not exhaust him. When he resumed his seat, he was still fresh—a striking proof of the improvement which his constitution had of late years received. At the conclusion of the prosecution, Mitford, the solicitor-general, made the reply, and fainted in the course of his address. Scott, not long afterwards, said the evidence was, in his opinion, so nicely balanced, that, had he himself been on the jury, he did not know what verdict he should have given. The succeeding trial for high treason, that of Horne Tooke, ended, as this had done, with an acquittal. When it was over, the reverend philologist is said to have waggishly declared that he would plead guilty, if it should be his misfortune to be tried again for high treason, as he considered hanging preferable to the long speeches of Sir John Scott.

In the summer of 1799, the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas became vacant, and the claim of the attorney-general to fill it could not be gainsaid. On receiving it, he of course had to relin-

Northern Circuit, Scott had given up all the circuit towns except Lancaster; and from Mr. Raincock's list it appears that Park joined it in 1787.

* *Parliamentary History*, vol. xxv., p. 1023.

† One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Twiss's work is Lord Eldon's justification of the course pursued by government in these trials.—See vol. i., p. 282.

quish the House of Commons, where he had sat for seventeen years; but was raised to the House of Lords by the title of Baron Eldon.

His brother, Dr. Scott, in the meantime, had been, if less conspicuous, hardly less successful. In 1788, he was constituted by the Bishop of London judge of his Consistory Court, and received from the crown the appointment of its advocate-general. The latter office bears, in the courts at Doctors' Commons, a strong analogy to that of attorney-general in those at Westminster. In time of war it is very lucrative; and Mr. Townsend states, that during the great French war its fortunate holder sometimes received in the prize causes adjudicated in the Court of Admiralty as much as 1000*l.* a case, in fees and perquisites. On this promotion he was knighted. The same year saw him appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury his vicar-general, or official principal; in right of which he would receive fees on grants of marriage licences, a fact to which a humorous allusion is made by the poet Moore:—

Sir^{*} William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
 Declares not half so much is made
 By licences—and he must know well—
 Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade.*

Within the succeeding two years the same patronage conferred upon him the office of master† of the faculties; and in 1798 he was nominated judge of the High Court of Admiralty—the highest dignity of the courts in Doctors' Commons.

Thus have we, throughout this chapter, seen the two brothers, in generous emulation, and now with alternate, now corresponding, success, press onward to the summit of their respective professions.

Et nunc Pristis habet, nunc victam præterit ingens
 Centaurus; nunc una ambæ junctisque feruntur
 Frontibus, et longâ sulcant vada salsa carinâ.
 Jamque propinquabant scopulo, metamque tenebant.

Q.

BURIED ALIVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[This narrative, if so it can be called, forms a letter in "Die Unsichtbare Loge." The writer is Captain Ottomar, the illegitimate son of a German prince, and Dr. Fenk is a physician who has been his travelling companion. Ruhestatt is a village which belongs to Ottomar, and which has been entirely burned down with the exception of the church. When the coffin containing Ottomar stood in the church, it was seen by Fenk, who pressed the hand of the supposed corpse. With these few indications, the narrative becomes complete in itself.—J. O.]

I HAVE been buried alive. I have discoursed with Death, and he has assured me there is nothing further than him. When I left my coffin he put the whole Earth in my place, and also my small portion of joy. Ah! good Fenk, how changed I am! Return to me soon. All the hours stand

* Country-dance and Quadrille.

† For an explanation of the nature of these various appointments, the unprofessional reader is referred to the fourth part of Coke's "Institutes."

before me like empty graves, which catch me or my friends ! I have heard who it was that pressed my hand once more by the coffin. Beloved friend, return to me soon.

Dost thou not know the dread I always felt of being buried alive. In the midst of my sleep I often started up, because I fancied that I could faint away and so be buried, and that the coffin-lid would then press down my struggling arms. Wherever I fell ill upon my travels I always threatened those about me that I would appear to them as a spectre, and reproach them if they buried me within eight days. This fear proved most fortunate. Without it I should have been buried alive.

Some weeks ago my old disorder—the burning fever—returned to me. I hastened with it to my Ruhestatt, and my first word to my steward, as I could not have you, was to bury me *immediately* I became insensible, because the air of the vault awakens one more easily, but to cover up neither the coffin nor the grave. The lonely church in the park, it should be added, stands open. I also told him to let my dog, who will not stay away from me, go with me everywhere. In the night my fever increased, but my memory fails me at the bleeding. I only know that with shuddering I saw the blood as it curled about my arm, and that I thought within myself: “This is human blood, which is sacred to us, which cements together the card-house and wood-work of our internal selves,* and in which move the invisible wheels of our life and our impulses.” This blood afterwards was sprinkled on all the fantasies of my feverish nights ; the immersed *all* arose out of it blood-red, and it seemed to me that all men together, by a long shore, bled forth a stream that bounded over the earth into a swallowing abyss. Thoughts, hideous thoughts, passed me grinning—thoughts that no healthy man knows—none imitates—none endures, and that merely lurk upon rich prostrate souls. Were there no Creator I should be forced to shudder at the concealed anguish-chords, which are strained tight in man, and which a hostile being may rudely touch. But no—thou all-kind Being, thou holdest thy hand over our ground† of torment, and thou dissolvest the earth-heart, over which these chords are wound, when they tremble too violently.

The struggle of my nature at length changed to a fainting slumber, out of which so many wake only to die under the earth. In this state they bore me to the lonely church. The prince and my dog were with me ; only the former went further on. I lay for, perhaps, half the night, till life began to quiver through me. My first thought rent my soul asunder. By chance my dog came upon my face ; an oppressive sensation suddenly sank down upon me, as if a giant hand bent in my breast, and a coffin-lid appeared to stand over me like a lifted wheel. The very description pains me, because I dread the possibility of a return. I quitted the hexagonal brood-cell‡ of the second life, death stretched himself far before me with his thousand limbs, his head and bones. I

* This expression, “our internal selves,” is put for “*unser Ich*,” “our I.” In philosophical works it is usually rendered by the Latin “*ego*,” probably to avoid the resemblance to “eye.”—J. O.

† “*Anlage*” means “natural capacity,” or “aptitude”—here for torment. Thinking this would appear too abstract for the context, I have put the less accurate “ground.”—J. O.

‡ That is, the coffin, which is hexagonal in shape, and is here compared to a single cell in a honeycomb.—J. O.

appeared to stand below in the chaotic abyss, and far above me moved the earth with its living ones. Life and death both disgusted me. Upon that which lay near me, yea even upon my mother* I looked coldly and fixedly, as the eye of death when it crushes a life at a glance. A round iron grating in the church wall cut out of the whole heaven nothing but the shimmering broken disc of the moon, which, like a heavenly coffin-light, hung down upon this coffin which is called the earth. The desert church, once the market-place of a speaking throng, stood desolate, and undermined by dead men; the long church-windows, copied in shadow by the moon, laid themselves over the grated seats; by the sacristy was raised the black cross—the cross of the order of death; the swords and spurs of the knights called to mind the crumbled limbs that moved them and themselves no more, and the death-wreath† of the infant with its false flowers had followed hither the poor infant, whose hand death had snapped off before it could pluck real ones; stone monks and knights by the wall imitated with decaying hands the prayer that had been hushed long ago; nothing living spake in the church save the iron course of the pendulum of the steeple clock, and I seemed to hear Time tramping with heavy feet over the world, and treading out graves for foot-prints.

I seated myself on a step of the altar; the moonlight, with its gloomy, hurrying cloud-shadows lay around me; my mind stood erect. I addressed the self that I yet was: "What art thou? What is it that sits here, and remembers and feels pain? Thou, I, something. Whither then is that gone, that coloured mass of clouds, which for thirty years has passed over this self, and which I have called childhood, youth, life? My self passed along through this painted mist, but I could not comprehend it; at a distance it appeared to me something firm, close to me it seemed to me but as trickling drops of vapour, or what we call moments, and life, therefore, was but the dropping from one moment (the atom-vapour of time) into another. If I had now remained dead, would that which I now am have been the goal, on account of which I was made for this illumined earth, and the earth for me? Would that be the end of the scenes? And beyond that end? Joy perchance is there; here there is none, because a past joy is none, and our moments attenuate every present one into a thousand past; sooner is virtue here, for that is above time. Beneath me all is sleeping; I shall do the same; and if for thirty years more I make myself believe that I am still living, they will, nevertheless, lay me here again; this night will again return, but I shall remain in my coffin—and then? If now I had three moments, one for birth, one for living, one for death, I would ask for what purpose I had them. But all that lies between the past and the future is a moment, we have but three in all. Great Original Being, I began, and was about to pray, 'Thou hast eternity, yet under the thought of that which is only a present, no human mind can keep itself upright, but bows itself towards its earth.'" Oh, ye departed dear ones, I thought, you would not be too great for me; appear to me; remove the feeling of nothingness from my heart, and show me the eternal breast which I can love, which can warm me. I chanced to see my poor dog, who looked upon me. And this animal with its shorter, duller life touched me so that I was

* *I. e.*, the earth.—J. O.

† A wreath was commonly the decoration for a deceased child.—J. O.

moved to tears, and longed for something with which I might increase them and allay them.

This was the organ above me. I went to it, as to an extinguishing spring. And as with its great tones I shook the church buried in night, and the deaf dead, and as the old dust flew around me, that till now had laid upon their dumb lips, then did all the transient persons that I have loved, together with their transient scenes, pass by me—thou camest; and Milan came, and the quiet country. What had become a mere narrative, I narrated to them with organ-tones. I loved them all once more in the course of life, and wished to die for love of them, and to press my soul into their hands; but beneath my own pressing hand was nothing but the wooden keys. I struck fewer and fewer notes, and they passed round me like an absorbing whirlpool. At last I laid the psalm-book upon a deep key, and moved the bellows in one continuous blast, that I might not have to endure the silent interval between the notes. A humming note streamed on, as though it were following the wings of time. It bore along all my remembrances and my hopes, and my beating heart swam in its waves. A note that went on vibrating always made me sorrowful.

I left the place of my resurrection, and looked towards the white pyramid of the Hermit Mountain,* where nothing arose, and where life slept more soundly. The pyramid stood immersed in moonlight, and a long shadow of clouds wandered with me. The leaves and trees were curved by the autumn; the flowers which perished in the mouth of the oxen, waved no more over the prickly stubble-field; the snail with its slime cofined itself into its house and bed; and when, in the morning, the earth turned itself with full-blooded motley clouds towards the faint sun, I felt that I no more had my former joyous earth, but that I had left it for ever in the grave; and the men whom I found again seemed to be corpses which death had lent, and which life had set up and pushed along, to act with these figures, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Thus do I think still. As long as I live I shall carry with me the sad impression of this certainty—that I must die. It is only within the last week that I have known this, though I formerly thought a great deal of my sensibility at death-beds, at theatres, and at funeral sermons. The child understands nothing of death. Every minute of his sportive existence places itself with its tinsel before his little grave. Men of business and of pleasure understand it just as little, and it is incomprehensible with what coolness thousands of men can say, "Life is short." It is incomprehensible that one cannot make the dull multitude, whose discourse is but an articulated snore, lift up their heavy eyelids when one says to them: "Only look through the few years of thy life to the bed on which thou wilt lie; see thyself with the hanging, heavy, dead hand, with the ridgy† invalid face, with the white marble eye; try to hear in thy present hour the bickering fantasies of the last night—that great night which is ever striding towards thee, which in every hour

* A mountain with the hermitage upon it, the description of which I translated on a previous occasion. The pyramid mentioned is a tomb.—J. O.

† The German word is "bergig," signifying "hilly," or "mountainous." It refers to the great contrasts in the invalid face, caused by deep wrinkles.

has finished an hour of its course, and which will certainly strike thee down,—ephemeral creature that thou art, whether thou soarest in the ray of the evening sun, or in that of the evening twilight. But the two eternities rise towering up on both sides of our earth, and we go on crawling and digging in our deep, hollow pass—dull, blind, deaf, ruminating, struggling, without seeing the magnitude of the course.*

But from that time there is also an end to all my plans; one can complete nothing here below. Life is to me so little, that it is almost the least thing I can sacrifice for a fatherland; I reach the churchyard, and enter it with a greater or less train of years. Joy also has passed. This stiff hand of mine, that has once touched death like [an electric eel, too easily rubs the variegated butterfly-dust from her fine wings, and I merely let her flutter around me, without catching her. Only misfortune and labour are opaque enough to obstruct the view of the future; and ye shall be welcome in my house, especially when you leave another, the owner of which would rather have Joy for a resident. But oh! you poor pale pictures, made out of earth-colours, you men—I tolerate and love you twice as much. What else is it but love, that by the feeling of imperishability draws us again out of the death-ashes? Who should make your two December-days, that you call eighty years, still colder and still shorter? We are but trembling shadows. And yet will one shadow rend the other to pieces?

Now do I understand why a man—a king—goes into the cloister in his old days. What will he do at a court or on an exchange, when the world of senses recedes from him, and all looks like a great stretched-out crape, and merely the higher second world with its rays hangs down into the black? Thus does heaven, when we gaze upon it from lofty mountains, cast off its blue and become black, because blue is not its own colour, but that of our atmosphere. But the sun is then as a burning seal of life, pressed into this night, and keeps flaming on.

I looked straight up to the starry heaven, but it no more enlightens my soul as it used; its suns and earths fade away just like the one upon which I am crumbling to pieces. Whether a minute sets its maggot-tooth or a millennium sets its shark-tooth in a world, is no matter, for it is certain to be crushed in the end. Not only is this earth vain, but all that flies with it through the skies, and that only differs from it in magnitude. And thou thyself, lovely sun, thou who, like a mother whose child sinks to sleep, lookest upon us so tenderly, when the earth bears us away, and draws the curtain of night about our beds—thou also wilt at some time fall into *thy* night and *thy* bed, and wilt thyself need a sun to have beams.

It is a strange thing that out of the higher stars, or even the planets, and their daughter-lands,† they make flower-tubs into which death sticks us, just as an American after death hopes to go to Europe. The Europeans would extend their fancy, and take America for the Walhalla of the departed, if our second hemisphere, instead of a thousand miles,‡ hung at a distance of about six thousand, as is well known of the moon. Oh! my mind desires something different from a warmed-up, newly patched-up earth, another food than that which grows upon any mud or fire-lump of the sky, a longer life than is borne by an erratic star;—but I understand nothing of it.

* A metaphor is purposely omitted here.—J. O.

† I. e., satellites.—J. O.

‡ German miles be it remembered, which are nearly equal to five English.—J.O.

B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. V.

THE OLD MILL.

It was just in the gray of the morning, and the silver light of dawn was stealing through the deep glens of the wood, brightening the dewy filaments that busy insects had spun across and across the grass, and shining in long, glistening lines, upon the broad clear stream. It was a lovely stream as ever the eye of meditation rested on, or thoughtful angler walked beside; and from about two miles beyond Slingsby Park to within half a mile of the small town of Tarningham, it presented an endless variety of quiet English scenery, such as does the heart of man good to look upon. In one part it was surrounded by high hills, not unbroken by jagged rocks and lofty banks, and went on tumbling in miniature cascades and tiny rapids. At another place it flowed on in greater tranquillity through green meadows, flanked on either hand by tall, stately trees, at the distance of eighty or ninety yards from the banks; not in trim rows, all ranged like rank and file upon parades, but straggling out as chance or taste had decided, sometimes grouping into masses, sometimes protruding far towards the stream, sometimes receding coyly into the opening of a little dell. Then again the river dashed on at a more hurried rate through a low copse, brawling as it went over innumerable shelves of rock and masses of stone, or banks of gravel, which attempted to obstruct its course; and nearer still to the town it flowed through turfy banks, slowly and quietly, every now and then diversified by a dashing ripple over a shallow, and a tumble into a deep pool.

It was in the gray of the morning, then, that a man in a velveteen jacket was seen walking slowly along by the margin, at a spot where the river was in a sort of middle state, neither so fierce and restive as it seemed amongst the hills, nor so tranquil and sluggish as in the neighbourhood of the little town. There were green fields around; and numerous trees and copses approaching sometimes very close to the water, but sometimes breaking away to a considerable distance, and generally far enough off for the angler to throw a fly without hooking the branches around. Amongst some elms, and walnuts, and Huntingdon poplars on the right bank, was an old square tower of very rough stone, gray and cold-looking, with some ivy up one side, clustering round the glassless window. It might have been mistaken for the ruin of some ancient castle of no great extent, had it not been for the axle-tree and some of the spokes and fellies of a dilapidated water-wheel projecting over the river, and at once announcing for what purposes the building had been formerly used, and that they had long ceased. There was still a little

causeway and small stone bridge of a single arch spanning a rivulet that here joined the stream, and from a door-way near the wheel still stretched a frail plank to the other side of the dam, which, being principally constructed of rude layers of rock, remained entire, and kept up the water so as to form an artificial cascade. Early as was the hour, some matutinal trout, who, having risen by times and perhaps taken a long swim before breakfast, felt hungry and sharpset, were attempting to satisfy their voracious maws by snapping at a number of fawn-coloured moths which imprudently trusted themselves too near the surface of the water. The religious birds were singing their sweet hymns all around, and a large goatsucker whirled by on his long wings, depriving the trout of many a delicate fly before it came within reach of the greedy jaws that were waiting for it below the ripple.

But what was the man doing while fish, flies, and birds were thus engaged? Marry he was engaged in a very curious and mysterious occupation. With a slow step and a careful eye fixed upon the glassy surface beneath him, he walked along the course of the current down towards the park paling that you see there upon the left. Was he admiring the speckled tenants of the river? Was he admiring his own reflected image on the shining mirror of the stream? He might be doing either, or both; but, nevertheless, he often put his finger and thumb into the pocket of a striped waistcoat; pulled out some small round balls, about the size of a pea or a little larger, marvellously like one of those boluses which doctors are sometimes fain to prescribe, and chemists right willing to furnish, but which patients find it somewhat difficult to swallow. These he dropped one by one into the water, wherever he found a quiet place, and thus proceeded till he had come within about three hundred yards of the park wall. There he stopped the administration of these pills; and then, walking a little further, sat down by the side of the river, in the very midst of a tall clump of rushes.

In a minute or two something white, about the length of eighteen inches, floated down; and instantly stretching forth a long hooked stick, our friend drew dexterously in to the shore a fine large trout of a pound and a half in weight. The poor fellow was quite dead, or at least so insensible that he did not seem at all surprised or annoyed to find himself suddenly out of his element, and into another gentleman's pocket, though the transition was somewhat marvellous, from the fresh clear stream to a piece of glazed buckram. Most people would have disliked the change, but Mister Trout was in that sort of state that he did not care about any thing. Hardly was he thus deposited when one of his finny companions—perhaps his own brother, or some other near relation—was seen coming down the stream with his stomach upwards, a sort of position which, to a trout, is the same as standing on the head would be to a human being. This one was nearer the bank, and first he hit his nose against a stump of tree, then, whirling quietly round, he tried the current tail foremost; but it was all of no avail, he found his way likewise into the pocket, and two more were easily consigned to the same receptacle, all of them showing the same placid equanimity. At length one very fine fish, which seemed to weigh two pounds and a half, at the least, followed advice, and took a middle course. He was out of reach of the stick; the water was too deep at that spot to wade, and what was our friend of the pocket to do? He watched the

fish carried slowly down the stream towards the place where the river passed under an archway into Sir John Slingsby's park. It was fat and fair, and its fins were rosy as if the morning sun had tinged them. Its belly was of a glossy white, with a kindly look about its half-expanded gills, that quite won our friend's affection. Yet he hesitated; and being a natural philosopher, he knew that by displacing the atoms of water the floating body might be brought nearer to the shore. He therefore tried a stone: but whether he threw it too far, or not far enough, I cannot tell; certain it is, the trout was driven further away than before, and to his inexpressible disappointment, he saw it carried through the arch. He was resolved, however, that it should not thus escape him. Difficult circumstances try, if they do not make, great men; and taking a little run, he vaulted over the park paling and into the park.

He was just in the act of getting over again, perhaps feeling if he stayed too long it might be considered an intrusion, and had the fish in his hand, so that his movements were somewhat embarrassed, when a little incident occurred which considerably affected his plans and purposes for the day.

I have mentioned an old mill, and sundry trees and bushes at different distances from the bank, breaking the soft green meadow turf in a very picturesque manner. In the present instance, these various objects proved not only ornamental but useful—at least to a personage who had been upon the spot nearly as long as our friend in the velvetreen jacket. That personage had been tempted into the mill either by its curious and ancient aspect, or by the open door, or by surprise, or by some other circumstance or motive; and once in he thought he might as well look out of the window. When he did look out of the window, the first thing his eyes fell upon, was the first-mentioned gentleman dropping his pills into the water; and there being something curious and interesting in the whole proceeding, the man in the mill watched the man by the river for some minutes. He then quietly slipped out, and as the door was on the opposite side from that on which the operations I have described were going on, he did so unperceived. It would seem that the watcher became much affected by what he saw; for the next minute he glided softly over the turf behind a bush, and thence to a clump of trees, and then to a single old oak with a good wide trunk—rather hollow and somewhat shattered about the branches, but still with two or three of the lower boughs left, having a fair show of leaves, like a fringe of curly hair round the poll of some bald Anacreon. From that he went to another, and so on; in fact, dodging our first friend all the way down, till the four first trout were pocketed, and the fifth took its course into the park. When the betrayer of these tender innocents, however, vaulted over the paling in pursuit, the dodger came out and got behind some bushes—brambles, and other similar shrubs that have occasionally other uses than bearing blackberries; and no sooner did he see the successful chaser of the trout, with his goodly fish in his hand and one leg over the paling, about to return to the open country, than taking two steps forward, he laid his hand upon his collar, and courteously helped him over somewhat faster than he would have come without such assistance.

The man of fishes had his back to his new companion at the moment when he received such unexpected support; but as soon as his feet touched the ground on the other side, he struggled most unreasonably to free his collar from the grasp that still retained it. He did not succeed

in this effort ; far from it ; for he well-nigh strangled himself in the attempt to get out of that iron clutch ; but, nevertheless, he contrived, at the risk of suffocation, to bring himself face to face with his tenacious friend, and beheld, certainly what he did not expect to see. No form of grim and grisly gamekeeper was before him ; no shooting-jacket and leathern leggings ; but a person in the garb of a gentleman of good station, furnished with arms, legs, and chest of dimensions and materials which seemed to show that a combat would be neither a very safe nor pleasant affair.

"Who the devil are you?" asked the lover of trout, in the same terms which Mr. Wittingham had used the night before to the very same personage.

"Ha, ha, my friend!" exclaimed Ned Hayward ; "so you have been hocussing the trout have you?" And there they stood for a few minutes without any answers to either question.

ORACLES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

NOT to the caverns of ancient Italy, or the groves of Asia Minor, in those olden times when yet the classic world was young—when fauns and dryads gambolled blythly in green grove and by clear fountain, and the nereides wantoned in the sunny Mediterranean sea. Not to the days when the annals of Lempriere's dictionary would have been thought very correct and authentic history—ere the poetry of the Greek-devised worship faded from pillared fane and porticoed temple—ere Jupiter and Juno went into unhonoured exile—and ere that mystic voice passed over the world, proclaiming to island and continent, in words which men of all tongues and of all climes understood, "The oracles have ceased—*great Pan is dead?*" Not to that dim old classic one—somehow irretrievably associated in our minds with the Latin grammar and sunny afternoons unwillingly passed in school, do we wish to waft back our readers.

Then, indeed, lived the first of the oracles. Then mysterious prophethesses offered mysterious bargains of mysterious books—then sybilline leaves as difficult to interpret as doctors prescriptions, puzzled critical soothsayers—then the princes and potentates of the earth went reverently into gloomy caverns or sacred groves—somewhat like Macbeth in after times—to see the frenzied sybil rave on her tripod, and utter in riddling words, inspired by the *afflatus* of the god, the doom of dynasties and the fall of kings.

With these classic oracles we meddle not. They have had their day. The Cumæan sybil rests from her *clairvoyance*—Pan is gone to pot. But are oracles really departed from amongst us with the *ci-devants* of high Olympus? Have they faded with the court of Jove? Are their voices no longer heard upon the earth? Believe it not. We no longer expect to see Neptune and his train from the quarter-deck of a Margate steamer—we no longer look for Isis running down the slanting rainbow like a car on a centrifugal railway—in our rambles in woodland

glen and rocky dingle we no longer come upon nymphs of the fountains and the forests—and country gentlemen may hunt any bird and beast canonized by the game laws without having the fate of *Actæon* before their eyes. But we still have oracles—not, indeed, dwelling in caves and groves—but in parlours and coffee-rooms, streets and squares—modernized, nineteenth century oracles—wearing coats, and hats, and breeches—march of intellect oracles; in their outward appearance very like mere ordinary mortals—but just as authoritative, dogmatic, and pretending as their progenitors of Greece and Rome, and, generally speaking, possessing claims equally well founded to the attention and respectful belief of their audiences.

Oracles are every where—they are omni-present—all pervading. You meet them in omnibuses—you tumble against them in the streets—they lay down the law in steamboats—they turn the conversation in coffee-rooms into a long series of lectures—they meet you in the theatre—they bore you at public dinners, and make small tea-parties things not to be rashly approached. They “happen to know every thing”—they *pooh!* *pooh!* down your views whenever you state them—they are quite aware of what nobody else knows—their information is always exclusive—they can tell you all the plans and all the resources of such a theatre or such a ministry better than the manager or the premier—they always are in possession of secret information, and like behind the scenes views of things. There is nothing upon which they are not great, and nothing upon which they are not critical. They despise a man who frankly says, “I know not.” Whatever be your question, you are sure of a categorical reply. The sage said, that all he knew was, that he knew nothing. The oracle says, that is only a little of what he knows—that he knows every thing. Whether you question him as to the prospects of the most fashionable season at Timbuctoo, or the rigour of the next winter in Nova Zembla, he tells you frankly how things will be. He is aware of the contents of the queen’s speech long before it is written, and can give you a very fair notion of the winners of the Derby for the next half-dozen years. Whenever you tell him of the occurrence of any important event, he replies blandly, “Of course, I told you so.” You seldom, however, remember when he is ever surprised. Surprise infers previous ignorance, and ignorance of any kind the oracle never even by implication pleads guilty to.

The oracle delivers his opinions with the same *à plomb* as his facts. This he is quite warranted in doing, as the former are about as valuable and authentic as the latter—he is never at a loss for either. The date of an event in the reign of Queen Semiramis, and of one in the reign of Queen Victoria, he informs you of with the same facility. You may study Egyptian hieroglyphics half your life, or pore over Chinese until Confucius, in the original, become as familiar to you as “Robinson Crusoe” or the “Forty Thieves;” and thus having grouped your memory into a little family secret of the earliest Pharaohs, or corrected a misunderstood shade of meaning in the matics of Chinese philosophy, you triumphantly appeal to the oracle, who quietly observes, that it was really a pity you had not come to him in the first instance, as both of the discoveries which you were at such pains in making, he was perfectly aware of since he was a boy. Do not, therefore, attempt to inform an oracle. It would be like squirting a few additional drops of water into the Pacific through a syringe.

The oracle has, in general, a wonderful knowledge of books, particularly the backs of them. He settles the merits of a system of astronomy in buttering a slice of bread, and disposes of a school of literature between two whiffs of a cigar. Nothing comes amiss to his stores of information. He knows all manner of processes of manufacture, as if he had been bred up in each of them, one after the other. From the construction of a locomotive engine to that of a wheelbarrow he is perfectly at home. He gives you to understand that he is acquainted with the secrets of all sorts of patents, but he does not disclose them, because that would ruin the inventors, and God forbid but that ingenuity should have its just reward. He knows all public characters privately—every great man happens to be an intimate friend of his. He knows the real reason—not the mere assigned one—for every thing which takes place. He has read all books—penetrated into all systems of philosophy—had a bite of every apple on the tree of knowledge—arranges every thing—foretells every thing—disposes of every thing—understands every thing. From a revolution to a pic-nic—from the solar system to a mousetrap, your true oracle ranges unfettered and unchecked—his facts imaginative as his opinions—his opinions groundless as his facts.

Lord Melbourne told the queen that Mr. Macaulay was a book in breeches. Your real oracle is the library of the British Museum involved in similar nether habiliments.

The oracle is generally a person tolerably well to do in the world. A poor devil might as well set up for being a Member of Parliament without a long purse, as for being an oracle. He must come "snugly on the mart." He must be able to contradict every position laid down at a dinner-party with dignity and decision—he must be able to propound his doctrines with the pompous solemnity of infallibility—he must always assume, as his natural right, the highest place in the synagogue—never walk but as if the world were made for him—never talk but as if the language was framed for him—never breathe but as if oxygen and hydrogen were combined for the express convenience of his lungs. Now could a man in a napless hat and seedy coat attempt any thing like this? A man with broad-cloth on his back may have fustian in his mouth—but fustian in both positions we have no tolerance for. We may listen to the opinion of a *millionaire*, when of course we would naturally go to sleep under the infliction of that of a wretch unknown to the income-tax commissioners—who could stomach advice preached by a gentleman with a couple of pins doing duty in his coat for buttons?—and who could be deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so unwisely, supposing the said fascinator worth that magic fruit, a plum? Oracles then must generally have a substratum of bankers' books to lay their claims upon, although we are far from disputing the validity in supporting oracular pretension of pure, unmixed impudence—brass being very often found an admirable substitute for gold. Thus, of course, oracles must differ in their pretensions—sometimes according to the weight of their purses, at others after their powers of face. An oracle in a coach and pair would be frequently decidedly superior to an oracle in a shandrydan—as an oracle who had brass enough to go up to his tailor at Christmas time, and with blindest voice crushing down all allusions to "little bills," wish the unfortunate man of cloth many happy returns of the season—would have an infinitely better chance of success, in his profession, than an in-

ferior oracle, who would merely look the stitcher in the face and pass on as though he saw him not.

Oracles are generally plump, respectable-looking men—rosy in the gills and glossy in the coat. They come into a room as though they had just purchased the street, and address you as though they really condescended to take some little interest in your welfare, considering you, on the whole, as rather an intelligent kind of animal. You may always know when you are in the company of an oracle, by having all your facts controverted, and all your theories either sneered at or anticipated. The oracle allows no knowledge but in himself—and after having with portly air and awful sternness, as though all this world's philosophy and more than the mere vulgar world's, lodged within him—asserted his claims to the veneration of the company, he smiles complacently, as though his mission in this world had been so far accomplished.

So much for the genus oracle—now for a few of the species. Of these there are many. There is the oracle of the city and of the village—of the club and of the public-house—of the boudoir and of the tap-room. There is the oracle political—the oracle artistic—and the oracle (a very common variety) meteorological.

A Saturday's country ramble lately brought us for rest and refreshment to a village inn. In the public room were assembled the *patres conscripti* of the place, the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the blacksmith discussing by turns the affairs of Europe and the parish—of parliament and the vestry, wetting the debate with endless pints of ale, and smoke-drying it again with innumerable pipes and "screws." In an arm-chair, evidently the post of honour, sat the chief of the "goodlie companie"—very fat—very lazy—very much at home in all his movements, and very correct and decided in all his sentences. He had a sort of oracle look about him which struck us at once. The waiter evidently was in mortal dread of him—the landlord was not without some trepidation, and the company generally regarded the great man with a sort of fearful awe.

"Well, about that 'ere road," observed a little man with a fidgetty air and a dirty face. "I was a thinking it might come in by Dobb's farm round the hill, and so by the common down into the High-street."

The company in general, and the little man in particular, made an awful pause, and watched the oracle. The response was not long forthcoming.

"No—it couldn't be done—I say it couldn't."

The little man was smashed. Another dreary pause.

"Do you think there will be a good harvest, Mr. Gopus?" put in one of the guests, anxious to make a diversion.

"Yes, I do," said the oracle, "sure to be a good harvest."

"What a blessing for the country!" chorused the company.

"Murphy," continued the oracle, "Murphy says we shall have a rainy August—but how should he know?"

"Of course," said the little man, with the dirty face, "how should he know."

"That stands to reason, Mr. Gopus," observed the landlord.

The company nodded assent generally.

The harvest having been thus satisfactorily settled, numerous other topics were similarly disposed of—Mr. Gopus always giving the finishing blow.

"The navy," said the oracle, winding up a long dissertation on the state of our wooden walls, "the navy, gentlemen, is in prime order, and the Prince de Gynveel will find that—if he don't draw it milder—the navy never was in a better condition, gentlemen, since Queen Anne licked the Spanish Armadar."

"Hear, hear," shouted the company.

We ventured to put in a modest correction—clothing it under the gentle formula of

"Queen Elizabeth you mean, sir!"

The whole room stood aghast. The little man with the dirty face sat back in his chair overpowered, and Mr. Gopus stared wildly at us through the tobacco-smoke.

"Hush, sir!" whispered the waiter at last, "hush! that's Mr. Gopus, sir."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, nobody ever contradicts Mr. Gopus."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," said the *garçon*, who had evidently never received the question in that light before, "I don't know, sir, unless it is because he's the churchwarden."

"Aha!" we exclaimed to ourselves, "village churchwarden and village oracle *ex officio*."

As we have already hinted, Gopus, like Proteus, takes many shapes; but at the bottom he is always Gopus. Oracles are often tavern-loving animals—their shrines are frequently "genteel parlours." Once installed as oracles the landlord shrinks into insignificance—the oracle becomes the authority and the ruling power—the nightly party is never complete without him. If he comes late his particular chair is held inviolate. The discussion of knotty matters is postponed until his arrival. The business of the evening cannot begin without him. The *habitués* would look at each other were a serious discussion to breeze up ere the great man's coming, as members of Parliament would stare were it announced by the serjeant-at-arms that he did not think Mr. Speaker would attend that night, for he had gone on an excursion to Gravesend. At length he comes—he hangs up his hat with the air of a monarch laying by his crown—installs himself in his throne—looks round with a threatening and reassuring glance, and having lighted his pipe and mixed his grog, prepares for his task of being a book of reference all the evening.

Step from the sanded tavern-room to the soft, carpeted, silk-hung boudoir—from the fume of the tobacco to the odour of the pastile—from the Babel babble of the "Free and Easy," to the soft lisps of Lady Mary and Lady Jane. Still we leave not the oracle. He is with us in all the splendour of lavender kids, and mirror-like boots, and faultlessly fitted coat, and faultlessly tied cravat—the oracle of May Fair.

"Oh, Fitz, now, I am so glad you looked in; Lady Jane and I have been quite quarrelling about where we shall have that pic-nic, and you know you're just the creature to settle it all. Come, do tell us—Richmond or Hampton Court?"

"And oh, Mr. Fitz, what shall I do with my poodle, little Fanny, you know—the poor dear won't eat?"

"But I forgot—come, tell me, you know every thing—which is Grisi's first night of singing?"

"And, Fitz, you must positively give me your opinion of this lace—you are such a judge—it's quite dreadful!"

"But the Duchess of Dashton's new hammer-cloth—don't you think 'tis in odious taste, dear Fitz?"

"And what was all that shocking affair at Crockford's—~~came~~ now, do tell—we are dying to know."

"But wait, first—the most important thing in the world—which will be the best night for mamma's fête?"

"Yes, of course, and what was the real value of Lady Fanny's *trousseau*?"

"And, talking of *trousseaus*, will this shawl or this become me best? I shall leave it quite to your judgment."

"Now, there is one thing that I must know—is the Queen going to Paris or not? Come, tell me decidedly."

"No—not till I have heard from Fitz which is the best thing in the Exhibition."

"And whether the next Chiswick fête is to be brilliant?"

We leave Mr. Fitz to answer all these inquiries—to settle all these important points—to put at rest all these grave doubts, and no doubt Fitz will do so, for he is an oracle of May Fair.

The political oracle is a variety of the genus to be met with in perfection in Pall Mall, or lurking about Palace Yard, and making occasional incursions into the lobby of the house. He is noted for knowing things before they get into the evening papers. He always has heard why the cabinet council was summoned for to-day instead of to-morrow, and is continually finding out "something wrong" in the ministry. He is sure to be in great force before an important division, and can tell you—in strict confidence, of course—what the exact majority will be—sel-dom going wrong above a hundred. He is generally a member of a political club, of which he talks incessantly. He has heard every thing "at the club," from which one would conclude that it was a rule with the executive government of this country, to hang up notices of all the secret schemes in *posse* in the smoking-room for the benefit of the members. The political oracle is always in highest feather when he gets among worthy people, living somewhere about Clapham Common, or Newington Gate, who only see a newspaper once a week, and have dreadfully indistinct notions about the opinions of the Treasury Bench. In such a circle the political oracle shines with a thousand sun power.

"You see the fact was this—it's not generally known—but I may mention it among friends (I heard it at the club)—the way in which the motion originated was this. The opposition men were pushing Lord John hard to make a dash—a demonstration—a—a sort of—you know what I mean. 'The fact is, Russell, that all this sort of thing is humbug'—that was the very expression, as I happen to know, of Mr. Hume—and it was broadly stated at the club, indeed openly, that stronger language still was used—'Out and out rubbish, and no mistake,' one noble lord, whom I have promised not to name, called it. Well, what could Russell do? They only wanted a mere flash-in-the-pan motion, just to keep things alive, you know, so he determined to have an interview with Peel. He went to Privy Gardens early in the morning—in fact, the premier was shaving when Lord John rapped—he always shaves himself—I've seen the razors—a beautiful couple—a present from Guizot—well, Lord John rapped. 'Come in,' says Peel, and, would you believe it—but it

shows how things go on behind the scenes—the motion was finally arranged, and the terms drawn out on the back of a letter which Peel was using for shaving paper, and which had come in by a special courier the night before from St. Petersburg, covering a diplomatic despatch from the emperor about the war in Circassia. Curious little particulars these, Mr. Tomkinson, but you would—lord! you would be amazed—amazed, I say, Mr. Tomkinson, if you only knew the real way things are managed. Now, I dare say, you have no idea that it is all settled that the House is to be counted out at twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock next Thursday week on the great corn debate—you hadn't—I thought so—or that *the* duke declared to one of his most intimate friends in perfect confidence, that they would resign if ever they had a majority under sixty-three, twice running. It's a fact though—must be—I heard it at the club."

In this way the select circle of the Tomkinsons, imbibe oracular political lore, and think their Sunday newspaper nothing at all to the confidant of the duke, and the man who knows how Peel shaves.

Heraldic and genealogical oracles are by no means uncommon. You may meet with them by dozens near the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, on fine Sunday evenings in the season, each one explaining to a wondering circle of country cousins, or *endimanché* city clerks, the arms upon the carriages as they slowly defile past, and the names and titles of the occupants.

"That's the Earl of Bayswater in that green carriage with the crescent *argent* on the field *or*—the son, you know, of the Duke of Fitz-Aldgate, who married the third daughter of Lady Harriet Templebar, by her second husband, the Earl of Paddington—one of the oldest families in England—the founder came over with the Conqueror, and got lands assigned to him in Kent. Look at that cab—the one beside Lord Bateman's, with the young man leaning over to speak to the Duke of Aldersgate—that's the Honourable Mr. Foddlem, who lives at the Albany, and the second son of Lord Whitechapel, and is pretty sure, by the way, of coming into the Whitechapel estates, for his elder brother Frederick, who married the Honourable Miss Smithers Smythe—Smith—not the Smithes of Grosvenor-square—is all but killing himself by drinking the waters at Baden-Baden for the benefit of his health—and in that case, it is pretty generally known that Mr. Foddlem will marry Lady Caroline Smithfield in order to join the Whitechapel and Stratford estates."

We never see, on a particularly rainy afternoon, a precise, comfortable-looking old gentleman, one of the class profound in Welsh flannel and goloshes, who inhabit snug houses in quiet suburbs, and who are to be seen in the neighbourhood of the Bank on dividend days—we never see a specimen of this interesting category, picking his way desperately along the flooded street—the pitiless rain pelting his umbrellaless head, without making sure that we behold a victim of an oracle. The old gentleman has gone that morning before venturing abroad, to consult a neighbouring meteorological oracle touching the probability of the weather for the day. The oracle has confidently promised that there is no more chance of a shower of rain than there is of a shower of sovereigns. After the manner of meteorological oracles, he has consulted his cabalistical instruments, his wordometer and thermometer—taken a peep at the clouds, watched the curl of the cat's tail, and then pronounced his decision in favour of a burning hot afternoon, undimmed by even the ghost of a

cloud. The oracular victim sallies out "made up" accordingly, and catches a rheumatism, in the nursing whereof he is engaged during the next winter. The meteorological oracle is generally given to keeping registers of the weather, and can tell you the highest and lowest point to which the temperature has attained during the previous summer and winter to a nicety. He is stocked with numberless proverbs about the weather. The present season is sure to be the most extraordinary one in his recollection—he is wonderfully knowing about the changes of the moon—talking, indeed, generally, as if he and the luminary in question were appointed to take charge of the weather between them. He is a mighty prophet touching the momentous question of "What sort of day will it be to-morrow," foretelling the state of the evening sky from its morning looks, and that of the morning from its evening indications.

Further, he talks learnedly of strata of clouds, and can lecture for an hour on a dew-drop glittering on a cabbage leaf. He dabbles in all manner of ingenious instruments (which never go right) for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the wind and the density of the air, and is supremely happy if he can get a tabular view of the behaviour of the weather meekly squeezed into an out-of-the-way corner in a newspaper, between the births, marriages, and deaths—and the "Sound Intelligence."

We have numerous other specimens of the genus oracle in our mind's eye; there are theatrical oracles—musical oracles—oracles on dress, with deep views upon waistcoats, and historical oracles, who are always finding out something extraordinary in the annals of the nation; such as that Jack Cade was in reality the rightful heir to the crown, or that Guy Faux was simply an allegorical personage, and the gunpowder plot a mere figurative description of a political intrigue. All these oracles are there, and many more. But to recount every variety of the species—to put down every shade of their manners and customs—to paint every degree of their stolid dogmatism or flippant pertness—would be rendering ourselves too oracular upon oracles.

One trait of the creature and we have done. One of our friends is a first-rate oracle in the general line of business. We discoursed with him the other evening on the wonders of Lord Rosse's telescope—on the fields of views it opened up never before seen by mortal eye—on the cluster of nebulae which it has revealed to us—not as mere luminous mists—but worlds—systems—creations. It was a grand theme—a subject to be eloquent on.

"To think of these dimly bright mists being mists of worlds!"

"Ah—yes—certainly—ahem."

"You don't seem struck—surprised—excited by the thought."

"Why no—I—between ourselves—the fact is—I was aware of it before—I—I—happened to know!"

THE ANCIENT GARDEN.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

ABOUT the middle of a summer's day
Once was I wandering in the silent paths
That lay within an ancient garden's gloom;
Stirring the night moths underneath the leaves.

Of the fresh privet hedges, white with bloom,
 So on, adown the solemn yew tree walk,
 That cast a shadow like a solid wall,
 Until I reached that gloomy garden's heart,
 A little space, that, free to sun and air,
 Lay damask'd with the painted spires of flowers.
 Fast in the centre stood an ancient dial,
 That seem'd the solemn spirit of the place,
 Severe in silence mid the flood of light.

There into a quiet muse my spirit fell—
 And soon I peopled all the space around
 Quaintly in fashions of a day gone by—
 The footsteps heard of all that trod those paths,
 The old, who totter'd in the burning sun—
 The lovers, hand in hand, who sought the shade,
 In the fresh mornings counted with the past.
 All these, thought I, within this little space
 Stood here awhile, and mark'd with different mood
 How the black shadow of the tooth of Time
 Devour'd the shining circle of the dial.

First came the old man, trembling on his stick ;
 A moment gazed—then shook his wither'd hand,—
 Alas ! my time is very short, said he ;
 And, feeding on the faded picture of his youth,
 He pass'd. Next came young manhood flush'd,
 What of the clock, it was at leisure read,
 The whilst into the future fast he push'd.
 Or 'twas a maid with yellow hair blown back
 (Like tearful Angel in some missal old)
 Who read of broken trysts in ages past,
 And glanced to see how very late the day,
 And still no footstep down the alley green.

Where were they now—the old and wither'd man,
 And the first fresh glorious dew of youth ?
 A passing bell—the fall of bitter tears,
 And now upon the hill side's gentle slope !
 The sheep are wandering o'er forgotten graves !
 And so the people of the garden pass'd.

Not so the garden. With each gladdening spring,
 The old roots stirr'd within its ancient breast.
 The holyhock shoots spirewise through the air,
 And hangs her crimson bells out to the bee.
 The rose unfoldeth to her inmost leaf,
 The vine creeps on. The cedar's tardy growth,
 Has jostled out the mossy, crumbling seat,
 Where once the lovers idled in the shade.
 The picture's perfect, as it was of old,
 Save human hearts which have for ever pass'd.

Thus musing down a shady walk I turn'd.
 This life, said I, slips very fast away ;
 But who would stop the running of the sand ?
 'Twere but the folly of a child, who grasps
 The waters of some swiftly running stream,
 Which mocking through each vacant finger flows
 Down to the great inevitable sea.

LITERATURE.

ANTONIO PEREZ ET PHILIPPE II.*

DESERVEDLY high as M. Thiers' "History of the French Revolution" stands, as a complete and highly-finished narrative, Mignet's history of the same remarkable epoch has received general sanction, as the more powerful, concise, and striking epitome; M. Mignet possesses an extraordinary skill in aptly selecting his details, and judging which of the individualizing, strikingly characteristic features of his narrative, it is best to fix upon and delineate, when there is no room for all. Having thus mastered the grand difficulty in narration, he is always interesting without being voluminous, and concise without being vague or too general. In an episode in history, of as much domestic as political interest, as the tragical quarrels between Philip the Second, the husband of an equally bigoted wife, and his minister and favourite Antonio Perez; these qualities, from being unfettered and free, appear even to more than usual advantage. The narrative is throughout clear, graphic, and interesting, and the grave facts of history possess all the charms of romance, without there being any sacrifice of unaffected simplicity or of a proper perspicuity.

The adventurous career of Perez, offers a picture of vicissitude that is well calculated both to interest and to instruct. His early life was passed in the court of Charles the Fifth, to whom his father, Gonzalo Perez, was secretary of state. While still very young, he himself became minister to Philip the Second, who, for some time, held him in high favour and esteem, and whom Perez so far favoured in his policy, as to rid him, by assassination, of the secretary and confidant of his brother, Don Juan of Austria.

He afterwards lost himself with his formidable master, by daring to become his rival in love. Cast into a fortress, and brought before the secret tribunal of Castile, he was, after a long captivity, subjected to the torture, and other painful punishments, from which, and from the final infliction of death which awaited him, he was delivered by a successful flight. The celebrated tribunal of the "justicia mayor" in Aragon, took him under its protection, and being seized by the officers of the inquisition, the people of Saragossa rose in his favour and delivered him; but the city sacrificed its liberty in saving him from the punishment inflicted on heretics. Sheltered for a while in France, he afterwards repaired to England, where he became a pensioner of Henry IV., and the friend of the Earl of Essex; and he took part in all the negotiations against Philip II., until the peace of Vervins, and the death of that prince. Perez ultimately died in Paris, in exile and disgrace, after all the great persons, by the side of whom he had for upwards of forty years played so many parts, had disappeared from the scene.

The resources which M. Mignet has had at his disposal to fill up the wants, and to dissipate the obscurities that pervaded this remarkable and

* Antonio Perez et Philippe II. Par M. Mignet, Membre de l'Académie Française, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences, Morales, et Politiques.

Oct.—VOL. LXXV. NO. CCXCVIII.

eventful personal history, have been numerous, and the labours given to their examination most creditable. The manuscripts relating to his trial, preserved in the archives of the Spanish ministry, have been compared with the acts of the Holy Office, which latter contain every thing that relates to the conflict between the two courts of jurisdiction, that of the inquisition and that of the justicia mayor, and which terminated in the defeat of the Aragonese by the Castellans, and the loss of the national privileges of the former. The epoch of his residence in France and England has been dilated upon from his own correspondence and that of the Spanish ambassadors, preserved in the papers of Simancas, the State Paper Office, and the Bibliothèque Royale. Thus nothing has been left undone, in order to render this last work of its distinguished author worthy of his European reputation.

THE QUAKER CITY.*

PHILADELPHIA—the metropolis of the Pennsylvanian quakers—has hitherto been looked upon as the most prim and formal city in the I. O. U. states. Regular streets, closed doors, sanctified countenances, and buttoned-up pockets, being the outward insignia of the inward correctness and propriety.

But Mr. George Lippard—a lion among the wolves in sheep's clothing—has lifted the cover from the “whitened sepulchre,” and while the world is crying honour to the outward purity of the “Quaker city,” he has disclosed the festering corruption that rankles within in all its foulness.

Not that we are exactly to take the events and mysteries of an acknowledged romance as positive illustrations of the moral condition of a city which, with greater pretensions to piety and sanctity than any other—even than Rome itself—upholds slavery, the majesty of brute force, and the repudiation of international debts: still, as the author insists upon our doing so, we must yield credence, just so far as our common sensibilities, and a generous belief in the impossibility of a profligacy such as is here detailed, will enable us to do, for Mr. Lippard goes far in advance of any thing to which we can give belief for a moment.

The fruits (he emphatically declares) which the republican tree has borne are, bribery on the bench of justice, the knife and the torch in the place of law, a people beggared by dishonest banks, and a city disgraced by riot, by robbery, and by murder.

We are introduced in this remarkable work—one of the most remarkable that has emanated from the new world—to life in Philadelphia, in one of those characteristic grottoes of sin, an oyster-cellar, and never has such a receptacle of vice been more graphically portrayed. The eyes are positively dazzled by the blazing hot coal-stoves and flaring gas-pipes, while the brain reels with the vivified intoxication of its tipsy frequenters.

In one of the conventual stalls of this den of iniquity sits Mr. Gustavus

* The Quaker City; or, the Monks of Monk Hall. A Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery, and Crime. By George Lippard, Esq.

Lorrimer, commonly styled the handsome Gus Lorrimer, in especial reference to his well-known favour among the ladies, in the act of announcing a new conquest, and a premeditated plot to entrap, by a pretended marriage, an innocent and beautiful girl to Mr. Silvester J. Petriken, who in glazed hat and long cloak is an admirable representative of the "Editor and Proprietor of the Ladies' Western Hemisphere and Continental Organ, office, 209 Drayman's-alley, up-stairs," and who is to perform priest upon the occasion. The other listeners are, Colonel Mutchins, with a face like a dissipated full moon, with a large red pear stuck in the centre for a nose, a sententious and shallow-pated critic, dealing, like the grisly "Griswold," in syllabub insipidity and empty paragraphs, and consistent in nothing save detraction and calumny, and, lastly, Byrnewood, who is as yet so little advanced in profligacy as to doubt and waver against Lorrimer's ignoble projects.

The cavern and its jolly old giant of a decanter, nestling under ground close to Independence Hall, is quitted for Monk Hall, a large grove-embosomed and wall-encircled mansion in the outskirts of the city, to which strange traditions have ever been attached since the revolution. On their way, however, Byrnewood and Lorrimer visit an astrologer, who predicts that within three days one shall die by the other's hand.

"And the monks of Monk Hall, who are they?"

Grim-faced personages in long black robes and drooping cowls? Stern old men with beads around their necks and crucifix in hand? Blood-thirsty characters perhaps, or black-browed ruffians, or wan-faced outcasts of society? Ah no, ah no!

"A jolly band of good fellows all,
Are the outcast monks of old Monk Hall."

From the eloquent, the learned, and—don't you laugh—from the pious of the Quaker city, the old skeleton-monk had selected the members of this band. Here were lawyers from the court, doctors from the school, and judges from the bench. Here, too, ruddy and round-faced, sate a demure parson, whose white hands and soft words had made him the idol of his wealthy congregation. Here was a puffy-faced editor side-by-side with a magazine proprietor; here were sleek-visaged tradesmen, with round faces and gouty hands, whose voices, now shouting the drinking song, had re-echoed the prayer and the psalm in the aristocratic church not longer than a Sunday ago; here were solemn-faced merchants, whose names were wont to figure largely in the records of "Bible Societies," "Trade Societies," and "Send Flannel-to-the-South-Sea-Islanders Societies;" here were reputable married men, with grown-up children at college, and trustful wives sleeping quietly in their dreamless beds at home; here were hopeful sons, clerks in wholesale stores, who raised the wine-glass on high with hands which, not three hours since, had been busy with the cash-book of the employer; here, in fine, were men of all classes,—poets, authors, lawyers, judges, doctors, merchants, and gamblers.

This den of lively infamy is kept by Devil's-Bug, so called from his distorted form, which approximated him to the insect, and for his hideous soul, which allied him to the evil spirit.

Devil's Bug is assisted in his duties by two worthies or additional insects, rather singular specimens of the "Glow-worm" and "Musquito" as they were styled in the slang of Monk Hall, but in reality herculean negroes, with forms of rock and sinews of iron. Add to these Mother Nancy and long-haired Bess, whose names indicate their social positions, and an idea may be formed of Monk Hall and its inhabitants, but not of the sins committed therein.

It is impossible to follow the author in his thrilling accounts of the great and mighty horrors enacted in this pandemonium of Philadelphia. Towers for imprisonment, bridal chambers, springs under the carpets, which when trod upon opened a trap-door and plunged the victim headlong through the aperture, ghost rooms, dungeons, dead vaults, and dark, fathomless pits, are but portions of the curiosities of Monk Hall.

The first episode is the murder of Paul Western, the second relates to the dashing and fashionable Colonel Fitzcowles, his intended murder of the Jew, his forgeries, debts, and robberies, and attached to whose fate is the more painful history of Dora Livingstone, the young and much-loved merchant's wife, but already so steeped in crime as to cause Fitzcowles himself to ejaculate a disbelief in her humanity! A third episode of Parson Pyne, the patent gosseller and man of unctious, who is happily thwarted in his nefarious designs, exhibits no falling off in the villainy of the scenes enacted in this terrible house.

The chief narrative, however, from which the above may be considered as partly digressive, attaches itself to Byrnewood's recognising his own sister in his *friend* Lorrimer's intended victim, to the detention and imprisonment of the brother and sister in Monk Hall, the trials they had to undergo, their ultimate escape, and the death of the libertine by the hand of an offended brother.

Such portraiture of sin could not be tolerated if they had not an object in view, and the author's proposed one is, "to strip gilded crimes of their tinsel, and to lay bare vice in high places;" an object and aim to which he has devoted himself with a sincerity of purpose almost unexampled, but with what degree of truth or justice we have not the means of knowing or being able to form an opinion. As an American, he must be answerable for that. We shall very possibly recur to this work, and make some extracts from it to exhibit its remarkable power.

LOVE AND MESMERISM.*

"*Love and Mesmerism*" are two distinct tales, which Mr. Horace Smith tells us, are to be his last literary performances. The manner in which this information is conveyed, more especially after the truculent criticism of the *Quarterly*, is highly creditable to his feelings:

"As it is not my present purpose to attempt another novel," he says, "I may perhaps be allowed the privilege granted to an actor on his last appearance, of expressing my gratitude to the public for the favour which has been conceded to my humble performances. Having in the first instance become a writer of works of fiction rather for amusement than as a regular pursuit, I am not a little surprised at the solid advantages I have derived from them, as well as the success in other respects which has attended my career. From the critics I have received lenient treatment; it has been my good fortune to have escaped all literary altercation whatever; and I have never had a single word of difference, even with my publisher, during the long period, now extending to a quarter of a century, since our connexion began."

"*Love*" is a sparkling and interesting tale of "self-revealing and auto-

* *Love and Mesmerism*. By Horace Smith, Esq. 3 vols.

biographical Venice." Count Cosmo, the son of the aged Count Cesare di Molinella, (whose greatest pride is a remote ancestry and an unsullied escutcheon,) has secretly united himself in early life to Lucilla, the beautiful but dissolute daughter of his father's steward. Such a marriage could only entail misery, and the climax is hastened by the proposal made by Lucilla to poison the good old count, which converted an already flagging love into bitter detestation.

At such a crisis Aurelia, a rich and beautiful ward of the old count's, arrives from her convent, and the sudden and intense love that is awakened by her beauty in the bosom of the much punished Cosmo, reminds us of some of the most impassioned scenes of the lovers of Verona. But all prospects of happiness are blighted by the previous unfortunate marriage, and the count is aroused to a momentary sense of possible enjoyment by the reported death of Lucilla, only to be plunged by her appearance at the very moment of his nuptials into more poignant distress.

Antonio, a creature of Venice—a sort of human limpet—who had never heard a bird sing, except in a cage, is an admirable character, but that of the old count himself is still more picturesquely developed, especially on the occasion of his triumphal entry into the city of bronze horses and martyrs and saints of stone, bearing the spoils of an Etrurian tomb, intended to prove his descent from a race of kings. There is also a good and wise daughter, Ippolita, with a gay and happy lover, Foscaro, and a Jew, the very reverse of Shylock.

"Mesmerism" is a strange history of hallucinations and ecstatic wonders. Mr. Horace Smith seems to have become strongly imbued with a belief in the mysticisms of those extraordinary phenomena, which most professional men are now agreed upon in considering as analogous to many forms of hysteria and somnambulism, &c., and accordingly have classed them in the category of diseases of the nervous system.

In the present case religious ecstasy and exaltation are superadded to the more ordinary mesmeric conditions, and they thus serve to add to the mysterious character of the narrative.

We are sorry to take leave of so pleasant and instructive a writer; but we trust it is not for ever, for Mr. Smith, whom we had the pleasure of seeing the other day at Brighton, looked hale enough to write half-a-dozen more novels, each of them as good as "*Brambletye House*," or the "*Tor Hill*."

THE TRIUMPHS OF COOKERY.*

MAN is not only essentially a cooking animal, but good living, it has been justly remarked, must, from the very nature of things, be the noblest of all sciences; since it renews one's pleasure every day, whereas the delight of gazing at a beautiful picture or statue soon palls upon the sense. As it is the noblest, so it is also the most inspiring and refining of all pursuits, necessarily understood according to the goodness of the materials and skill displayed in their preparation. How much genius may have slumbered for want of proper feeding! How much wit

* *Delassementq Culinaires. Par A. Soyer, du Reform Club.*

may have been exceeded in sharpness by the appetite! And, on the other hand, how many successful efforts at St. James's might be traced to previous prandial training! Certain it is that the professors of the art have always a yearning for the Beautiful; and, as we have seen in the great examples of a Carême, a Ude, a Kitchener, and a Walker, a successful literature and love of the beaux arts keep close fellowship, and progress in a precise ratio with the perfection of the culinary art.

Nor was it destined that M. Soyer, the illustrious *chef de cuisine* of the Reform Club, should remain behind his *confrères*. His taste for the arts is well known. It grew up with his culinary education, was matured by his marriage, and still lives in his "relaxations." If, following the models of gastronomic science, the great *maitre d'hôtel* of Crockford's promises us its revelations, ere perchance that renowned club sinks for ever, mingling the reminiscence of departed *entremêts* with recollections of the Duke of York or of the Earl of Sefton; so with the progress of the art, cooks of higher calibre may attain the eminence of five-act tragedies or five-volume epics, redolent of the same voluptuous inspiration; as we see in the present instance that a taste rendered fastidious, and chastened by Reform luxuries, has felt dissatisfied with all that Mr. Lumley could do, or Perrot suggest, in those great triumphs of the ballet, from the excellence and beauty of which the surprised world has even scarcely yet recovered!

La Cerito, a brilliant naiad disporting amid waters eclipsed by her own transparent beauty—La Cerito with sylph-like wings, light as the air she treads, dancing to a shadow, fainter than that of grosser mortals, was not refined enough for the imaginative composer of an ethereal *soufflée*, or a *vol-au-vent* that fades before the breath. La Cerito must descend from the heavens as an emanation of a culinary essence—she must appear as *La Fille de l'Orage*, or, "The Daughter of the Storm," and be introduced by the effulgence of forked lightning upon a dark cloud, like the streaky ornaments of some yet undiscovered *paté*.

Mr. Lumley will hasten, no doubt, with his characteristic zeal, to avail himself of this striking production, of which it is also our bounden duty to give some account.

This remarkable ballet opens amidst Alpine scenery. To the right is a Gothic church, to the left a village, while in the background is a mountain, crowned by a castle.

* Peasants enter, returning from their harvest labours. They form Cereal groups, and Urbin, the favourite of the village, leads the way in a *pas de Cérés*. "This," remarks M. Soyer, with perfect justice, "is a very animated scene."

Suddenly the heavens become overcast. Thunder and lightning are followed by large drops of rain. The peasants seek refuge in the church, and their chaunts mingle with the sound of the organ, according to the author, in perfect harmony. The storm increases. Urbin rushes out, and at the same moment the lightning strikes the village. A cottage catches fire, and Urbin is thrown down inanimate.

The beautiful daughter of Jupiter deposits the emblems of the storm at the peasant's feet, but he does not return to consciousness. The enamoured goddess then summons Cupid to her assistance. A troop of little loves start from the verdure, like amorous flowers, each bearing a torch. A *pas de*

flambeaux is danced round the unconscious lover, which is followed by a *pas de désespoir* on the part of the lady. At length Urbin revives, and she expresses her joy by “a very remarkable *pas!*” She touches the peasant, and her love is reciprocated, but remembering her immortality, she attempts to fly, while Urbin follows, and swears never to quit her. Other peasants rush to save him, but she carries him away in a cloud. The peasants are struck with wonder, and as they gaze upon the cloud, which is gracefully wafted by the winds along the side of the mountain, as happened of yore to Mars and Venus, an intrusive moonbeam discloses Urbin at the feet of his celestial companion.

A portrait of M. Soyer, taken after the first representation of the first act just recorded, exemplifies that unnatural length of physiognomy which is characteristic of a doomed author. But the Omnibus Box demands a second act, and that it shall be confided to Perrot, the usual composer of the *bas laids* (ballets). But Mr. Lumley, although a *père au* (Perrot) to the theatre, refuses to put the little author to the test, although so much *zèle y a* (Zelia) characterised his last. The above puns, we beg to say, belong to M. Soyer, and not to ourselves.

The universally cherished, *cherie au* (Cerito) *ciel*, also puts in a kind word, and we extract the correspondence between these eminent personages.

MADemoisELLE CERITO'S LETTER TO M. SOYER.

“Monsieur Soyer,

“I have received with pleasure, and read with some trouble, the programme of your ballet, which you have *emmanché*, as you promised us, with a great deal of originality. I have had very little time to read it, and, *foi de Napolitaine*, you have made me weep, but do not misunderstand me, I have wept from excessive laughter.

“Myself and my family hope to see you this evening. Bring the programme of the second act with you.

“Believe always in the esteem which we entertain for you,

“FANNY CERITO.”

M. SOYER'S REPLY.

“Mademoiselle,

“Lorsque des prés la blanche étoile
Obéit aux zéphirs du printemps
De vos beaux yeux ouvrez l'humide voile
Pour arroser la Marguerite,
Où, la Marguerite, fleur des Champs,

which means, perhaps, to say, in any other language than our own, do me the pleasure not to weep any more, for my ballet might fall into the water. Serious joking apart, I regret much not being able to accept your amiable invitation, as I am obliged to attend a dramatic funeral given this evening by a society of amateurs, known by the tragic title of ‘Acteurs Assassins,’ to the benefit of the *pauvres d'esprit*, and at the expense of the *grand createur*, Shakespeare. Do then have the kindness to beg our friends and literary champions, to sew together, upon solid canvass, the second act, which you desired to have, whether good or bad. For my part, the success of the first is very far from making me laugh. I really hoped to see fine weather after the storm. But if these gentlemen should happen to refuse, beg of them to grant me one spark of their poetic flame; and to let me know where I can find my second act, as my vague ideas have already cast you into the air uninhabited by terrestrial beings, and it appears to me totally impossible to follow you any further.

“A. S.

“Reform Club, 20th June, 1844.”

MADEMOISELLE CERITO'S REJOINER.

"Mon cher Monsieur,

"We were just gone out, when you happened to call yesterday. I regret not being at home. I would have told you the answer of the gentlemen, as to the second act of your 'Daughter of the Storm.' None of them care to mix themselves up with it, in the fear, they say, of being accused of being its authors. But they all agree that the second act should take place in Olympus, for as the clouds mount towards the heavens at the end of the first act, it would be *contre tout ordre choréographique* to make me come back again to earth.

"Your very humble,

"FANNY CERITO.

"Regent-street, 22nd June, 1844."

M. SOYER'S REPLICATION.

"Tiers célèbre Demoiselle,

"A thousand thanks for your judicious observations, as well as for those of the gentlemen. But Olympus, that fantastic empire, has been so worked out during the last century, that it would be extremely difficult to find a *fraîche* goddess there, or a modern demi-god. Besides, being totally ignorant of the usages and customs of Parnassus, it would be ridiculous to joke with those respectable persons, who I assure you are quite unknown to me.

"Therein consists the difficulty. I must find something new, and, without lowering you to the level of our ant-heap of humanity, terminate my very small composition with *eclat* and *grandeur* upon an atom of *terra firma*.

"Upon that decision, last night, on returning home, I wrote what follows."

Accordingly the second act opens upon an ornamental terrace in front of the castle of the Count Phillipeau, which occupied the summit of the mountain in the first act.

It is night, and preparations are making for a great festival. Fleecy clouds sweep across the sky. One of these is arrested in its progress by a grotto ("a very frequent occurrence," says the ingenious author, "in mountainous countries"), and discloses Urbin in a swoon at the feet of the celestial girl. The noblest of human arts, COOKERY, is unknown in Olympus; and she has come down to obtain fruits and aliment for her mortal lover. (A voice from the Omnibus is heard to say that this is a glorious conception, worthy of its author.) In her search for the restoratives of humanity, she loses her way, and in the interval the ladies of the castle discover Urbin, and carry him off.

The second scene discloses a magnificent saloon. The count and countess are sitting in state. The most beautiful lady present leads out Urbin to the dance. The daughter of the storm appears, lightning in her hand, fury in her eyes. Recognising her rival, she retires for a short time. The mortal beauty then performs a series of most graceful *poses*. The daughter of Jupiter ascends by a trap, reduces the beautiful lady to cinders, and takes her place, but Urbin is so stupified with wonder and delight, that she takes it for indifference, and vows to destroy him also.

Peasants enter dancing the Cereal step. Urbin recognises with delight the friends of his childhood, and rushes to join in a *pas de baisers*, but the daughter of Olympus renders him aerial, and *his kisses expire in the air*. The festival being concluded, Urbin persists in following his old friends, and the angry daughter of the storm sets fire to the castle.

The third scene is confined to the passing by of the peasants through an avenue of chesnut-trees in flower, with an undergrowth of fern, dancing a *pas de vieille*.

In the fourth and last scene, the peasants are assembled at the same spot as at the commencement of the ballet. The castle in the distance is on fire. The immortal maid issues from the flames. She overtakes Urbin in his flight, and destroys him by a thunderbolt. A storm arises, and a zig-zag lightning inscribes across the mountains the terrible anathema,

MALEDICTION A LA FILLE DE L'ORAGE.

Two clouds appear, one wafted by angels bearing Urbin, the other by fiends carrying away the daughter of the storm. But Jupiter mercifully listens to their united prayers. Urbin combats and destroys the fiends, and the immortal lovers mount to heaven, *dans le plus solennel triomphe*.

The curtain falls amidst the greatest enthusiasm of *siffleurs*, and cries of the "author!" "music!" "give me back my money!" The author advances very humbly, and salutes a *demi quart de fois*, when he finds himself immediately transported in triumph!—to Bedlam!! His present address being passage No. 11, chamber No. 125.

DASHES AT LIFE.*

It is a pleasing duty to recommend N. P. Willis's new work. The ablest criticisms upon national manners and domestic habits ever come from abroad. Custom blinds us to a thousand peculiarities, some ridiculous, many of them positively contemptible, which are visible without an effort to a stranger. Reform can also only begin where there is a consciousness of error, and error will not be admitted when pointed out by a countryman. What is mere satire from the pen of a native, becomes serious criticism when indited by a foreigner, and although in a parcel of fragments—chance views of life which have crossed the author's observation, each one, though a true copy of life and character, or illustrative for the most part of the distinctions of English society—there may be much that is apparently light and frivolous, and nothing conveying a general meaning and moral, no "ponderous goodness of a didactic purpose"—still there is also much to suggest useful and beneficial reflections upon the much mistaken ideas of the relations of persons that exist among the English.

Like the sculptor who made toys of the fragments of his unsaleable Jupiter, the author says he has given in these "Dashes at Life" materials that would have been moulded into works of larger design, but for that well-known objection which threatens the destruction of a national American literature. That objection is the unmarketableness of American books in America, owing to their defective law of copyright. The foreign author being allowed no property in his works, the American publisher gets for nothing every new work brought out in England. Of course, while he can have for publication *gratis* all the best English

* *Dashes at Life* with a free Pencil. By N. P. Willis.

literature, he will not pay an American author for a new work, even if it were equally good. Shame to the law which, while it upholds and encourages piracy, crushes the talent and genius of the country !

It is mere nonsense to object that, in accomplishing the purposes which the author proposed to himself, he indulged in personalities, and betrayed the privileges of social intercourse ; criticisms such as he has wished to indite must be personal to be true. It is their individuality which imparts to them, their genuineness, and their verisimilitude is the whole cause of their soreness. As to the rights and privileges of social intercourse, they have never yet been transcribed in a written code, and if they were, no law could ever be enacted to prevent the author taking from living characters and existing individuals the prototypes of his literary labours, in which the character to life is the every thing.

As a republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time, and traversing the barriers of different ranks with a stranger's privilege, Mr. Willis's attention was, from two reasons—first, his natural curiosity, and secondly, the well-known American hankering after aristocrats and aristocratic institutions—most on the alert to know, as he expresses it, “ how nature's nobility held its own against nobility by inheritance and how heart and judgment are modified in their action by the thin air at the summit of refinement.”

Without, therefore, having even a sympathy with the author in his republican sentiments ; believing, as we do, that he can neither understand nor appreciate the cultivated sensibilities and thorough-bred actions of our aristocracy, still we claim for his clever and amusing sketches of the foibles, follies, and vanities of all classes of people (many of whom so studiously and unnaturally set themselves apart from others, whom, by fusing and associating with, they would at once humanise and esteem), that unprejudiced reception which will earn for them a just and deserved popularity.

The English portion of these “ Dashes at Life,” written with the free and happy pencil of a well-known favourite, avoid even the few personalities which certain tender consciences found objectionable in the previous sketches by the same author, and ought, therefore, as they are as vivid, life like, amusing, and as earnest as any that have gone before, to be proportionately well received. The positive error of the author, as in most American writers, lies in overdoing the thing ; the fun perpetually verges on burlesque, and the love-scenes are ever sliding away into poetry and romance, while that ever-lurking under-current of “ Yankee Bobadilism,” as Colley Grattan has it, is ever present to remind one, for fear that we should forget it, that *their* country is

“ The wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best !”

* THE MASTER PASSION.*

A SERIES of tales well calculated to exhibit the chief characteristics and excellences of their author to advantage. Mr. Grattan's homely, quiet, and rational manner of telling a story always ensures him a hearty welcome.

* The Master Passion: and other Tales and Sketches. By Thomas Colley Grattan, Esq. Now first collected.

The "Master Passion," and the "Mother's Revenge," are somewhat more than usually sentimental, but they are succeeded, in the "Gambling House at Brussels" by a narrative, the events of which belong to another sphere, and which possesses much positive interest. The "Ferryman's Daughter," "Paddy in search of a Son," and "Teresa," exhibit on the other hand, the author's partly humorous, partly sentimental, sympathies with the humble and the lowly, and the genuine traits with which he invests individual character, in as favourable a light as ever.

The same vivid and practical, albeit brief, descriptions of scenery, which have long ago earned their author high repute as a descriptive tourist, characterise the "Alpine Sketches," while in the "American Bobadil," and in "Old and New Friends," we find him engaged in the manly, and to him, not novel labour of eradicating national prejudices and expanding the heart, by correcting and chastening the judgment. These tales originally appeared in our own pages.

THE TIARA AND THE TURBAN.*

It has probably been unintentionally on the part of the author, but the result of his reflections and observations in the countries of the Tiara and the Turban, has been to exalt the one at the expense of the other; at the same time, any thing like a liberal and unprejudiced view of Muhammadanism on the part of a Christian is so rare a thing, that for this alone Mr. Hill's work will obtain many readers. The objects proposed by the author in his advocacy of the supremacy of what he paradoxically calls the Turk Christians, have already been placed before the public, as the best means of opposing the aggrandisement of Russia, establishing the rights of the majority, and of the most industrious and intellectual classes of the Oriental population, and vindicating the supremacy of the Christian faith, in a little work entitled the "Claims of the Christian Aborigines of the Osmanli Empire." Mr. Hill ought to have detailed what he calls the "obtuse propositions," and the "consistent and methodical plans" of his friend, the Turco-Armenian, upon these subjects. Excepting that these volumes abound in so much reflective travelling as to become at times very prosaic, they are the emanation of a sensible and pious mind, which is imbued with fine generous feelings towards all mankind. The author, indeed, only required a little previous literary training, in order to have produced a remarkable work.

REVELATIONS OF SPAIN IN 1845.†

At a time when rumours of revolutions, or revolutions themselves, spring up in incomprehensible Spain with the luxuriance of rank vegetation—constitutional and legislative reforms being the order one day, and self-appropriation, oppression, and tyranny, that of the next—while over and above all the ambition of individuals hangs like a dark cloud, ever

* The Tiara and the Turban; or, Impressions and Observations of Character within the Dominions of the Pope and the Sultan. By S. S. Hill, Esq.

† Revelations of Spain in 1845. By T. M. Hughes.

aiming to convert the divine right of monarchy into a profligate puppet-show—many have sought in vain for some clear and simple insight into those institutions and that national character, a correct knowledge of which can alone assist to unsolve the oft-repeated enigmas of political intelligence. “*The Revelations of Spain*” contain precisely this kind of desirable information. Institutions, parties, persons, changes, events, characters, habits, and manners, are all succinctly and clearly portrayed, and the reader becomes familiar by the perusal of these opportune volumes, not only with the causes and results of all recent political changes, but he is also rendered conversant with a state of society whose only counterpart is that extinct semi-civilisation of which no trace is to be found in our history later than the close of the fourteenth century.

Spain, it appears from Mr. Hughes’ picture of her actual condition, wants every thing that can insure prosperity. She wants a tranquil and enlightened, and, above all, a less selfish spirit in her population; she wants a just administration, and she wants a replenished treasury: no small wants for a country with so many ages of experience; yet in the midst of all her broils and dissensions, and in defiance of the turbulence of her sons, Spain is said to be decidedly and visibly advancing. The progress, to be sure, is slow and feeble, but still it may be traced in every direction.

The universal good everywhere effected by British skill and capital (and which, while it redounds so much to our national honour, opposes itself so nobly to the warlike aspirations of a great and rival nation), has extended itself, according to Mr. Hughes, to the Peninsula. By its means alone, every branch of material improvement is made to develop itself in despite of political obstacles, comfort begins to be comprehended, and faction is sapped to its very foundation. It will be a truly gratifying result if Britain should be the means of saving and regenerating a nation which, with all its misfortunes, is great and beautiful still, and a national character which, with all its vices, is still pre-eminently noble.

THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES.*

THERE is great vigour about this poem. There is also a deep yearning after a better state, and an ardent sympathy with much that is noble and inspiring in our nature, combined with an unsparing hatred of prejudices and dissimulation of every kind.

Apart from some objectionable subjects—fretful anxieties inseparable from our fallen nature—noxious weeds that spring up wherever there is not homely, and ever supporting piety—the theme is a lofty one. But while the enfranchisement of the mind is a noble object, it is not to be attained by sudden changes, or still less by erroneous theories. Nothing can be more honourable to intellectual manhood than free investigation; but the gifted spirit must be tempered by humility, or, as when the rash son of Apollo took the reins, ruin and devastation inevitably follow.

It is a remarkable fact that able, gifted, and self-educated men never

* *The Purgatory of Suicides: a Prison Rhyme in Ten Books.* By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist.

conceive that they can be in the wrong. It is sufficient with them to be poor to be oppressed, industry is made synonymous with slavery, and riches with tyranny. The judgment of such a person is given as if infallible—that of his rulers is always pronounced to be erroneous—his projects are Elysian, existing things corrupt and perverse—his doctrines are allwise, the lessons of past philosophies, of history, of religion, and of experience, are either neglected or denounced. This is neither “reason’s high enfranchisement,” nor the freedom of wisdom. Without the knowledge bequeathed to us by the past—whether profane or inspired—man’s mind is no better in its constitution, in the present day, than it was in the days of Baal, Isis, or Jupiter. There is a great deal yet left for the future, ere universal toleration for the good will be obtained, and the human mind be freed from prejudice and illiberality. Meantime, the theme, so long as it does not discard faith, is not an unworthy one, for either prose or poetry.

SERVIA.*

THE few words of recommendation which it is in our power to bestow upon the able author of “*The Modern Syrians*,” and of the above work, will not enhance his well-established reputation. It is much to be deplored that we have not more travellers of Mr. Paton’s calibre, and who, imbued with what is more Germanic than English in its spirit, are content to reside in a country and observe and inquire concerning it, before they undertake to write books of travels.

The position of the Slavonian race in the European family, is beginning to attract serious and general attention; and there is no excuse for a non-acquaintance with what the author justly designates “the youngest member of that family,” when all desirable information is attainable through the medium of a narrative as amusing as it is correct and carefully compiled.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN.†

It is impossible to convey in a brief notice an adequate idea of the delicacy of judgment and tasteful care which have been devoted to this work. Nor would any quantity of extracts perfectly represent either the author’s feelings or intentions. He has had, as he justly remarks, to propound the elements of that species of knowledge, which, contrary to other sciences, is usually acquired by blunders and errors; and which includes all the circumstances in which a young lady is placed on entering society, the amount of perfection expected from her, her general acquirements and accomplishments, and her conversation, manners, and conduct in all the difficulties of society. Add to these important topics, disquisitions on the nature of society as it now exists in London and Paris,

* *Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family; or, a Residence in Belgrade, and Travels in the Highlands and Woodlands of the Interior, during the Years 1843 and 1844.* By Andrew Archibald Paton, Esq.

† *The English Gentlewoman; or, Hints to Young Ladies on their entrance into Society.*

the habits of a young lady, her correspondence, her feelings, her moral and religious duties, her exercise and intellectual pursuits, even to her amusements, and, last but not least, her conduct on the first indication of a marked preference in the other sex; and it will be felt that this is "learning" which nothing but observation and feeling can afford, and is therefore of a strictly original and meritorious character. The author has been somewhat strict upon the subject of dress and amusements, especially dancing; but he has written under a deep sense of responsibility, and will be read not only without weariness, but most undoubtedly, by all young ladies, with great good effect.

LORD ABERDEEN AND THE AMIR OF BOKHARA.*

CAPTAIN GROVER, like a true soldier, fights to the last. His cause is a just one, and he appears resolved to die for it. The physical martyrdom which her Majesty's envoys to Bokhara were permitted to undergo, is not now a more certain and indelibly disgraceful event, than the literary, military, and pecuniary martyrdom which their brave advocate will most certainly also meet with. That the article in the *Edinburgh Review* was an emanation from official quarters is evident, in the very face of the contribution itself. The mode of official literary attack is never to be mistaken. The extra-official staleness of a reference to Captain Grover's studies in "*Jus Gentium*," the extra-diplomatic attempt to fix the Captain on the horns of a dilemma, by the ignoble supposition that if the British Government is to blame, then the Bokhara powers are justified in their villany; and lastly, the most unconstitutional assertion that a foreign secretary can in any way peril the dignity of his official station, in admitting to an interview *men* of Captain Grover's class, attest the thing at once. While we cannot sympathise with the Captain's extreme irritability under his various losses and trials, (and he must, when he entered the lists against so powerful an antagonist as the Foreign Office, have expected some,) still as an attempt to explain in any way the past transactions upon which the contest rests, or to palliate the universally desecrated events that have occurred, the article in the *Edinburgh Review* is a most signal failure.

AN ORIGINAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT AMERICA.†

A WORK characterised by zealous research and argumentative ardour. To enter into a careful investigation of the argument, or to discuss the theory or hypothesis (whichever it may be termed) of the population of America by Tyrians and Israelites, would require a treatise of itself. The present work comprises only part of the author's intentions, or what he designates as the "*Tyrian Æra*" in the history of Ancient America.

* Lord Aberdeen and the Amir of Bokhara, in reply to the *Edinburgh Review*.

† An Original History of Ancient America. Founded upon the Ruins of Antiquity; the Identity of the Aborigines with the People of Tyrus and Israel; and the Introduction of Christianity by the Apostle St. Thomas. By George Jones, R.S.I., &c. &c.

This portion of his subject is judiciously subdivided: the first part comprises the description of the ruins of antiquity in ancient America, and may thus be perused with advantage, even by those who may not yield a willing credence to Mr. Jones's views as to their original architects. The second embraces the history of Tyre, and the arguments for a Tyrian migration to the Western Hemisphere in the year 332, B.C., or at the epoch of the Macedonian invasion of that country. These arguments, and the curious illustrations brought to bear upon them, are certainly, notwithstanding our inability to compass them, entitled to investigation and serious consideration.

COLLECTIVE EDITION OF MRS. BRAY'S NOVELS.

THE "Talba" is the fifth volume of a complete and illustrated edition of the works of one of our most agreeable female writers. Scarcely a branch of imaginative literature but has been successfully treated by Mrs. Bray. Her descriptive powers were fully brought forth in her travels in Brittany, and her wanderings along the borders of the Tamar and the Tavy, and she became almost an archæologist amid the temples of Carnac and the rude monuments of Dartmoor. In the "White Hoods" and "Do Foix" she aimed at a high standard, but while her incidents were derived from the "chronicles," the colouring was still from nature, and hence the ideal circumstances were placed in so natural a light, as to appear truthful.

In "Fitz of Fitz Ford," legends of family lore and provincial superstitions constituted the chief materials of a story of a more domestic character, but, as in the Moorish legend of "Talba," there exists the same high descriptive powers, which, superadded to an ardent love of local tradition, much dramatic skill, and no small insight into the human heart, constitute the qualities that have conferred upon Mrs. Bray that popularity which, now that her works are being collected, promises to be enduring.

"Warleigh," "Trelawney," "Trials of the Heart," "Henry de Pomerozy," and "Courtenay of Walreddon," will complete the series.

POETRY.

THE past month has not been without its votive offerings to the muses. The author of the "Revelations of Spain" has sent forth a beautiful and entertaining volume, partly poetical and partly prose, on the Island of Madeira, which he designates as the "Ocean Flower." This instructive as well as pleasing book is preceded by an historical and descriptive account of this island, and is also accompanied by a summary of the discoveries and chivalrous history of Portugal, and an Essay on Portuguese Literature.

The appropriate subject of "Llewelyn," the last of the Cambrian Princes, has also appeared in an epic form in four cantos, with notes explanatory. This poem had been already printed at Calcutta, and from its having been favourably received by her friends, the author has been encouraged to bring it forward in this country. There appears to be sufficient familiarity with local scenes and history, and an adequate skill in poetic treatment, to warrant the good opinion also of not unfriendly critics.

OLD JOLLIFFE.*

OUR feelings are so much engaged in Mr. C. Dickens' prosperity as an author, and a genuine feeling and an open kindly heart are so apparent in all his writings, that whatever there may have been faulty in the "Chimes," can only be looked upon as one of those minor errors which will creep in where sympathies are aroused to the exclusion of a calmer judgment. In other respects our convictions are with the author of "Old Jolliffe," that it is not the righteous who are forsaken.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"STANHOPE," a skilfully written story, the interest of which is powerfully wrought out, must be dismissed briefly, the more especially as the ground plot is of a repulsive character. The moral deduced from these unfortunate social occurrences is alone less objectionable. — A series of tales by Mrs. Lane, linked together by a common title, as "Reminiscences of the Coronation," have earned to their author high repute as a successful story-teller. The history of "The Forsaken Catherine de St. Germain's," and her "Artist Boy," is full of simple pathos. The "Episode of Annette" is less to our taste. The other stories are of higher pretensions and possess considerable merits. In the "Kentish Legends," by a Kentish man, we have the Death Coach and Headless Dullahaun of the Irish Mythology, introduced among the traditions of the hop districts. These stories were best adapted for contributions to a magazine. — An opportunity has not hitherto presented itself of noticing an attempt which is being made, apparently from the number of publications that have been sent in to us, with considerable energy and activity: to introduce a new method of writing our mother tongue by the imitation of sounds hence the system is called the Phonotypic or Phonographic. The alphabet has received by this system a double number of letters, yet, on testing some of the applications, we did not find the sound tally exactly with our ideas. It is much to be feared that the system is impossible; as applied to the Oriental languages experience has always shown it to be absurd. — A very beautiful portrait and an admirable likeness of the public favourite, Fanny Cerito, painted from life, by F. Simoneau, of Antwerp, only master of the late lamented artist Madame Soyer, has been engraved by G. H. Every, and published by G. Gambart, Junr. and Co. of Paris, and is worthy of the notice of the numerous friends and admirers of the fair original.

We have also received a second volume of an able condensation of the "History of England," written in a religious vein by the Rev. A. Poole, and publishing by Mr. Burns, of Portman-street. It is a work exceedingly well adapted for schools where education and not mere teaching is held paramount.

* Old Jolliffe: not a Goblin Story. By the Spirit of a little Bell, awakened by "the Chimes."

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH NED HAYWARD PLAYS THE PART OF THIEF-TAKER.

OF all the turnings and windings in this crooked life, one of the most disagreeable is turning back ; and yet it is one we are all doomed to from childhood to old age. We are turned back with the smaller and the greater lessons of life, and have alas, but too often, in our obstinacy or our stupidity to learn them over and over again. I with the rest of my herd must also turn back from time to time ; but on the present occasion it shall not be long, as I am not in a sportive mood this morning, and could find no pleasure in playing a trout or a salmon, and should be disgusted at the very sight of a cat with a mouse.

We have seen our good friend, Ned Hayward, lay his hand stoutly on the collar of a gentleman who had been taking some unwarrantable liberties with the finny fair ones of the stream ; but the question is, how happened Ned Hayward to be there at that particular hour of the morning ? Was he so exceedingly matutinal in his habits as to be usually up, dressed, and out and walking by a piece of water at a period of the day when most things except birds, fish, and poachers are in their beds ? Had he been roused at that hour by heartach, or headach, or any other ache ? Was he gouty and could not sleep—in love, and not inclined to sleep ? No, reader, no. He was an early man in his habits it is true, for he was in high health and spirits, and with a busy and active mind which looked upon slumber as time thrown away ; but then though he rose early he was always careful as to his dress. He had a stiff beard which required a good deal of shaving, his hair took him a long time, for he liked it to be exceedingly clean and glossy. Smooth he could not make it, for that the curls prevented, curls being obstinate things and resolved to have their own way. Thus with one thing or another, sometimes reading scraps of a book that lay upon his dressing-table, sometimes looking out of window, and thinking more poetically than he had any notion of, sometimes cleaning his teeth till they looked as white and as straight as the keys of a new pianoforte, sometimes playing a tune with his fingers on the top of the table, and musing philosophically the while,

it was generally at least one hour and a half from the time he arose before he issued forth into the world.

This was not always the case indeed, for on May mornings, when the trout rise, in August, if he were near the moors, on the first of September, wherever he might be, for he was never at that season in London, he usually abridged his toilet, and might be seen in the green fields, duly equipped for the sport of the season, very shortly after daybreak.

On the present occasion, and the morning of which I have just spoken, there cannot be the slightest doubt that he would have laid in bed somewhat longer than usual, for he had had a long ride the day before, some excitement, a good supper, and had sat up late ; but there was one little circumstance which roused him and sent him forth. At about a quarter before five he heard his door open, and a noise made amongst the boots and shoes. He was in that sleepy state in which the events of even five or six hours before are vague and indefinite, if recollected at all, and although he had some confused notion of having ordered himself to be called early, yet he knew not the why or the wherefore, and internally concluded that it was one of the servants of the inn come to take his clothes away for the purpose of brushing them ; he thought, as that was a process with which he had nothing to do, he might as well turn on his other side and sleep it out. Still, however, there was a noise in the room, which in the end disturbed him, and he gave over all the boots, physical or metaphysical, to the devil. Then raising himself upon his elbow, he looked about, and by the dim light which was streaming through the dimity curtains—for the window was unfurnished with shutters—he saw a figure somewhat like that of a large goose wandering about amidst the fragments of his apparel.

"What in the mischief's name are you about?" asked Ned Hayward, impatiently. "Can't you take the things and get along?"

"It's me, sir," said the low, sweet-toned voice of the hump-backed pot-boy, who had not a perfect certainty in his own mind that neuter verbs are followed by a nominative case, "you were wishing to know last night about—"

"Ah, hang it, so I was," exclaimed Ned Hayward, "but I had forgotten all about it—well, my man, what can you tell me about this fellow, this Wolf? Where does he live, how can one get at him? None of the people here will own they know any thing about him, but I believe they are lying, and I am very sure of it. The name's a remarkable one, and not to be mistaken."

"Ay, sir," answered the pot-boy, "they knew well enough whom you want, though you did not mention the name they chose to know him by. If you had asked for Ste Gimlet, they'd have been obliged to answer, for they can't deny having heard of him. Wolf's a cant name, you see, which he got on account of his walking about so much at night, as they say wolves do, though I never saw one."

"Well, where is he to be found?" asked Ned Hayward, in his usual rapid manner, and he then added, to smoothen down all difficulties, "I don't want to do the man any harm if I can help it, for I have a notion, somehow, that he is but a tool in the business; and therefore, although I could doubtless with the information you have given me of his real name, find him out, and deal with him as I think fit, yet I would rather have his address privately, that I may go and talk to him alone."

"Ah, sir, he may be a tool," answered the pot-boy, "but he's an awkward tool to work with; and I should think you had better have two or three stout hands with you."

"Well, I will think of that, my man," answered the young gentleman; "but at all events I should like to know where to find him."

"That's not quite so easy, sir," replied the hunchback, "for he wanders about a good deal, but he has got a place where he says he lives on Yaldon Moor, behind the park, and that he's there some time in every day is certain. I should think the morning as good a time as any, and you may catch him on the look-out if you go round by the back of the park, and then up the river by the old mill. There's an overgo a little higher up, and I shouldn't wonder if he were dabbling about in the water; for it isn't the time for partridges or hares, and he must be doing something."

"But what sort of place has he on the moor?" asked Ned Hayward, beginning to get more and more interested in the pursuit of his inquiries; "how can I find it, my man?"

"It's not easy," answered his companion, "for it's built down in the pit. However, when you have crossed by the overgo, you will find a little path just before you, and if you go along that straight, without either turning to the right or the left, it will lead you right up to the moor. Then I'm sure I don't know how to direct you, for the roads go turning about in all manner of ways."

"Is it east, west, north, or south?" asked Captain Hayward, impatiently.

"Why east," answered the boy; "and I dare say if you go soon you will find the sun just peeping out over the moor in that direction. It's a pretty sight, and I've looked at it often to see the sunshine come streaming through the morning mist, and making all the green things that grow about there look like gold and purple, and very often, too, I've seen the blue smoke coming up out of the pit from Ste's cottage-chimney. Perhaps it may be so when you go, and then you'll easily find it."

"And whose park is it you speak of, boy?" said Ned Hayward. "There may be half-a-dozen about here."

"Why, Sir John Slingsby's," answered the boy, "that's the only one we call the park about here."

"Oh, then, I know it," rejoined the gentleman, stretching out his hand at the same time, and taking his purse from a chair that stood by his bedside; "there's a crown for you; and now carry off the boots and clothes, and get them brushed as fast as possible."

The boy did as he was told, took the crown with many thanks, gathered together the various articles of apparel which lay scattered about, and retired from the room. Ned Hayward, however, without waiting for his return, jumped out of bed, drew forth from one of his portmanteaus another complete suit of clothes, plunged his head, hands, and neck in cold water, and then mentally saying, "I will shave when I come back," he dressed himself in haste, and looked out for a moment into the yard, to see whether many of the members of the household were astir. There was a man at the very further end of the yard cleaning a horse, and just under the window, the little deformed pot-boy, whistling a plaintive air with the most exquisite taste, while he was brushing a coat and waistcoat. The finest and most beautiful player on the flageolet,

never equalled the tones that were issuing from his little pale lips, and Ned Hayward could not refrain from pausing a moment to listen, but then putting on his hat, he hurried down stairs, and beckoned the boy towards him.

"Do not say that I am out, my man, unless any questions are asked," he said; "and when you have brushed the clothes, put them on a chair at the door."

The boy nodded significantly, and our friend, Ned Hayward, took his way out of the town in the direction that the boy had indicated. Of all the various bumps in the human head, the bump of locality is the foremost. This book the reader is well aware is merely a phrenological essay in a new form. So the bump of locality is the most capricious, whimsical, irrational, unaccountable, perverse, and unmanageable of all bumps. To some men it affords a faculty of finding their way about houses—I wish to Heaven it did so with me, for I am always getting into wrong rooms and places where I have no business—others it enables to go through all sorts of tortuous paths and ways almost by intuition; with others it is strong regarding government offices, and the places connected therewith; but in Ned Hayward it was powerful in the country, and it would have been a very vigorous *ignis fatuus* indeed that would lead him astray either on horseback or on foot. Three words of direction generally sufficed if they were clear, and he was as sure of his journey as if he knew every step of the way. There might be a little calculation in the thing—a sort of latent argumentation—for no one knew better that if a place lay due north, the best way to arrive at it was not to go due south, or was more clearly aware that in ordinary circumstances, the way into the valley was not to climb the hill; but Ned Hayward was rarely disposed to analyse any process in his own mind. He had always hated dissected puzzles even in his boyhood; and as his mind was a very good mind, he generally let it take its own way, without troubling it with questions. Thus he walked straight on out of the little town along the bank of the river, and finding himself interrupted, after about three miles, by the park-wall, he took a path through the fields to the left, then struck back again to the right, and soon after had a glimpse of the river again above its passage through Sir John Slingsby's park.

All this time Ned Hayward's mind was not unoccupied. He saw every thing that was passing about him, and meditated upon it without knowing that he was meditating. The sky was still quite gray when he set out, but presently the morning began to hang out her banners of purple and gold to welcome the monarch of day, and Ned Hayward said to himself, "How wonderfully beautiful all this is, and what a fine ordination is it that every change in nature should produce some variety of beauty." Then he remarked upon the trees, and the birds, and the meadows, and the reflections of the sky in a clear, smooth part of the river, and with somewhat of a painter's mind, perceived the beautiful harmony that is produced by the effect that one colour has upon another by its side. And then he passed a little village church, with the steeple shrouded in ivy, and it filled his mind full of quiet and peaceful images, and simple rural life (with a moral to it all), and his thoughts ran on to a thousand scenes of honest happiness, till he had the game at skittles and the maypole on the green up before him as plain as if it were all real; and the ivy and two old yews carried him away to early times when that

ancient church was new. Heaven knows how far his fancy went galloping!—through the whole history of England at least. But all these reveries went out of his head almost as soon as the objects that excited them, and then, as he went through some neat hedge-rows and pleasant corn-fields, which promised well in their green freshness for an abundant harvest, he began to think of partridges and an occasional pheasant lying under a holly-bush, and pointing dogs and tumbling birds, a full game-bag, and a capital dinner, with a drowsy evening afterwards. Good Heaven! what a thing it is to be young, and in high health, and in high spirits; how easy the load of life sits upon one; how insignificant are its cares to its enjoyments; every moment has its fitting dream; every hour its becoming enjoyment, if we choose to seek it; every flower, be it bitter or be it sweet, be it inodorous or be it perfumed, has its nectarial fall of honeyed drops, ripe for the lip that will vouchsafe to press it. But years, years, they bring on the autumn of the heart, when the bright and blooming petals have passed away, when the dreams have vanished with the light slumbers of early years, and every thing is in the seed for generations to come; we feel ourselves the husks of the earth, and find that it is time to fall away, and give place to the bloom and blossom of another epoch.

Our friend, however, if not in the budding time of life, had nothing of the sere and yellow leaf about him; he was one of those men who was calculated to carry on the day-dream of boyhood, even beyond its legitimate limit; nothing fretted him, nothing wore him, few things grieved him. It required the diamond point to make a deep impression, and though he reflected the lights that fell upon him from other objects, it was but the more powerful rays that penetrated into the depth, and that not very frequently. Thus on he went upon his way, and what he had got to after partridges and field-swamps, and matters of such kind, Heaven only knows. He might be up in the moon for aught I can tell, or in the Indies, or riding astride upon a comet, or in any other position the least likely for a man to place himself in, except when aided by the wings of imagination; and yet, strange to say, Ned Hayward had not the slightest idea that he had any imagination at all. He believed himself to be the most simple jog-trot, matter-of-fact creature in all the world; but to return, he was indulging in all sorts of fantasies, just when a little path between two high hedges opened out upon a narrow meadow, by the side of the river at a spot just opposite the old mill, and not more than forty or fifty yards distant from the door thereof. He saw the old mill and the stream, but saw nothing else upon my word, and thinking to himself,

“What a picturesque ruin that is, it looks like some feudal castle built beside the water, parting two hostile baron’s domains. What the deuce can it have been?”

Doubt with him always led to examination, so without more ado, he crossed over the open space with his usual quick step, entered the mill, looked about him, satisfied himself in a minute as to what had been its destination, and then gazed out of the windows, first up the stream, and next down. Up the stream he saw some swallows skimming over the water, the first that summer had brought to our shores; and, moreover, a sedate heron, with its blue back appearing over some reeds, one leg in the water, and one raised to its breast. When he looked down, however, he perceived the gentleman I have described, dropping some pellets into

water, and he thought "That's a curious operation, what can he be about?"

The next minute, however, the legitimate wooer of the fishes turned his face partly towards the mill, and Ned Hayward murmured "Ah ha, Master Wolf, *alias* Ste Gimlet, I have you now, I think." And issuing forth, he dogged him down the bank as I have before described, till at length, choosing his moment dexterously, he grasped him by the collar, in such a manner, that if he had had the strength of Hercules, he would have found it a more difficult matter to escape, than to kill forty Hydras, or clean fifty Augean stables.

"Hocussing the fish!" said the prisoner, in answer to one of Captain Hayward's first intimations of what he thought of his proceedings. "I don't know what you mean by hocussing the fish—I've got a few dead 'uns out of the river, that's all; and no great harm, I should think, just to make a fry."

"Ay, my good friend," replied Ned Hayward, "dead enough, I dare say they were when you got them; but I'm afraid we must have a coroner's inquest upon them, and I do not think the verdict will be 'Found drowned.' What I mean, my man, is that you have poisoned them—a cunning trick, but one that I know as well as your name or my own."

"And what the devil is your name?" asked the captive, trying to twist himself round, so as at least to get a blow or a kick at his captor.

"Be quiet—be quiet!" answered Ned Hayward, half strangling him in his collar. "My name is my own property, and I certainly will not give it to you; but your own you shall have, if you like. You are called Ste Gimlet or I am mistaken, but better known at night by the name of Wolf."

The man muttered an angry curse, and Ned Hayward continued,

"You see I know all about you; and, to tell you the truth, I was looking for you."

"Ah, so he's had some 'un down from London," said Wolf, entirely mistaking the nature of Captain Hayward's rank and avocation. "Well, so help me —, if I ever did this on his ground, afore, sir."

"Well, Master Gimlet," answered Ned Hayward, perfectly understanding what was passing in the man's mind, and willing to encourage the mistake, "I have been asked down certainly, and I suppose I must take you before Sir John Slingsby at once—unless, indeed, you like to make the matter up one way or another."

"I haven't got a single crown in the world," answered the poacher; "if you know all, you'd know that I am poor enough."

"Ay, but there are more ways than one of making matters up," rejoined Ned Hayward, in a menacing tone. "You know a little bit of business you were about last night."

The man's face turned as white as a sheet, and his limbs trembled as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague. All his strength was gone in a moment, and he was as powerless as a baby.

"Why," faltered he at length, "you could not be sent for that affair, for there's not been time."

"No, certainly," replied the young gentleman; "but having been asked down here on other matters, I have just taken that up, and may go through with it or not, just as it suits me. Now you see, Ste," he continued, endeavouring to assume, as well as he could, somewhat of the

Bow-street officer tone, and doing so quite sufficiently to effect his object with a country delinquent, "a nod you know is quite as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"Ay, ay, I understand, sir," answered Mr. Gimlet.

"Well then," continued Ned Hayward, "I understand, too; and being quite sure that you are not what we call the principal in this business, but only an accessory, I am willing to give you a chance."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Wolf, in a meditative tone, but he said no more; and his captor, who wished him to speak voluntarily, was somewhat disappointed.

"You are mighty dull, Master Wolf," said Ned Hayward, "and therefore I must ask you just as plain a question as the judge does when he has got the black cap in his hand ready to put on. Have you any thing to say why I should not take you at once before Sir John Slingsby?"

"Why, what the devil should I say?" rejoined the man, impatiently. "If you know me, I dare say you know the others, and if you're so cunning, you must guess very well that it was not the money that we were after; so that it can't be no felony after all."

"If it is not a felony, it is not worth my while to meddle with," answered Ned Hayward, "but there may be different opinions upon that subject; and if you like to tell me all about it, I shall be able to judge. I guessed it was not for money; but there is many a thing as bad as that. I don't ask you to speak, but you may if you like. If you don't, come along."

"Well, I'll speak all I know," answered Wolf, "that's to say, if you'll just let me get breath, for, hang me, if your grip does not half strangle me. I'll not mention names though, for I won't peach; but just to show you that there was nothing so very wrong, I'll tell you what it was all about—that's to say, if you'll let me off about these devils of fish."

"Agreed as to the fish," replied Ned Hayward, "if you tell the truth. I don't want to throttle you either, my good friend; but mark me well, if I let go my hold, and you attempt to bolt, I will knock you down, and have you before a magistrate in five minutes. Sit down there on the bank then." And without loosening his grasp, he forced his prisoner to bend his knees and take up a position before him, from which it would not have been possible to rise without encountering a blow from a very powerful fist. When this was accomplished, he let the man's collar go; and standing directly opposite, bade him proceed.

This seemed not so easy a task as might have been imagined, at least to our friend Mr. Gimlet, who, not being a practised orator, wanted the art of saying as much as possible upon every thing unimportant, and as little as possible upon every thing important. He scratched his head heartily, however, and that stimulus at length enabled him to produce the following sentence.

"Well, you see, sir, it was nothing at all but a bit of love-making."

"It did not look like it," answered Ned Hayward.

"Well, it was though," said Mr. Gimlet, in a decided tone. "The young gentleman, whom I'm talking of, wanted to get the young lady away; for you see her mother looks very sharp after her, and so he had a chaise ready, and me and another to help him, and if those two fellows

had not come up just as we were about it, he'd have had her half way to Scotland by this time."

"And where is the young gentleman, as you call him, now?" asked Ned Hayward, in that sort of quiet, easy tone, in which people sometimes put questions, which, if considered seriously, would be the least likely to receive an answer, just as if a straightforward reply were a matter of course.

But his companion was upon his guard. "That's neither here nor there," he replied.

"It is I can assure you, my good friend Wolf," said the young gentleman; "for whatever you may think, this was just as much a felony as if you had taken a purse or cut a throat. Two pistols were fired, I think—the young lady is an heiress; and forcibly carrying away an heiress, is as bad as a robbery; it is a sort of picking her pocket of herself. So, if you have a mind to escape a noose, you'll instantly tell me where he is."

The man thrust his hands into his pockets, and gazed at his interrogator with a sullen face, in which fear might be seen struggling with dogged resolution; but Ned Hayward the moment after, added as a sort of rider to his bill,

"I dare say he is some low fellow who did it for her money."

"No, that he's not, by ——!" cried the other. "He's a gentleman's son, and a devilish rich un's too."

"Ah ha! Mr. Wittingham's!" cried Ned Hayward, "now I understand you," and he laughed with his peculiar clear, merry laugh, which made Mr. Gimlet, at first angry, and then inclined to join him. "And now, my good friend," continued Ned Hayward, laying his hand upon his companion's shoulder, "you may get up and be off. You've made a great blunder, and mistaken me for a very respectable sort of functionary, upon whose peculiar province I have no inclination to trespass any further—I mean a thief-taker. If you will take my advice, however, neither you nor Mr. Wittingham will play such tricks again, for if you do you may fare worse; and you may as well leave off hocussing trout, snaring pheasants and hares, and shooting partridges on the sly, and take to some more legitimate occupation. You would make a very good gamekeeper, I dare say, upon the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, and some of these days I will come up to your place upon the moor, and have a chat with you about it; I doubt not you could show me some sport with otters, or badgers, or things of that kind."

"Upon my soul and body you're a cool hand," cried Ste Gimlet, rising and looking at Captain Hayward, as if he did not well know whether to knock him down or not.

"I am," answered our friend Ned, with a calm smile, "quite cool, and always cool, as you'll find when you know me better. As to what has passed to-day I shall take no notice of this fish affair, and in regard to Mr. Wittingham's proceedings last night, I shall deliberate a little before I act. You'd better tell him so when you next see him, just to keep him on his good behaviour, and so good morning to you, my friend."

Thus saying, Ned Hayward turned away, and walked towards the town, without once looking back to see whether his late prisoner was or was not about to hit him a blow on the head. Perhaps had he

known what was passing in worthy Mr. Gimlet's mind, he might have taken some precaution; for certainly that gentleman was considerably moved; but if the good and the bad spirit had a struggle together in his breast, the good got the better at length, and he exclaimed, "No, hang it, I won't," and with a slow and thoughtful step he walked up the stream again, towards the path which led to the moor.

Upon that path I shall leave him, and begging the reader to get upon any favourite horse he may have in the stable—hobby or not hobby—canter gaily back again to take up some friends that we have left far behind.

CHAP. VII.

INTRODUCES MISS SLINGSBY TO THE READER.

THE reader may remember that we left a lady and her daughter, whom Ned Hayward afterwards discovered to be a Mrs. and Miss Clifford, standing at the door of Sir John Slingsby's house, in the heart of what was called Tarningham Park. All that Ned Hayward (or the reader either) knew of their history at the moment that he quitted them, after having assisted them to alight from their carriage, was as follows: that the elder lady had been sent for to see her elder brother in his last moments, he having been accused of having gout in the stomach, and that she and her daughter had been stopped on the king's highway by three personages, two of whom, at least, had pistols with them, that they had been rescued by Captain Hayward himself, and another gentleman, that on arriving at Tarningham House it did not look at all like the dwelling of a dying man, and that the answer of the butler to Mrs. Clifford's inquiries regarding her brother's health was, "Quite well, thank you ma'am," delivered in the most common-place tone in the world.

At the precise point of time when this reply was made, Ned Hayward took his leave, remounted his horse, and rode back to Tarningham, and after he was gone Mrs. Clifford remained for at least thirty seconds somewhat bewildered with what seemed to her a very strange announcement. When she had done being bewildered, and seemed to have got a slight glimpse of the real state of the case, she turned an anxious glance to her daughter, to which Miss Clifford, who fully understood what it meant, replied at once, without requiring to have it put into words, "You had better go in, dear mamma," she said, "it will grieve poor Isabella if you do not, and besides, it might be risking a great deal to go back at night with nobody to protect us."

Mrs. Clifford still hesitated a little, but in the meantime some by-play had been going on which decided the question. The butler had called a footman, the footman had taken a portmanteau and some smaller packages from the boot of the carriage. The name of Mrs. Clifford had been mentioned once or twice, a lady's-maid crossing the hall had seen the two ladies' faces by the light of a great lamp, and in a moment after, from a door on the opposite side of the vestibule, came forth a fair and graceful figure, looking like Hebe dressed for dinner.

"Oh, my dear aunt!" she exclaimed, running across to Mrs. Clifford and kissing her, "and you, too, my dear Mary! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure; but come in, come into the drawing-room; they will bring in all the things—there is no one there," she continued, seeing her

aunt hesitated a little, "I am quite alone, and shall be for the next two hours, I dare say."

Mrs. Clifford suffered herself to be led on into a fine large old-fashioned drawing-room, and then began the explanations.

"And so, Isabella, you did not expect me to-night," said the elder lady, addressing Hebe. "Either for jest or for mischief some one has played us a trick. Have you got the letter, Mary?"

It was in Miss Clifford's writing-desk, however, as letters always are in some place where they cannot be found when they are wanted; but the fact was soon explained that Mrs. Clifford that very day about four o'clock had received a letter purporting to come from the housekeeper at Tarningham House, informing her that her brother, Sir John Slingsby, had been suddenly seized with gout in the stomach, and was not expected to live from hour to hour, that Miss Slingsby was too much agitated to write, but that Sir John expressed an eager desire to see his sister before he died.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the fair Isabella, "who could have done such a thing as that?" and then she laughed quietly, adding, "Well, at all events I am very much obliged to them; but it was a shameful trick, notwithstanding."

"You haven't heard the whole yet, Isabella," replied Mrs. Clifford, "for we have been stopped between this and Tarningham, and should have been robbed—perhaps murdered—if two gentlemen had not come up to our rescue—good Heaven, it makes me feel quite faint to think of it." And she sat down in one of the large arm-chairs, and put her hand to her head, while her cheek turned somewhat pale.

"Take a little wine, my dear aunt," cried Isabella, and before Mrs. Clifford could stop her she had darted out of the room.

As soon as she was alone with her daughter, the widow lady gazed round the chamber in which she sat with a thoughtful and melancholy look. She was in the house where her early days of girlhood had passed—she was in the very room where she had gone in all the agitation of happy love as a bride to the altar. She peopled the place with forms that could no longer be seen, she called up the loved and the dead, the parents who had cherished and instructed her, the fair sister who had bloomed and withered by her side. How many happy, how many a painful scene rose to the eye of memory on that stage where they had been enacted. All the material objects were the same, the pictures, the furniture, the old oak panneling with its carved wreaths; but where were they who moved so lately beside her in that chamber—where was all that had there been done? The grave and the past—man's tomb, and the tomb of man's actions had received them, and in the short space of twenty years all had gone, fading away and dissolving into air like a smoke rising up unto heaven, and spreading out thinner and thinner, till naught remains. Herself and a brother, from whom many circumstances had detached her, were all that were left of the crowd of happy faces that remembrance called back as she sat there and gazed around. Some tears rose to her eyes, and Mary who had been standing by gazing at her face, and reading in it with the quick appreciation of affection all the emotions which brought such shadows over the loved mother's brow, knelt down beside her, and taking her hand in hers said earnestly, "Mamma, dear mamma, I know this is painful, but pray for my sake and Isabella's let the shameful deceit that has been played upon us produce a good and

happy result. You are here in my uncle's house ; be reconciled to him fully, I beseech you. You know that he is good-humoured notwithstanding all his faults, and I cannot but think that if those who might have led him to better things had not withdrawn from him so completely, he might now have been a different man."

Mrs. Clifford shook her head mournfully.

"My dear child," she said, "you know that it is not resentment ; it was your good father who did not feel it consistent with his character and station to countenance all that takes place here."

"But for Isabella's sake," said Miss Clifford, earnestly, and before her mother could answer, the young lady of whom she spoke re-entered the room with a servant carrying some refreshments.

"Oh dear aunt," she said, while the wine and water and biscuits were placed upon a small table at Mrs. Clifford's elbow, "it makes me so glad to see you, and I have ordered the blue room at the south side to be got ready for you directly, and then there is the corner one for Mary, because it has a window both ways, and when she is in a gay mood she can look out over the meadows and the stream, and when she is in her high pensiveness she can gaze over the deep woods and hills. Then she is next to me too, so that she may have merry nonsense on one side, and grave sense on the other ; for I am sure you will stay a long while with us now you are here, and papa will be so glad."

"I fear it cannot be very long, my love," replied Mrs. Clifford. "In the first place I have come it seems uninvited, and in the next place you know, Isabella, that I am sometimes out of spirits, and perhaps fastidious, so that all guests do not at all times please me. Who have you here now ? There seemed a large party in the dining-room."

"Oh, there are several very foolish men," answered Sir John Slingsby's daughter, laughing, "and one wise one. There is Mr. Dabbleworth, who was trying to prove to me all dinner-time that I am an electrical machine ; and in the end I told him that I could easily believe he was one, for he certainly gave me a shock, and Sir James Vestage who joined in and insisted that instead of electrical machines men were merely improved monkeys. I told him that I perfectly agreed with him, and that I saw fresh proofs of it every day. Then up by papa was sitting old Mr. Harrington, the fox-hunter ; what he was saying I do not know, for I never listen to any thing he says, as it is sure either to be stupid or offensive. Then there was Charles Harrington, who lisped a good deal, and thought himself exceedingly pretty, and Mr. Wharton, the lawyer, who thought deeply and drank deeply, and said nothing but once."

"But who was your wise man, dear Isabella ?" asked Mary, very willing to encourage her fair cousin in her light cheerfulness, hoping that it might win Mrs. Clifford gently from sadder thoughts.

"Oh, who but good Dr. Miles," answered Miss Slingsby, "who grumbled sadly at every body, and even papa did not escape, I can assure you. But all these people will be gone in an hour or two, and in the meantime I shall have you all alone."

"Then there is no one staying in the house, Isabella ?" said Mrs. Clifford. "I heard at Tarningham that your father expected some people from London."

"Only one, I believe," answered the fair daughter of the house, "but he has not arrived yet, and perhaps may not. He is a Captain Hayward,

who was ensign in papa's regiment long ago. I never saw him, but people say 'he's the best fellow in the world.' You know what that means, Mary: a man that will drink, or hunt, or shoot, or fish with any body, or every body, and when none of these are to be done, will go to sleep upon the sofa. Pray, pray do stay, dear aunt, till he is gone, for I know not what I should do with him in the house by myself. I positively must get papa to ask somebody else, or get the good doctor to come up and flirt with him to my heart's content, just as a diversion from the pleasures of this Captain Hayward's society."

"A very disagreeable person, I dare say," replied Mary Clifford; "it is very odd how names are perverted, so that 'a good creature' means a fool in the world's parlance; 'a very respectable man' is sure to be a very dull one; and 'the best fellow in the world' is invariably—"

But her moralising-fit was suddenly brought to an end by the door of the drawing-room being thrown open, and Sir John Slingsby rushing in.

Stay a moment, reader, and observe him before he advances. Honest Jack Slingsby! Roystering Sir John! Jolly old Jack! Glorious Johnny! By all these names was he known, or had been known by persons in different degrees of acquaintanceship with him. That round and portly form, now extending the white waistcoat and black-silk breeches, had once been slim and graceful: that face glowing with the grape in all its different hues, from the *cil de perdrix* upon the temples and forehead to the deep purple of old port in the nose, had once been smooth and fair. That nose itself, raising itself now into mighty dominion over the rest of the face, and spreading out, Heaven knows where, over the map of his countenance, like the kingdom of Russia in the share of Europe, was once fine and chiselled like Apollo's own. That thin white hair flaring up into a cockatoo on the top of his head to cover the well-confirmed baldness, was once a mass of dark curls that would not have disgraced the brow of Jove. You may see the remains of former dandyism in the smart shoe, the tight silk-stockings, the well cut blue-coat; and you may imagine how much activity those limbs once possessed by the quick and buoyant step with which the capacious stomach is carried into the room. There is a jauntiness, too, in the step which would seem to imply that the portion of youthful vigour and activity, which is undoubtedly gone, has been parted from with regret, and that he would fain persuade himself and others that he still retains it in his full elasticity; but yet there is nothing affected about it either, and perhaps after all it is merely an effort of the mind to overcome the approach of corporeal infirmity, and to carry on the war as well as may be. Look at the good-humoured smile, too, the buoyant, boisterous, overflowing satisfaction that is radiating from every point of that rosy countenance. Who on earth could be angry with him? One might be provoked, but angry one couldn't be. It is evidently the face of one who takes the world lightly—who esteems nothing as very heavy—retains no impressions very long—enjoys the hour and its pleasures to the very utmost, and has no great consciousness of sin or shame in any thing that he does. He is, in fact, a fat butterfly, who, though he may have some difficulty in fluttering from flower to flower, does his best to sip the sweets of all he finds, and not very unsuccessfully.

With that same jaunt light step, with that same good-humoured, well-

satisfied smile, Sir John Slingsby advanced straight to his sister, took her in his arms, gave her a hearty kiss, and shook both her hands, exclaiming in a round, full, juicy voice, almost as fat as himself,

"Well, my dear Harriet, I'm very happy to see you; this is kind, this is very kind indeed; I could hardly believe my ears when the servants told me you were here, but I left the fellows immediately to fuddle their noses at leisure, and came to assure myself that it was a fact. And my dear Mary, too, my little saint, how are you, my dear girl?"

"We were brought here, John," replied Mrs. Clifford, "by a very shameful trick." And she proceeded to explain to him the trick which had been practised upon her.

"Gout!" exclaimed Sir John, "gout in the stomach! It would be a devilish large gout to take up his abode in my stomach, or else he'd find the house too big for him;" and he laid his hand upon his large paunch with an air of pride and satisfaction. "Gout! that does not look like gout I think," and he stuck out his neat foot, and trim well-shaped ankle; "never had but one threatening of a fit in my life, and then I cured it in an afternoon—with three bottles of Champagne and a glass of brandy," he added, in a sort of loud aside to Mary, as if she would enter into the joke better than her mother. "And so really, Harriet, you would not have come if you had not thought me dying. Come, come now, forget and forgive; let bygones be bygones; I know I am a d—d fool, and do a great many very silly things; but 'pon my soul I'm very sorry for it, I am indeed; you can't think how I abominate myself sometimes, and wonder what the devil possesses me. I'll repent and reform, upon my life I will, Harriet, if you'll just stay and help me—it's being left all alone to struggle with temptation that makes me fail so often, but every ten minutes I'm saying to myself, 'What an old fool you are, Jack Slingsby!' so now you'll stay like a dear good girl, as you always were, and help to make my house a little respectable. Forget and forgive, forget and forgive."

"My dear John, I have nothing to forgive," answered Mrs. Clifford. "You know very well that I would do any thing in the world to promote your welfare, and always wished it, but—"

"Ay, ay, it was your husband," answered Sir John, bringing an instant cloud over his sister's face. "Well, he was a good man—an excellent man—ay, and a kind man too, and he was devilish right after all; I can't help saying it, though I suffer. In his station what could he do? An archdeacon and then a dean, it was not to be expected that he should countenance rioting, and roaring, and drinking, and all that, as we used to do here; but 'pon my life, Harriet, I'll put an end to it. Now you shall see, I won't drink another glass to-night, and I'll send all those fellows away within half an hour, by Jove! I'll just go back and order coffee in the dining-room, and that'll be a broad hint, you know. Bella will take care of you in the meantime, and I'll be back in half an hour—high time I should reform indeed—even that monkey begins to lecture me. I've got a capital fellow coming down to stay with me—the best fellow in the world—as gay as a lark, and as active as a squirrel; yet somehow or other he always kept himself right, and never played at cards, the dog, nor got drunk either that I ever saw; yet he must have got drunk too, every man must sometimes, but he kept it devilish snug if he did—by the by, make yourselves comfortable." And without wait-

ing to hear his sister's further adventures on the road, Sir John Slingsby tripped out of the room again, and notwithstanding all his good resolutions, finished two-thirds of a bottle of claret while the servants were bringing in the coffee.

"Rather a more favourable account of your expected guest, Isabella, than might have been supposed," said Mrs. Clifford, as soon as Sir John Slingsby was gone. "A young man who did not drink or play in your father's regiment, must have been a rare exception; for I am sorry to say that it had a bad name in those respects long before he got it, and I believe that it did him a great deal of harm."

"Papa is so good-humoured," replied Miss Slingsby, "that he lets people do just what they like with him. I am sure he wishes to do all that is right."

Mrs. Clifford was silent for a moment or two, and then turned the conversation; but in the house of her brother she was rather like a traveller who, riding through a country, finds himself suddenly and unexpectedly in the midst of what they call in Scotland a shaking moss; whichever path she took, the ground seemed to be giving way under her. She spoke of the old park and the fine trees, and to her dismay, she heard that Sir John had ordered three hundred magnificent oaks to be cut down and sold. She spoke of a sort of model farm which had been her father's pride, and after a moment or two of silence, Isabella thought it better, to prevent her coming upon the same subject with her father, by telling her that Sir John, not being fond of farming, had disposed of it some three months before to Mr. Wharton, the solicitor.

"He could not find a tenant easily for it," she continued, "and it annoyed him to have it unoccupied, so he was persuaded to sell it, intending to invest the money in land adjoining the rest of the property."

"I hope Mr. Wharton gave him a fair price for it?" said Mrs. Clifford.

"I really don't know," answered her niece; "I dislike that man very much."

"And so do I," said Mary Clifford.

"And so do I," added her mother, thoughtfully.

Mr. Wharton had evidently not established himself in the favour of the ladies, and as ladies are always right, he must have been a very bad man indeed.

To vary the pleasures of such a conversation, Miss Slingsby soon after ordered tea, trusting that her father would return before it was over. Sir John Slingsby's half hour, however, extended itself to an hour and a half, but then an immense deal of loud laughing and talking, moving feet, seeking for hats and coats, and ultimately rolling of wheels, and trotting of horses, was heard in the drawing-room, and the baronet himself again appeared, as full of fun and good-humour as ever. He tried, indeed, somewhat to lower the tone of his gaiety, to suit his sister's more rigid notions; but although he was not in the least tipsy—and indeed it was a question which might have puzzled Babbage's calculating machine to resolve what quantity of any given kind of wine would have affected his brain to the point of inebriety—yet the potations in which he had indulged had certainly spread a genial warmth through his bosom, which kept his spirits at a pitch considerably higher than harmonised very well with Mrs. Clifford's feelings.

After about half an hour's conversation, then, she complained of fatigue, and retired to bed, and was followed by her niece and her daughter, after the former, at her father's desire, had sung him a song to make him sleep comfortably. Sir John then stretched his legs upon a chair to meditate for a minute or two over the unexpected event of his sister's arrival. But the process of meditation was not one that he was at all accustomed to, and consequently he did not perform it with great ease and dexterity. After he had tried it for about thirty seconds, his head nodded, and then looking up, he said, "Ah!" and then attempted it again. Fifteen seconds were enough this time; but his head, finding that it had disturbed itself by its rapid declension on the former occasion, now sank gradually on his shoulder, and thence found its way slowly round to his breast. Deep breathing succeeded for about a quarter of an hour, and then an awful snore, loud enough to rouse the worthy baronet by his own trumpet. Up he started, and getting unsteadily upon his legs, rubbed his eyes, and muttered to himself, "Time to go to bed." Such was the conclusion of his meditation, and the logical result of the process in which he had been engaged.

The next morning, however, at the hour of half-past nine, found Sir John in the breakfast-room, as fresh, as rosy, and as gay as ever. If wine had no effect upon his intellect at night, it had none upon his health and comfort in the morning; the blushing banner that he bore in his countenance was the only indication of the deeds that he achieved; and kissing the ladies all round, he sat down to the breakfast-table, and spent an hour with them in very agreeable chat. He was by no means ill-informed, not without natural taste, a very fair theoretical judgment, which was lamentably seldom brought into practice, and he could discourse of many things, when he liked it, in as gentlemanlike and reasonable a manner as any man living; while his cheerful good-humour shed a sunshine around that, in its sparkling warmth, made men forget his faults and over-estimate his good qualities. He had a particular tact, too, of palliating errors that he had committed, sometimes by acknowledging them frankly, and lamenting the infatuation that produced them, sometimes by finding out excellent good reasons for doing things which had a great deal better been left undone. Mary and Isabella had been walking in the park before breakfast, talking of all those things which young ladies find to converse about when they have not met for some time; and Sir John, at once aware that his niece's eye must have marked the destruction going on among the old trees, asked her in the most deliberate tone in the world, if she had seen the improvements he was making.

Mary Clifford replied "No," and looked at her cousin as if for explanation, and then Sir John exclaimed,

"God bless my soul, did you not see the alley I am cutting? It will make the most beautiful vista in the world. First you will go round from the house by the back of the wood, slowly mounting the hill, by what we call the Broad Walk, and then when you have reached the top, you will have a clear view down through a sort of glade, with the old trees on your right and left hand, over the clumps of young firs in the bottom, catching the stream here and there, and having the park-wall quite concealed, till the eye passing over the meadows, just rests upon Tarn-ingham church, and then running on, gets a view of your own place

Steenham, looking like a white speck on the side of the hill, and the prospect is closed by the high grounds beyond. My dear Mary, it is the greatest improvement that ever was made—we will go and see it.”

Now the real truth was, that Sir John Slingsby, some four or five months before, had very much wanted three thousand pounds, and he had determined to convert a certain number of his trees into bank-notes; but being a man of very good taste, as I have said, he had arranged the cutting so as to damage his park scenery as little as possible. Nevertheless, in all he said to Mary Clifford, strange as the assertion may seem, he was perfectly sincere; for he was one of those men who always begin by deceiving themselves, and having done that, can hardly be said to deceive others. It is a sort of infectious disease they have, that is all, and they communicate it, after having got it themselves. Before he had cut a single tree, he had perfectly persuaded himself that to do so would effect the greatest improvement in the world, and he was quite proud of having beautified his park, and at the same time obtained three thousand pounds of ready money.

Doubtless, had the conversation turned that way, he would have found as good an excuse, as valid a reason, as legitimate a motive, for selling the model farm; but that not being the case, they went on talking of different subjects, till suddenly the door opened, the butler, who was nearly as fat as his master, advanced three steps in a solemn manner, and announced, “Captain Hayward.”

Sir John instantly started up, and the three ladies raised their eyes simultaneously, partly with that peculiar sort of curiosity which people feel when they look into the den of some rare wild beast, and partly with that degree of interest which we all take in the outward form and configuration of one of our own species, upon whom depends a certain portion of the pleasure or pain, amusement or dullness, of the next few hours. The next moment our friend Ned Hayward was in the room. He was well-dressed and well-looking, as I have already described him in his riding costume. Gentleman was in every line and every movement, and his frank, pleasant smile, his clear, open countenance were very engaging even at the first sight. Sir John shook him warmly by the hand, and although the baronet’s countenance had so burgeoned and blossomed since he last saw him, that the young gentleman had some difficulty in recognising him, his former colonel, yet Ned Hayward returned his grasp with equal cordiality, and then looked round, as his host led him up towards Miss Slingsby, and introduced them to each other. Great was the surprise of both the baronet and his daughter, to see Mrs. Clifford rise, and with a warm smile extend her hand to their new guest, and even Mary Clifford follow her mother’s example, and welcome, as if he were an old friend, the very person with whose name they had seemed unacquainted the night before.

“Ah ha, Ned!” cried Sir John; “how is this, boy? Have you been poaching upon my preserves without my knowing it? ’Pon my life, Harriet, you have kept your acquaintance with my little ensign quite snug and secret.”

“It is an acquaintance of a very short date, John,” replied Mrs. Clifford; “but one which has been of inestimable service to me already.”

And she proceeded in a very few words to explain to her brother the

debt of gratitude she owed to Captain Hayward for his interference the night before, and for the courtesy he had shown in escorting and protecting her to the doors of that very house.

Sir John immediately seized his guest by the two lapels of the coat, exclaiming,

"And why the devil didn't you come in, you dog? What, Ned Hayward at my gates, an expected guest, and not come in! I can tell you we should have given you a warm reception, fined you a couple of bottles for being late at dinner, and sent you to bed roaring drunk."

Ned Hayward gave a gay glance round at the ladies, as if inquiring whether they thought these were great inducements; he answered, however,

"Strange to say, I did not know it was your house, Sir John."

And now having placed our friend Ned Hayward comfortably between two excessively pretty girls of very different styles of beauty, and very different kinds of mind, I shall leave Fate to settle his destiny, and turn to another scene which had preceded his arrival at Tarningham House.

CHAP VIII.

NED HAYWARD AND BEAUCHAMP PAY A VISIT TO MR. WITTINGHAM.

MAN never sees above half of any thing, never knows above half of any thing, never understands above half of any thing; and upon this half sight, half knowledge, and half understanding, he acts, supplying the deficiency of his information by a guess at the rest, in which there is more than an equal chance that he is wrong instead of right. That is the moral of this chapter.

After Ned Hayward's interview with Stephen Gimlet, *alias* Wolf, our friend turned his steps back towards Tarningham, and arrived at the White Hart by eight o'clock. About three quarters of an hour had shaved him, dressed him, and brushed his hair, and down he went to the little parlour in which he had passed the preceding evening just in time to find Mr. Beauchamp beginning his breakfast. Although the latter gentleman shook his companion cordially by the hand, and seemed to look upon his presence in the parlour as a matter of course, Ned Hayward thought fit to apologise for his intrusion, adding, "I shall not maroon myself upon you very long, for soon after breakfast I shall decamp to Sir John Slingsby's."

"I am sorry, I assure you, to lose the pleasure of your society so soon," replied Beauchamp, and then added, addressing the maid, who had just brought in some broiled ham, "you had better bring some more cups and saucers, my good girl."

"And some more ham, and also a cold fowl," added Ned Hayward. "I have the appetite of an ogre, and if you do not make haste, I must have a bit out of your rosy cheek, my dear, just to stay my stomach."

"La, sir!" cried the maid, with a coquettish little titter; but she ran away to get what was wanted, as if she were really afraid of the consequences of Ned Hayward's appetite, and as soon as she was gone, he said,

"I have got news for you, Beauchamp; but I will wait till the room

is clear before I give it. I have been up and out, over the hills and far away this morning; so I have well earned my breakfast."

"Indeed!" exclaimed his companion with a look of surprise, "really you are an active general; but you should have given your fellow-soldiers information of your movements, and we might have combined operations."

"There was no time to be lost," answered Hayward.

But at that moment the maid returned with the cold fowl; the ham was still in the rear, and it was not till breakfast was half over that the young officer could tell his tale. When he had got as far with it as the first explanations of Mr. Gimlet, Beauchamp exclaimed eagerly, "And what did it turn out to be?"

"Nothing after all but a love affair," answered Ned. "Now, my dear Beauchamp, I have as much compassion for all lovers as an old match-making dowager, and therefore I think it will be better to let this matter drop quietly."

"Oh, certainly," answered his new friend, "I am quite as tender-hearted in such matters as yourself; but are you quite sure of the fact? for this seems to me to have been a very odd way of making love."

"It was so assuredly," replied Hayward, "but nevertheless the tale is true. The fact is the young lady is an heiress, the mother strict—most likely the latter looks for some high match for her daughter, and will not hear of the youth's addresses. He falls into despair, and with a Roman courage resolves to carry off a bride. Unfortunately for his purpose, we come up, and the rape of the Sabines is prevented; but 'pon my honour, I admire the fellow for his spirit. There is something chivalrous, nay more, feudal about it. He must fancy himself some old baron who had a right prescriptive to run away with every man's daughter that suited him; and, on my life, my dear Beauchamp, I can go on no further in attempting to punish him for a deed whose hot and proof spirit shames this milk-and-water age. Oh, the times of carrying off heiresses, of robbing in cocked hats, and full-bottomed wigs, of pinking one's adversary under the fifth rib in Leicester Fields, with gentlemen in high shoes and gold lace for seconds, and chairmen for spectators, when will they come again? Gone, gone for ever, my dear Beauchamp, into the same box as our grandmother's brocade-gown, and with them the last spark of the spirit of chivalry has expired."

"Very true," answered Beauchamp, smiling at his companion's tirade, "there was certainly an adventurous turn about those days which saved them from dulness; but yet there was a primness about them which was curious, a formality mingling with their wildest excesses, a prudery with their licentiousness, which can only be attributed to the cut of their clothes. There is some mysterious link between them, depend upon it, Hayward, and whether it be that the clothes affect the man, or the man the clothes, it is not for me to say; but the grand internal harmony of nature will not be violated, and the spirit of the age is represented in the coats, waistcoats, and breeches of the people of the period much better than in all the stupid books written from time to time to display it."

This was the first sentence that Ned Hayward had ever heard his companion speak in a jocular tone, but Beauchamp immediately went on in a graver manner to say, "Yet, after all, I do not see how we can

drop this matter entirely. Far be it from me, of all men on earth, to persecute another, but yet, having already given information of this attempt at robbery, as it seemed to us, and tendered our evidence on oath, we cannot well draw back. A gross offence has indubitably been committed, not only in the attack upon these two ladies, but also in the very violent and murderous resistance which was made when we arrived to their rescue; and this young gentleman should have a warning at least."

"To be sure, to be sure," answered Ned Hayward, "I have got the pistol ball singing in my ear now, and I am quite willing to give him a fright, and old Wittingham too. The latter I will, please Heaven, torment out of the remnant of seven senses that he has left, for a more pompous, vulgar old blockhead I never saw; and therefore I should propose at once—that is to say, as soon as I have done this cup of coffee—you have finished I see—to go to good Mr. Wittingham's and belabour him with our small wits till he is nearly like the man who was scourged to death with rushes."

"Nay, nothing quite so sanguinary as that, I trust," said Beauchamp, "but I will accompany you willingly and see fair play between you and the magistrate."

According to this arrangement, as soon as breakfast was over, and Ned Hayward had given some directions with regard to preparing his horse, his baggage, and a conveyance for the latter, the two gentlemen sallied forth to the magistrate's room in the town, where they found Mr. Wittingham seated with a clerk, the inferior attorney of the place. The latter was a man well fitted to prompt an ignorant and self-conceited magistrate in a matter of difficulty, if its importance were not very great, and he knew all the particulars. He was a little fat compact man, in form, feature, and expression very like a Chinese pig. His nose had the peculiar turn-up of the snout of that animal, his small eyes the same sagacious twinkle, his retreating under-jaw the same voracious and ever-ready look, and when at all puzzled he would lift his head and give a peculiar snort, so exceedingly porcine in its tone, that one could scarcely divest oneself of the idea that he was one of the mud-loving herd.

On the present occasion, indeed, he was ignorant of the facts of the case about to be brought before Mr. Wittingham. The latter gentleman having considered with great solicitude whether he should make him acquainted with all that had occurred and seek his advice and co-operation. But Mr. Wittingham was cautious, exceedingly cautious, as I have already shown, when no strong passion caused him to act in a decided manner upon the spur of the moment. His natural impulse might indeed be vehement, and he frequently had to repeat to himself that sage adage, "The least said is soonest mended," before he could get himself to refrain from saying a word to the clerk, Mr. Bacon, except that two men had come to him the night before with a cock-and-a-bull story about a highway robbery of which he did not believe a word, and they were to come again that morning, when he should sift them thoroughly.

Now it is wonderful how the very least bits of art will frequently betray the artist. Mr. Wittingham merely said, "Two men," which led his clerk, Mr. Bacon, to suppose that he had never seen either of the two men before; but when Mr. Beauchamp appeared, in company with Ned Hayward, and the clerk recollected that the magistrate had very fre-

quently wondered in his presence, who Mr. Beauchamp could be, and had directed him to make every sort of inquiry, he naturally said to himself, "Ha, ha, Wittingham has got something that he wishes to conceal ; if not, why didn't he say at once that Beauchamp was one of the two. There's a screw loose somewhere, that's clear."

On Ned Hayward the clerk's small eyes fixed with a keen, inquisitive, and marvelling glance, as with his gay dashing air, half military, half sporting, firm and yet light, measured and yet easy, he advanced into the room and approached the table. It was a sort of animal that Mr. Bacon had never seen in his life before, and he looked just like a young pig when it sees a stage-coach dash by, standing firm for a minute, but ready in an instant to toss up its snout, curl up its tail, and caper off with a squeak as fast as it can go.

"Well, Mr. Witherington," said Ned Hayward, perfectly aware that nothing so much provokes a pompous man as mistaking his name, "here we are according to appointment, and doubtless you are ready to take our depositions, Mr. Witherington."

"Wittingham, sir," said the magistrate, impressively, laying a strong emphasis on each syllable, "I beg you'll give me my own name, and nobody else's."

"Ay, ay, Whittington,," said Ned Hayward, with the utmost composure, "I forgot ; I knew it was some absurd name in an old ballad or story, and confounded you somehow or other with the man in 'Chevy Chase,' who

When his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

But I remember now, you're the son of the Lord Mayor of London, the cat-man."

"No, sir, no," exclaimed Mr. Wittingham, whose face had turned purple with rage, "I am not his son, and you must be a fool to think so, for he died two hundred years ago."

"Oh, I know nothing of history," said Ned Hayward, laughing, "and besides, I dare say it's all a fable."

"This gentleman's name is Wittingham, sir," said the clerk, "W-I-T-wit, T-I-N-G ting, H-A-M ham, Wittingham."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir," said the young gentleman, "I shan't forget it now, '*Littera scripta manet*,' Mr. What's-your-name."

"My name is Bacon, sir," said the clerk, with a grunt.

"Ah, very well, very well," replied Ned Hayward, "now to business. Wittingham, Bacon, and Co., I shan't forget that ; an excellent good firm, especially when the junior partner is cut into rashers and well roasted. We are here, sir, to tender information upon oath, when it can no longer be of any avail, which we tendered last night, when it might have been of avail, in regard to an attempt at highway robbery committed yesterday evening upon the persons of two ladies in this neighbourhood, namely, Mrs. Clifford and her daughter."

"Tendered last night, sir!" exclaimed the clerk, in spite of a tremendous nudge from Mr. Wittingham, "pray whom did you tender it to ?"

"To the right reverend gentleman on the bench," said Ned Hayward, with a profound bow to the worthy magistrate ; and then looking at him full in the face, with a significant smile, the young gentleman added, "he

refused to take our depositions on secret motives, or information of his own, which as it was kept in the profound depth of his mind, I will not pretend to penetrate."

Mr. Wittingham was in a state of most distressing perplexity. His fears were a powder magazine, Ned Hayward's smile was a spark, and there was a terrible explosion in his chest, which had nearly blown the window out.

"I—I—you see, Bacon," he whispered to the clerk, "I thought it was all nonsense, I was sure it was all nonsense—you may see by the fellow's manner that it is so—Who'd attend to such stuff?"

"I don't know, sir," said the clerk, "magistrates are bound to take informations of felonies tendered on oath; but we shall soon see who he is; we'll swear him," and taking up a paper from the table he began to write, lifting up his head after a moment and inquiring, "What is your name and profession?"

"My name is Edward Hayward," answered our friend, "late captain in His Majesty's 40th regiment, now unattached."

Mr. Wittingham's face grew blanker and blanker. Yamen's own could not have looked a more russety brown. He did not know how to interfere with the clerk, or how to proceed himself; but at length, after sundry hums and haws, he said, "I think we had better hear the whole story first, and then take down the deposition if we should find it necessary. If Mrs. Clifford was robbed, or attempted to be robbed, why the devil doesn't Mrs. Clifford come to give me information herself? I see no reason why we should suffer such accounts to be gone into by deputy. The offence was against Mrs. Clifford, and we shall always be ready to balance."

"The offence was against the law of the land, sir," said Mr. Beauchamp, stepping forward, "and we who witnessed the offence, and prevented it from being carried further, now come forward to demand that interference of justice which cannot be refused, without great danger to those who deny it."

"Well, well," said Mr. Wittingham, "I am not going to deny it; let us hear your story, and as you are one of the informers, be so good as to favour us with your name, profession, etc."

"My name, sir, is Beauchamp," replied the gentleman he addressed, "profession, I am sorry to say, I have none."

"Ah," said the magistrate drily, but the clerk whispered sharply in his ear: "He has two thousand pounds in the bank, paid in the day before yesterday. Jenkins told me last night at the Free and Easy, so it's all a mistake about his being—you know what."

The clerk had a reverence for gentlemen who had two thousand pounds at one time in a country bank—much greater reverence than for captains of infantry unattached; and consequently he proceeded to take Mr. Beauchamp's deposition first, with all due respect, notwithstanding every thing Mr. Wittingham could do to embarrass his course of operations. Then came Ned Hayward's turn, but our good friend thought fit to be more serious when an oath had been administered, and delivered his evidence with gravity and propriety. As soon, however, as Mr. Wittingham began to meddle with the matter again, and to treat the affair as one of little consequence, and not deserving much consideration, the spirit of malicious fun seized upon Ned once more, and he said with

a mysterious air, "Sir, I beg you will give this your most serious attention, for you cannot yet tell what parties may be implicated. In giving our testimony of course we speak to facts alone. I have strictly confined myself to what I saw, and have not even mentioned one circumstance of which I have even a shade of doubt; but without interfering with your business, Mr. Skittington—for I never take another man's trade upon me—yet I shall certainly feel myself called upon to investigate quietly, and by all lawful means, the whole particulars of this business. That a felony has been committed there can be no doubt; two pistols were fired at me with intent to take my life, or do me some grievous bodily harm; one ball went through my hair, and the matter is a very grave one, which may probably bring some respectable persons into a noose under a gallows. Look to it, look to it, Mr. Whittington, for I shall certainly look to it myself."

"Well, sir, well, do any thing you please," said the magistrate, "I will do my duty without being tutored by you. I consider your conduct very disrespectful and—"

But ere he could finish the sentence the door of the justice-room opened, and a young man entered dressed in the garb of a gentleman. Mr. Wittingham's face turned as pale as death, and Ned Hayward fixed his eyes for an instant—a single instant—upon the countenance of the new comer. It was by no means a prepossessing one, and the expression was not improved by a black handkerchief being tied over one eye, and hiding part of the nose and cheek. The young officer instantly withdrew his eyes, and fixed them sternly on the ground. "This is too impudent," he thought, and there was a momentary hesitation in his mind as to whether he should not at once point out the intruder as the chief offender in the acts lately under discussion. Good-nature, however prevailed, and while Henry Wittingham advanced straight to his father's side, and with a look of bold fierceness whispered a word in his ear, Ned Hayward turned to the door, saying, "Come, Beauchamp, our business here is over, and I must go up to Sir John Slingsby's."

Beauchamp followed him, after giving a sharp glance at Henry Wittingham, and at the door of the house they saw a horse standing which seemed to have been ridden hard.

CHAP. IX.

IN WHICH A VERY YOUNG ACTOR MAKES AN UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE ON THE SCENE.

MR. BEAUCHAMP was sitting alone in the little room of the inn about five hours after Ned Hayward had left him. The day had been very warm for the season of the year, and though he had taken his walk as usual in the most shady and pensive places he could discover, he had found it oppressive, and had returned sooner than he ordinarily did. Mr. Groomer, worthy Mr. Groomer, the landlord of the White Hart, had perceived his return through the glass-doors of the bar, and had rolled in to tell him, as a piece of news, that the post-boy who had driven Mrs. and Miss Clifford had been, as he termed it, "had up" before Mr. Wittingham and examined, but had been speedily dismissed, he having sworn most valorously that he could not identify any of the persons concerned in stopping the chaise on the preceding night.

Mr. Beauchamp merely replied, "I thought so," and taking up a book, gave quiet intimation that he wished to be alone. As soon as the host had retired, however, he suffered the open volume to drop upon his knee, and gave himself up to thought, apparently of not the most cheerful kind, for the broad open brow became somewhat contracted, the fine dark eyes fixed upon one particular spot on the floor, the lip assumed a melancholy, even a cynical expression, and without moving limb or feature, he remained for at least a quarter of an hour in meditation most profound.

For my own part I do not see what business men have to think at all. If it be of the past, can they recall it? If it be of the future, can they govern it? No, no, and the present is for action, not for meditation. It was very foolish of Mr. Beauchamp to think, but yet he did so, and profoundly. But of what were his thoughts? I cannot tell. Some I know, some I do not know; or rather like an intercepted letter, the actual course of his meditation was plain enough, written in clear and forcible lines, but the wide world of circumstances to which it referred, its relations with his fate, with his past history, with his present condition, with his future prospects, were all in darkness.

"It is in vain," he said to himself, "all in vain! Peace, happiness, tranquillity—where do they dwell? Are they the mere phantasms of man's ever-building imaginations? creations of fancy to satisfy the craving need of the soul? And yet some men can obtain them. This very Captain Hayward, he seems at least as well contented, as well satisfied with himself, the world, and all the world gives, as it is possible to conceive. But it is not so—it cannot be so. There is a black spot somewhere, I am sure—some bitter memory, some disappointed hope, some aspiration ever desired. He owned he dared not venture to love—is not that to be in a continued chain, to bear a fetter about one? and yet he seemed contented with such a fate. It is the regulation of our desires that makes us happy, the bounding them to our means—ay, with those who have no already existing cause for sorrow, but the cup of our fate is ever open for each passing hand to drop a poison into it, and once there, it pervades the whole—the whole? by every drop down to the very dregs, turning the sweetness and the spirit of the wine of life to bitterness and death. What is it that I want that can make existence pleasant? Wealth, health, a mind carefully trained and furnished with the keys to every door of mental enjoyment—with love for my fellow-creatures, good will to all men, I have all—surely all; but, alas! I have memory too, and like the pillar of the cloud, it sometimes follows me, darkening the past, sometimes goes before me, obscuring the future. Yet this is very weak. An effort of the mind—the mind I have vainly thought so strong—should surely suffice to cast off the load. I have tried occupation, calm enjoyments, fair scenes, tranquil pleasures, peaceful amusements. Perhaps in a more fiery and eager course, in active, energetic pursuits in passions that absorb all the feelings, and wrap the soul in their own mantle, I may find forgetfulness. In all that I have hitherto done—there have been long intervals—open gates for bitter memory to enter, and the very nature of my chosen objects has invited her. Oh, yes, there must be such a thing as happiness: that girl's fair joyous face, her smile teeming with radiance, told me so. But I will not think of her. She is too bright, and fair, and happy to be made a partner in

so hazardous a speculation as mine. I will go away from this place : it has given my mind some little repose, and I could have made a friend of that light, good-humoured Hayward if he would have let me—but he has left me too—all things leave me, I think. Well, he is gone, and I will go too—'tis not worth while lingering longer."

At this point of his meditations some horses passed the window, and shadows darkened the room; but Beauchamp took no notice, till he heard a voice which had become somewhat familiar to him during the last eighteen hours, exclaiming, "Ostler, ostler!" and in a moment after Ned Hayward was in the room again, but not alone. He was followed by the portly figure of Sir John Slingsby, dressed in riding costume, and though somewhat dusty, and certainly very round and heavy, yet bearing that undefinable and almost ineffaceable look of a gentleman which not even oddities and excesses had been able to wipe out.

Ned Hayward's words were few and soon spoken: "Mr. Beauchamp, Sir John Slingsby; Sir John, Mr. Beauchamp," were all he said, but the old baronet soon took up the conversation, shaking his new acquaintance warmly by the hand.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Beauchamp, very glad to see you. I find my family are under a great obligation to you—that is to say, my sister Harriet, Mrs. Clifford. Devilish impudent thing, by Jove, for those fellows to attack a carriage at that time of the evening, and very lucky you happened to be there, for my friend Ned Hayward here—though he has a notion of tactics, haven't you, Ned?—and is a stout fellow—could hardly have managed three of them."

"I look upon myself as very fortunate, Sir John," replied Mr. Beauchamp, "in having taken my evening walk in that direction; but at the same time, it is but fair to acknowledge that my share in the rescue of your sister and her daughter was but small. I only kept one man in play, while Captain Hayward had to contend with two."

"All the same! all the same, my dear sir," said the baronet; "the reserve shares all the glory of a battle even if it does not pull a trigger. The ladies, however, are exceedingly obliged to you—very good girls both of them—not that they have commissioned me to express their thanks, far from it, for they are particularly anxious to do so themselves if you will give them the opportunity; and therefore they have begged me to ask if you would favour us by your company at dinner to-day, and to say that they will be devilish sorry if any previous engagement should prevent you, though they calculate upon to-morrow, if not to-day."

"I am quite an anchorite here, Sir John," answered Mr. Beauchamp, with a grave smile; but before he could finish his sentence, the old baronet, thinking it was the commencement of an excuse, hastened to stop it, saying,

"Quite a quiet dinner, I assure you—all as grave and proper as possible; no drinking, no laughing, no fun—all upon our good behaviour. There will be nobody but you, Ned Hayward, I, and the doctor there; Harriet, Mary, and my girl—who, by the way, says she knows you—has seen you twice at the good doctor's—Doctor Miles's."

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Slingsby," said Beauchamp. "I was only about to answer you just now, Sir John, that I am quite an anchorite here, and therefore not likely to have many invitations to dinner. As I have not much cultivated the people of the place, they

have not much cultivated me; and I believe they look upon me as a somewhat suspicious character, especially our friend Mr. Wittingham, who I find has been very curious in his inquiries as to whether I pay my bills, and where I go to when I walk out."

"Wittingham's an old fool!" exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, "and like all other old fools, he thinks himself the wisest man in the world. I wonder what the lord-lieutenant could be dreaming of when he put him in the commission of the peace—a man no more fit for it than my horsewhip. I'll pay him for it all—I'll pay him—ask him to dinner—make him beastly drunk, and lodge him for the night in a horse-trough."

"I hope not this evening, Sir John," said Beauchamp, with a smile.

"Oh dear no," replied the baronet, with a look of rueful fear, "all very prim to-night—all as grave as judges—quite proper and discreet while my sister Harriet is with us—an archdeacon's widow, you know—a dean's, after all—though he was only dean for a couple of months—a very good man indeed, but exceedingly proper, terribly proper: the very sound of a cork frightened him out of his wits. I do believe he fancied that port and Madeira are sent over in decanters, and claret in jugs with handles. However, you'll come, that's settled: half-past five, old-fashioned hours, gives plenty of time after dinner. But now that's no use," added the baronet, with a sigh, "we might as well dine at seven now—no use of a long evening. However, the girls will give us a song, or music of some kind, and perhaps we can make up a rubber at long whist, which will make us sleep as sound as dormice. No sin in that—no, Ned."

"None in the world, Sir John," answered Ned Hayward, "but a great deal of dulness. I never could make out in my life how men, with their wits about them, could spend hours throwing bits of painted pasteboard in a particular order for shillings and sixpences."

"Just as reasonable as standing up for hours to be showed for shillings and sixpences," answered Sir John Slingsby, "and both you and I have played at that, you dog. Every thing is folly if you take it in the abstract—love, war, wine, ambition; and depend upon it, Ned, the lightest follies are the best—isn't it so, Mr. Beauchamp?"

"There is indeed some truth in what you say, Sir John," replied Beauchamp, with a thoughtful smile; "and I believe amusing follies are better than serious ones—at least I begin to think so now."

"To be sure, to be sure," answered Sir John Slingsby; "man was made for fun and not for sadness. It's a very nice world if people would let it be so. Oh, we'll show you some sport, Mr. Beauchamp, before we have done with you; but to-day you know we'll all be very proper—very good boys indeed—and then when the cat's away the mice will play. Ha! ha! ha! At half-past five, you know, and in the meantime, Ned and I will ride off and abuse old Wittingham. I'll give him a pretty lecture."

Good Sir John was disappointed however; his horses, his groom, and his bulky person had all been seen from the windows of Mr. Wittingham's house as he rode into the town with Ned Hayward, and as a matter of course, Mr. Wittingham was over the hills and far away before the visit to Mr. Beauchamp was concluded.

When Sir John and Ned Hayward left him, Beauchamp remained for some minutes with a smile upon his countenance—a meditative—nay, a melancholy smile.

“So fleet our resolutions,” he said to himself, “so fade away our schemes and purposes. Who can say in this life what he will do and what he will not do the next day—nay, the next minute? Which is the happiest after all, the man who struggles with fate and circumstance, and strives to perform the impracticable task of ruling them, or he who, like a light thing upon the waters, suffers himself to be carried easily down the current, whirling round with every eddy, resting quietly in the still pool, or dashing gaily down the rapids? Heaven knows, but at all events, fate has shown herself so resolute to take my affairs into her own hands, that I will not try to resist her. I will indulge every whim, and leave fortune to settle the result. I may as well purchase that property: it is as good an investment as any other, I dare say, and if not, it does not much signify. I will write to my agent to transmit the money to-day.”

With this resolution he sat down, and had soon despatched a few lines, which he carried to the post himself; then strolled out of the town for an hour, and then returned to dress, ordering a post-chaise for Tarningham House.

How different are the sensations with which one goes out to dinner at different times—ay, even when it is to the house of a new acquaintance, where we have little means of judging previously whether our day will be pleasant or unpleasant, joyous or sad. As there must be more than one party to each compact, and as the age and its object act and react upon each other, so the qualities of each have their share in the effect upon either, and the mood of the visiter has at least as much to do with the impression that he receives as the mood of the host. Wonderfully trite, is it not, reader? It has been said a thousand times before, but it will not do you the least harm to have it repeated, especially as I wish you clearly to understand the mood in which Mr. Beauchamp went, for the first time, to the house of Sir John Slingsby. It was then in that of an indifferent mood of which I have shown some indications, by describing what was passing in his mind after the baronet and Ned Hayward left him. There are, however, various sorts of indifferent moods; there is the gay indifferent, which is very commonly called, *devil-me-care*-ness; then there is the impertinent indifference, with a dash of persiflage in it, just to take off the chill—as men put brandy into soda-water—which very empty and conceited men assume to give them an air of that superiority to which they are entitled by no mental quality. Then there is the indifference of despair, and the indifference of satiety. But none of these was the exact sort of indifference which Mr. Beauchamp felt, or thought he felt. It was a grave indifference, springing from a sort of morbid conviction that the happiness or unhappiness of man is not at all in his own hands, or that if it be at all so, it is only at his outset in life, and that the very first step so affects the whole course of after events, as to place the control over them totally beyond his own power. It is a bad philosophy, a very unsafe, untrue, unwise philosophy, and a great author has made it the philosophy of the devil:

Thus we
In our first choice are ever free;
Choose, and the right of choice is o'er,
We who were free, are free no more.

So says Göthe, according to Anster's beautiful translation, and I think it much better to give that translation which every body can understand, than the original which one half of my readers cannot, and which would not be a bit better if they could.

Now Mr. Beauchamp was not the devil, nor any thing the least like it, but yet this philosophy had been driven into him by his own previous history, and though he often resisted its influence, and strove to struggle with it, and by new acts to shape a new fate, yet he had been so often disappointed in the attempt, he had found every course, indeed, so constantly lead to the same result, that the philosophy returned as soon as the effort was over, and he looked upon almost every event with indifference, as destined to end in one manner, and that not a pleasant one.

Nevertheless, he could enjoy for the time: there was no man by nature better fitted for enjoyment. He had a fondness for every thing that was great and beautiful; for every thing that was good and noble; he loved flowers, and birds, and music, and the fair face of nature. His breast was full of harmonies, but unfortunately the tones were never prolonged; to borrow a simile from the musical instrument, there was a damper that fell almost as soon as the chord was struck, and the sound, sweet as it might be, ceased before the music was complete.

In driving along, however, the post-boy went somewhat slowly, and with a peculiarly irritating jog in the saddle, which would have sadly disturbed a person of a less indifferent mind—there was plenty of room for pleasant observation if not reflection. The road ran through wooded groves, and often turned along the bank of the stream. At times it mounted over a hill-side, and showed beyond a rich and leafy foreground, the wide extended landscape, undulating away towards the horizon, with the lines of wood and slope beautifully marked in the aerial perspective, and filling the mind with vague imaginations of things that the eye could not define. It dipped down into a valley too, and passed through a quiet, peaceful little village, with a group of tall silver poplars before the church, and a congregation of fine old beech trees around the rectory. The whole aspect of the place was home tranquillity; that of a purely English village under the most favourable circumstances. Cleanliness, neatness, rustic ornament, an air of comfort, a cheerful openness, a look of healthfulness. How different from the villages one sometimes sees, alas! in every country; but less in England than anywhere else in the wide world, the abodes of fever, dirt, penury, wretchedness.

As he passed the rectory, with its smooth, well-mown lawn, and green gates, Beauchamp put his head to the carriage-window and looked out. He expected to see, perhaps, a neat one-horse chaise at the door, and a sleek, well-fed beast to draw it; but there was nothing of the kind there, and he remarked the traces of a pair of wheels from the gates on the road before him. Half a mile further were the gates of Sir John Slingsby's park. It cannot be said that they were in very good order,

the iron-work wanted painting sadly, one or two of the bars had got a sad twist, the columns of stone-work to which they were fixed needed pointing, if not more solid repairs. The lodge had all the shutters up, and the post-boy had to get down and open the gates.

Beauchamp sighed, not because he took any great interest in the place or the people it contained, but because the aspect of desolation—of the decay of man's works—especially from neglect, is well worth a sigh. The drive through the park, however, was delightful. Old trees were all around, glorious old trees, those ever-growing monuments of the past, those silent leafy chroniclers of ages gone. Who planted them, who nourished, who protected them? what times have they seen, what deeds have they witnessed, what storms have passed over them, what sunshine have they drunk, what sorrows, and what joys have visited the generations of man, since first they sprang up from the small seed till now, when they stretch out their giant arms to shelter the remote posterity of those whom they have seen flourish and pass away? Who can wander among old trees, and not ask such questions, ay, and a thousand more.

The sight was pleasant to Mr. Beauchamp, it had a serious yet pleasing effect upon his mind, and when the chaise drew up at the door of Tarningham House, he felt more disposed than before to enjoy the society within, whatever it might be.

The outer door was open, the fat butler threw open pompously the two glass doors within, a couple of round footmen, whose lineaments were full of ale, flanked the hall on either side, and thus Mr. Beauchamp was marshalled to the drawing-room, which he entered with his calm and dignified air, not in the slightest degree agitated, although he was well aware that two very pretty faces were most likely looking for his arrival.

Sir John Slingsby in the blue coat, the white waistcoat, the black breeches and stockings, with the rubicund countenance and white hair, advanced at once to receive him, and presented him to Mrs. Clifford and her daughter.

"This young lady you already know, Mr. Beauchamp," he said, pointing to his daughter, "so I shan't introduce you here."

But that gentleman shook hands with Miss Slingsby first, proving that their acquaintance, however short, had made some steps towards friendship.

Isabella was a little fluttered in her manner, why, she scarcely knew herself, and the colour grew a little deeper in her cheek, and her smile wavered, as if she would fain have seemed not too well pleased. All this, however, did not at all take from her beauty, for as a fair scene is never lovelier than when the shadows of drifting clouds are passing over it, so a pretty face is never prettier than under the influence of slight emotions.

Miss Slingsby and Mary Clifford were standing both together, so that Beauchamp had both those sweet faces before him at once. Isabella was as fair as a lily with eyes of a deep blue, and warm brown hair, neither light nor dark, clustering richly round her brow and cheek in wilful curls that would have their own way. Mary Clifford was darker in complexion, with the hair braided on her brow, there was deep but gentle

thought in her dark eyes, and though the short chiselled upper lip could at times bear a joyous smile enough, yet the general expression was grave though not melancholy.

Beauchamp was a serious man, of a calm, quiet temper, somewhat saddened by various events which had befallen him, but which of those two faces, reader, think you he admired the most? The gay one, to be sure, the one the least like himself. So it is wisely ordained by nature, and it is the force of circumstances alone that ever makes us choose a being precisely similar to ourselves to be our companion through existence. Two tones, exactly the same, even upon different instruments produce unison not harmony, and so it is throughout all nature.

After a few words to Isabella, Mr. Beauchamp turned again to Mrs. Clifford, who at once spoke of their adventure of the night before, and thanked him for his kind assistance. Beauchamp said all that courtesy required, and said it gracefully and well. He expressed the pleasure that he felt to see that neither of the ladies had suffered from the fear or agitation they had undergone, and expressed great satisfaction at having been near the spot at the moment the attack was made.

While they were speaking, Sir John Slingsby had twice taken out his watch—it was a large one, hanging by a thick gold chain, and Mr. Beauchamp, thinking that he divined the cause of his disquiet, observed with a smile,

“Dr. Miles must be here, I think, for judging by small signs, such as the traces of wheels and an open gate, I imagine that he had left home before I passed.”

“Oh yes, he is here,” answered Sir John Slingsby, “he has been here ten minutes, but the old boy, who is as neat in his person as in his ideas, had got a little dust upon his black coat, and is gone to brush it off and wash his hands. That open chaise of his costs him more time in washing and brushing, than writing his sermons; but I can’t think what has become of that fellow, Ned Hayward. The dog went out two hours ago for a walk through the park up to the moor, and I suppose ‘thoughtless Ned,’ as we used to call him, has forgotten that we dine at half-past five. Well, we won’t wait for him; as soon as the doctor comes we will order dinner, and fine him a bumper for being late.”

While he was speaking, Dr. Miles, the clergyman of the village through which Beauchamp had passed, entered the room, and shook him warmly by the hand. He was a tall, spare man, with a look of florid health in his countenance, and snow-white hair; his face was certainly not handsome, and there was a grave and somewhat stern expression in it, but yet it was pleasing, especially when he smiled, which, to say the truth, was not often. It may seem a contradiction in terms to say that he laughed oftener than he smiled, yet so it was, for his laugh was not always good-humoured, especially in the house of Sir John Slingsby. There was from time to time, something bitter and cynical in it, and generally found vent when any thing was said, the folly of which he thought exceeded the wickedness. He was one of the few men of perfect respectability who was a constant visitor at Tarningham House; but the truth was, that he was the rector of Sir John Slingsby’s parish. Now no consideration of tithes, perquisites, good dinners, comforts, and conveniences, would have induced Dr. Miles to do any thing that he thought wrong, but he argued in this manner:—

"Sir John Slingsby is an old fool, and one who is likely to get worse instead of better, if nobody of more rational views, higher feelings, and more reasonable pursuits takes any notice of him. Now I, from my position, am bound to do the best I can to bring him to a better state of mind. I may effect something in this way, by seeing him frequently at all events, I can do much to prevent his becoming worse; my presence is some check upon these people, and even if it does little good to the father, there is that sweet, dear, amiable girl, who needs some support and comfort in her unpleasant situation."

Such were some of the considerations upon which Dr. Miles acted. There were many more indeed, but these are enough for my purpose. He shook Beauchamp warmly by the hand, as we have seen, and seemed to be more intimate with him than any body in the room, taking him aside, and speaking to him for a moment or two in private, while Sir John Slingsby rang the bell, and ordered dinner without waiting for Captain Hayward.

"William Slack, Sir John, has seen him," said the butler, "coming down the long avenue with something in his arms—he thinks it's a fawn."

"Well then, he'll be here soon," said the master of the mansion, "serve dinner, serve dinner, by Jove, I won't wait. Devil take the fellow, the ensign shouldn't keep his colonel waiting. It's not respectful. I'll fine him two bumpers if the soup's off before he makes his appearance."

In the meantime the first words of Dr. Miles to Mr. Beauchamp were, "I have made the inquiries, my dear sir, according to your request, and it is well worth the money. It will return they say four per cent. clear, which in these times is well enough."

"I have already determined upon it," said Beauchamp, "and have written to London about it."

"Ay, ay," said the worthy doctor, "just like all the rest of the world, my young friend, asking for advice, and acting without it."

"Not exactly," answered Beauchamp, "you told me before what you thought upon the subject, and I knew you were not one to express an opinion except upon good grounds. The only question is now what lawyer I can employ here to arrange minor matters. The more important must, of course, be referred to my solicitors in London."

"We have no great choice," replied Dr. Miles, "there are but two in Tarningham, thank God. The one is a Mr. Wharton, the other a Mr. Bacon, neither of them particularly excellent specimens of humanity; but in the one the body is better than the mind, in the other the mind better than the body."

"Probably I should like the latter best," answered Beauchamp, "but pray, my dear doctor, give me a somewhat clearer knowledge of these two gentlemen for my guidance."

"Well then though I do not love in general to say aught in disparagement of my neighbours behind their backs," Dr. Miles replied, "I must, I suppose, be more definite. Mr. Wharton is a quiet, silent man, gentlemanlike in appearance and in manners, cautious, plausible, and affecting friendship for his clients. I have never known him set the poor by the ears for the sake of small gains, or promote dissensions amongst farmers in order to make by a law-suit. On the contrary, I have heard him dis-

suaude from legal proceedings, and say that quarrels are very foolish things."

"A good sort of person," said Beauchamp.

"Hear the other side, my dear sir," rejoined the doctor, "such game as I have been speaking of is too small for him. He was once poor; he is now very rich. I have rarely heard of his having a client who somehow did not ruin himself; and although I do not by any means intend to say that I have been able to trace Mr. Wharton's hand in their destruction, certain it is that the bulk of the property—at least a large share of what they squandered or lost has found its way into his possession. I have seen him always ready to smooth men's way to destruction, to lend money, to encourage extravagance, to quell apprehension, to embarrass efforts at retrenchment, and then when the beast was in the toils, to despatch it and take his share. No mercy then when ruin is inevitable; the lawyer must be paid, and must be paid first."

"And now for Mr. Bacon?" said Beauchamp.

"Why he is simply a vulgar little man," answered the clergyman, "coarse in manners and in person: cunning and stolid, but with a competent knowledge of law; keen at finding out faults and flaws. His practice is in an inferior line to the other's, but he is at all events safer, and I believe more honest."

"How do you mean, cunning and stolid?" asked Beauchamp, "those two qualities would seem to me incompatible."

"Oh dear no," replied Dr. Miles; but before he could explain, the butler announced dinner, and as Sir John gave his arm to Mrs. Clifford, Beauchamp advanced towards Isabella. The doors were thrown wide open, and the party were issuing forth to cross the vestibule to the dining-room, when suddenly Sir John and his sister halted, encountered by an apparition which certainly was unexpected in the form that it assumed. In fact they had not taken two steps out of the drawing-room ere the glass doors were flung open, and Ned Hayward stood before them as unlike the Ned Hayward I first presented to the reader as possible. His coat was covered with a dull whitish gray powder, his linen soiled, and apparently singed, his hands and face as black as soot, his glossy brown hair rugged and burnt, no hat upon his head, and in his arms a very pretty boy of about two years old, or a little more perhaps, on whose face were evident marks of recent tears, though he seemed now pacified, and was staring about with large eyes at the various objects in the large house to which he was just introduced.

"Why Ned, Ned, Ned, what in the mischief's name has happened to you?" exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, "have you all at once become a poor young man with a small family of young children?"

"No, my dear sir," answered Ned Hayward in a hurried tone, "but if you have any women in the house I will give this little fellow into their care and tell you all about it in a few minutes. Hush, my little man, hush. We are all friends: we will take care of you. Now don't cry again: no harm shall happen."

"Women! to be sure!" cried Sir John, "call the housekeeper, one of you rascals. Women! Hang it, Ned, do you think I could live in a house without women? A bottle of claret is not more necessary to my existence than the sight of a cap and a petticoat flying about the house—in the distance, Ned, in the distance! No brooms and dust-pans too

near me ; but in a discreet position, far enough off yet visible; woman is the sunshine of a house."

"Give him to me, Captain Hayward," said Miss Clifford, holding out her arms for the boy. "He will be quiet with me, I am sure. Won't you, my poor little fellow?"

The child gazed at her strangely as she took him, letting go Dr. Miles's arm to do so ; but meeting the sweet smile that lighted up her beautiful face, he put his little arms round her neck the next moment, and hid his large blue eyes upon her shoulder. She held him kindly there, speaking a few gentle words to him, while Ned Hayward looking round the party addressed himself to the worthy clergyman, inquiring, "You are the rector of this parish, sir, I think?"

Dr. Miles made a stiff bow, not prepossessed in favour of any of Sir John Slingsby's old friends, and answered as briefly as possible, "I am, sir."

"Then can you tell me," asked the young gentleman, eagerly, "if there was any woman up at the cottage on the moor?"

Dr. Miles started, and replied with a look of much greater interest, "No, sir, no. What has happened? Why do you ask? What cottage do you mean? There are three."

"I mean the cottage of a man called Gimlet," answered Ned Hayward. "I saw some women's clothes—gowns and things; and I thought there might be a woman there, that's all. There was none then?"

"There was one six months ago," replied the clergyman, in a very grave tone, "as lovely a creature as ever was seen, but she lies in my church-yard, poor thing. She is at peace."

"Thank God," said Ned Hayward, in a tone of relief. "Ah, here comes somebody for the child. My good lady, will you have the kindness to take good care of this little fellow. See that he is not burnt or hurt, and let him have some bread-and-milk, or things that children eat—I don't know very well what they are, but I dare say you do."

"Oh, by Jove that she does!" exclaimed Sir John Slingsby, "she feeds half the children in the parish. You take good care of him, Mrs. Hope—and now, Ned," he continued, turning from the housekeeper to his guest, "what the devil's the meaning of all this?"

"I will tell you by and by, Sir John," answered Captain Hayward. "Pray go to dinner and I will be down directly. Many apologies for being late ; but it was not to be helped. I will not be ten minutes ; but do not let me detain you—"

"But what is it all about? What has happened? Who the deuce is the child?" exclaimed Sir John. "Do you think either men or women can eat soup or digest fish with their stomachs full of curiosity?"

"By and by, Sir John, by and by," said Ned Hayward, making towards the stairs. "You shall have the whole story for dessert. At present I am dirty, and the dinner's waiting. It will get cold, and your curiosity keep hot."

Thus saying he left them, and the rest of the party proceeded to dinner.

THE EXPLOIT OF MORENO THE TEXAN.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

* * [The following ballad is founded on a fact, to which I have seen allusion made in the public papers of Texas: though for the leading particulars, I am indebted to the information communicated to me by an individual, who was himself very nearly concerned. It would be idle to deny that some liberties have been taken with the actual circumstances of the event. At the same time that the reader is fully assured of the positive existence (perhaps not fifteen years ago) of such a family as is subsequently alluded to; and of its utter destruction, according to Lynch law.—C. H.]

The brave Moreno makes a Speech to his Family and his Men, on what he is about to do.

"O'er the prairie will I hasten this bright November day;
That trustiest friend, the needle, shall point me on my way,
Since the prairie hath its acres, like the seas, without a mark,
And we steer our steeds by compass, as a sailor steers his bark.

"A tiger-skin surreppa by day shall be my cloak,
My nightly bed upon the grass, when curls my watch-fire's smoke;
And the best of all wild troopers, that scour the desert-sand,
Shall answer to my spurring, and shall bend unto my hand.

"You're afraid I shall not ride him? Lord, keep your doubts at rest!
When six years old I back'd onc, a mustang from the west.
He rear'd, and flung, and rock'd me, yet I kept my seat in spite,
Though my father faded corpselike, and my mother swoon'd with fright.

"My rifle, and my pistols, and my best of bowie-knives
I'll take: those prime defences (in these lands) of all men's lives.
A calabash of brandy pure, shall dangle at my side—
I shall find enough of water on the way that I shall ride.

"A little bag of wild bull's beef, dried raw beneath the sun
I'll carry, to fall back upon, when fails me game or gun.
And I'll have a score of pellets, made of albumen and lime,
To swallow on my journey, when to dine I have not time.*

"Like a solitary eagle will I sweep it far and wide,
No man shall be behind me, no companion by my side:
For I go upon an errand, that every soul must lack
The knowledge of, until ye see my steed and me come back.

"'Tis true I never may come back—'tis but a chance at best—
He fares but ill who seeks to find the serpent in his nest;
And the vilest of all serpents—the worst that God has made,
Is man, the hooded viper keen, whose crime's his stock in trade!

"Yet for your comfort, friends, meanwhile, these just reflections make,
I'm led by truth and justice in the cause I undertake;
And *they* make one man better, and more fit to think and do,
Than are five poor empty villains who have neither of the two."

* Calcined oyster-shell and white of egg mixed together, and formed into little balls or pills, are taken as a preventive of hunger when food cannot readily be obtained.

II.

Moreno's Friends grieve ; but prepare for his Journey, and catch a reclaimed wild Horse, on which he departs.

Thus out spoke the bold Moreno, a Texan citizen,
And sheriff of the county, to his family and men.
His wife look'd up with sorrow, while yet her heart beat high,
That such a man should love her, and lest such a man should die.

But the men who hop'd to follow where'er their master went,
Sigh'd sadly, and were silent, and their heads in sorrow bent;
For that master had no terror, and no fear possess'd the men;
'Twas so *elsewhere* in ancient times, and would it were again.

Unwilling and yet willingly, they set their task about,
His compass, and his tiger-skin, his weapons they brought out;
His liquor, and his sun-dried meat, most carefully were laid
By the hand that smooth'd his pillow, and his life a pleasure made.

While two sturdy men, well mounted, into the prairie fled,
To catch the horse Moreno chose, and him they homeward led,
He was the leader of a troop that once had been reclaim'd,
But since, so wild had run, it seem'd he never had been tam'd.

He look'd a prison'd demon in the body of a beast,
So starlike were his lustrous eyes, so bold his fearless chest,
And his tail stream'd like a comet—his mane a waterfall—
A steed was he for Lucifer, upon a painted wall.

"God bless you all!" Moreno said, as from his friends he turn'd;
But his tongue forgot its cunning, and his eyes with fever burn'd.
"And safety hover over you, and send you early back!"
Though he heard not half their wishes as he flew upon his track.

The lone ones left grew silent then—the sand was wet like dew,
You might have deem'd some passing cloud had spill'd a drop or two.
And backwards to the dwelling measur'd footsteps sadly fell,
As of people who have buried whom they lov'd, alas! too well!

Heaven prosper bold Moreno, whate'er his errand be!
If he fly to bind the wicked, or to set the bondsman free;
And comfort send the aching hearts that stay at home in dread,
Lest the missing from the eyesight should be number'd with the dead!

III.

Discovers a Truth yet unseen—Paints a Picture of the Prairie ; and describes how a Western Hunter waited on the Sheriff Moreno, and what strange Things he told him.

Oh, tender-hearted Providence! this world is never old:
But 'tis newer and 'tis younger than man hath ever told.
It yearly grows in greenness as it grew in times of yore,
And we see it with the self-same sight that our fathers saw before.

It is not now decaying, and it never hath decay'd;
Or fallen from its beauty since the time that it was made.
And all who look with joy on it, feel well the truth we say,
It groweth younger hour by hour, and newer every day!

Behold this goodly prospect rare—this tropic landscape wide,
O'er which as sweeps the prairie-hawk, Moreno bold doth ride!
Now swims he some wild water-course, now scours the grassy plain,
Or tramps the new-smooth'd ocean sand, or threads the brakes of cane.

Gigantic circles round the sky the sailing buzzard sweeps,
His pinions form'd to swim, not fly, amid the airy deeps.
The cloud-white stork in solitude angles his fish below,
And far in greenest pastures feed, black herds of buffalo.

Most beautiful the world is yet : and beautiful 'twill prove,
While one single God-made creature remains its charms to love.
'Tis men's own sickly blindness makes the world deform'd alone,—
Who know it most see beauty most, who know it least see none.

But the silence of the desert, the father is of thought ;
Its solitude assists the wise, and teaches the untaught.
Out of the world of turbulence, of paltry aims and strife,
Man feels his greatest destiny, and leads a higher life.

And so within Moreno's mind, as thus he rode along,
Rose fancies strange in multitudes, and thoughts, a jostled throng.
His enterprise was wild and new, and ask'd for cunning deep ;
Or never, save the sleep of death, should he in comfort sleep.

Harsh rumours long had reached his ear,—tales of a ghastly hue,
Which he who hears must often hear, ere he believes them true.
Dark whispers of a frightful band of far-removed men,
Whose household hearth with blood was stain'd as is a tiger's den.

'Twas said the lonely traveller who tarried there at night,
In the faith of hospitality, ne'er saw to-morrow's light.
Since the sacredness of shelter, and the welcome of a friend,
Were made traps unto the stranger to betray him to his end.'

But Moreno thought, " Since terror hath a multitude of eyes,—
Since ignorance is error, and the tongue the root of lies ;
Since any story's held as true until its counter's told,"
The law I'll keep inactive, and my judgment I withhold."

But, two days before his journey,—the journey now he's on,—
A western hunter wished to see Moreno, all alone.
A sort of savage civilised to look upon was he,—
One whom to see but once in life was ever more to see.

His image never pass'd away,—he stood a man alone.
To know him once was just as though for years he had been known.
His mild yet keen sagacity, rough taught and forest-bred,
Proclaim'd the man true virtue loves, though crime beholds with dread.

" Good morrow, Mr. Sheriff," said the huntsman to his host,—
" I have a tale to tell you that might fright a very ghost!—
And as all the law of Texas in these parts exists in you,
Let me charge you on your office that your duty now you do!

" I guess you've heard already, of a lone house in the west
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?
Excuse my quoting Scripture, sir, but it is true, no doubt ;—
Thank God at once that I got in, and praise Him I got out !

" It is a frightful hostelrie;—a skull should be its sign ;—
Their venison seems doubtful flesh, and bloody drinks their wine.
Their guilty beds do groan and squeak,—their water hath a taint
As of a macerated corpse, that makes a body faint.

" The men themselves, all passion, and suspicion, and distrust,—
See Shadows sitting with them and hear Voices in the dust.
Yet they drink and swear like demons, and defy the fate to come,
And they sing the devil is not, and that God was always dumb.

" I slept—no, no,—I did not!—I but tarried there, one night,
But into it was gather'd half a century of fright.—
Yet if you look at me, sir,—you, with half an eye may see
A tarnation mighty shadow it would take to frighten me !"

While the stranger paused, Moreno filled with silent horror stood,
Like glass his eyes were settled,—like an ebbing tide his blood.
At length his dry and fever'd tongue shook harshly, and was heard
To say, "I'LL SEE THIS PLACE MYSELF,—I MUST NOT TAKE THY WORD."

"Yet my word," replied the hunter, "is any day as true
As the ball within my rifle to the mark I have in view :—
And whether 'squire or sheriff, sir, I calculate no doubt,
Whoever disbelieves the one will call the other out."

"Your honour is not doubted, man, nor disbeliev'd your word ;
But common sense and justice ask that both sides should be heard.
Now I propose myself alone to go into the west,
And call a jury afterwards to settle all the rest."

"Well, sartinly your grit is good,—old hoss, no doubt of that,—
But there's many a child in breeches doesn't know what he'd be at.
For instance, I myself, now, might walk into the jaw
Of a snapping turtle, thinking I could put him down by law ;

"But I very soon should find, sir,—and so will you, the fact
That his teeth are mighty keener than any Congress act.—
What thing on airth is easier than jumping down a well ?
But how to scramble out agen more difficult to tell ?"

"Yet I think," replied Moreno, "I can frame a stratagem,
That shall serve my own good purpose, and cheat the best of them.
But mention not to any one a word that we have said."
"If I do," replied the hunter, "put a bullet through my head."

And hence it came the sheriff on this morn from home had gone ;
And this was all the errand that in truth he went upon.
I need not follow day by day the track that he did steer,
But overtake him late one night, as he was getting there.

IV.

*Moreno arrives at the House of old Van Clein—Beholds his two Sons—Tells his Tale,
and joins the Murderer's Band.*

A NIGHT of blust'ring passion follow'd on a sulky day,—
A cold tempestuous norther shriek'd o'er the waste away.
It seem'd to comē ten thousand miles,—to pass, and then to be
Like a mighty spirit howling off into eternity.

As Moreno pass'd the forests, he beheld the trees on fire ;
But why no wolves behind him? On such nights the wolves retire.
Not a living thing was stirring besides himself and horse:
Not Death himself, if gone before, had swept a clearer course.

Oh, for a roof of shelter now! oh, for the bright fire-side!
But most, for friendly hearts and pure, to spread the welcome wide!
Alas! full ten good leagues behind he left the last warm roof,
"But at the next," the wise man said, "he'd tarry long enough!"

Within the dark a darker mass now rose before his sight;
Between the shutter-planks there shone long streams of ruddy light.
"Now, life or death?" Moreno ask'd. "For here my fate I try;
God make me just, if I should live, and save me if I die!"

"A dirty night this, stranger! But you're welcome here at least.—
We'll find you comfort for yourself, and fodder for your beast.
You've ridden far to-day. I see!" thus spoke the wily host.
"I've ridden harder," said the guest, "than ever rides the post."

"It is not safe, this wilderness, to him who carries gold;
And there's more within my saddle-bags than easily is told.
But here I shall be safe." "Ay, ay," in a husky voice and gruff,
Replied the host, "don't doubt of that—you'll here be safe enough!

"And as for that same cash you have, don't make too much ado;
Depend upon't, beneath this roof, 'twill be as safe as you.
And when you wake to-morrow morn, please God to spare your life,
You'll find yourself as right as if in keeping of your wife."

Thus spoke the host, and led his guest into a spacious room;
One end was bright with red-fire light, the other lost in gloom.
So high the roof, you could but just discern the timbers there,
As luridly and fitfully they caught the pine-fire's glare.

Beside the hearth two creatures sat—ferocious men of sin;
Yet their stupid eyes averted spoke the coward souls within.
With excess their nerves seem'd shatter'd, till each giant was a child—
One trembled as the glass he took—one talk'd insanely wild.

And he that trembled, often traced his eyes about the room,
As though he vision'd plainly something flitting in the gloom.
"As Jesus Christ is crucified, I've got '*the horrors*' now!"*
And he bit the glass to shivers, and press'd hard his clammy brow.

"You're always having something," said the father and the host;
"You wretched fool! and having it when wanted least, the most!
Drink half-a-pint of whiskey neat, and make yourself more firm,
Or I'll tie you in the dark alone, you despicable worm!

"What, an' if a body wants you to do any job to-night?
Are you fit to touch a kitten, or to hold a maid the light?
You haven't nerve to kill a fowl to sup the stranger here.
I could fella you with a feather, and drive you mad with fear.

"Take no notice of him, stranger, his drink has made him wild;
He beholds as many spectres, and is frighten'd as a child.
He sees distorted visions now, for hell is in his brain;
But when his nerves are tightly screw'd, he'll be himself again."

"God send him safe deliverance! it is the worst disease,"
Moreno said, "except it be a conscience ill at ease.
A heart that burns self-guilty, and consumes with its own fires,
Deep'n'g still in self-made ashes, 'till the very core expires.

"Now I myself have suffer'd more than mortal tongue can tell;
I have seen about me devils, and have felt within me hell.
For I once—But is it safe to speak?—Will any here betray
The hounds of law upon my track, and put my life at bay?"

"Then you know what colour blood is?" ask'd the host. "Ay, ay, I see!
Go on!—we're no informers—tell just any thing to me.
But I'll here remind you, stranger, often, when one little knows
He is doing any harm, he keenly traps his neighbour's toes."

It were long to tell the story that the shrewd Moreno told,
How he had a merchant murder'd in causeless blood and cold.
Except, to dire misfortune and most bitter misery
The taking of a treasure may a cause for murder be.

* * The "horrors," in Texan language, typify that peculiar condition of the nervous system after great excess, when—trembling on the verge of delirium—the brain conceives only ideas of dread, and fills the unhappy victim with indescribable terror. In fact, they are one form of *delirium tremens*.

And how his horse he mounted, and to the prairie flew,
Lest his blood should cry from out the ground, and they who heard pursuc;
And how still he was an outlaw, with a mark upon his brow,
So that any man might kill him, as his host might kill him now.

"Since the world thus casts me out," he said, "and blackly seals my fate,
I'll boldly give it scorn for scorn, and hatred pay for hate.
The wilderness shall be my world—I'll levy taxes too,
For it is but *legal* plundering all other men pursue.

"Two hundred gold doubloons of Spain are mine, and them I'd give
To any man to join with me, and in my fashion live.
For the law that shuts out mercy, and will kill you if it can,
Offers nothing for repentance, and makes a reckless man."

"I like well your proposition," said the host. "To tell you true,
Were *we* a little stronger here, we better still might do.
My sons too tender now are grown to do the thing that's right.
I am the man to join you, so count out your cash to-night!

"Though this I'll tell you, stranger, if we had not wanted *you*,
I should have scorn'd your offer, yet *have had your plunder too*.
Our trades are both alike, it seems; for know, my bonny guest,
You've join'd the band of Old Van Clein, the terror of the West!"

•V.

Relates the Mysteries of the lone House—The strange Seed—The Alligator and the Mocking-bird.

VAN CLEIN got drunk ere midnight, so much overjoy'd was he
To have so brave a helper, and the Spanish gold to see.
"I do not think it's dark, young friend," said he, "so we'll go out—
You're now at home, you see, and ought to know your way about.

"I'll show you o'er this paradise, and where we've set some rows
Of that strange seed that never till the day of judgment grows.
It would hardly be worth sowing in any body's ground,
If they that sow it had to wait till harvest-time came round;

"But gardeners like us, my lad, know how to force a thing;
We make it bear its fruit before the seed itself can spring!
Besides, I've got a singing-bird caged up in yonder tree,
The loudest you did ever hear, the biggest ever see.

"I like your music when 'tis good, and if your taste be mine,
You'll swear my naked blackbird is most truly very fine.
He had his liberty at first, but one day tried his wing,
So I clapp'd him in a cage, and left him on a bough to swing."

The wind had died—the moon was out—and fell a gentle rain—
O, could it but have fallen on Moreno's heart of pain!
His bosom beat with fever's pulse, and indignation deep,
But he must play his part awhile, and bid his passion sleep.

They pass'd a broad court-yard, along a pathway flagg'd with stones;
Said old Van Clein, "We travel now o'er many travellers' bones.
These fellows here are better far than if they'd travell'd on;
They might have suffer'd in Peru, but here they suffer none."

Moreno shudders inwardly, his frame with horror quakes,
For he sees the slimy earth-worms are grown as thick as snakes.
And the close-set velvet mosses that skin the slipp'ry stone,
Are turn'd black, and gray, and scarlet, as from corruption grown.

"In yonder corner," said Van Clein, "there lies a Spanish girl;
My sons were both in love with her, and she between them fell,
Two more are buried here about, one nigger and one white,
But I cannot find their places until we have more light.

"However, it's a caution when you come to use *your* spade,
Not to dig about at random where other folks are laid.
I like to see things decent, and should take it very hard
To have this ground turn'd over, like your civilised churchyard.

"For let me tell you, comrade, that whatever else I do,
I am not a Texan robber, and an English sexton too.
If I took pay to put them in, why in they should remain,
For it seems a downright swindle to dig them up again."

Van Clein then led Moreno close beside a spacious tank,
Where lilies white, and prickly pears, and rushes flourish'd rank.
The water look'd so calm and pure, as nought less innocent
Than the virgin moon's reflection into it ever went.

"Down there we keep old Beelzebub! for so I give his name,
He is an alligator tame—if one can call him tame.
Sometimes instead of earthing them, we throw them in to him—
The body that once dives down there, ne'er learns again to swim.

"But, hark! dost hear my mocking-bird? He sings in yonder tree."
Moreno listen'd. Is't the sound of human agony?
Or is it but the mocking-bird thus imitates the cries
Mayhap, of him who enters here, and having enter'd, dies?

Oh, beautiful, yet painful bird, thou trumpet of the gale:
Now giving us an angel's song, and now a demon's wail.
One hour more sweet than sylvan flute, or pipe of shepherd's reed,
The next more harsh and frightful sounds than pain itself can breed.

Great God—'tis not the mocking-bird—it is a human cry—
The slow and cruel organ-pipe that plays when man must die!
The last deep muffled march unwrit! The echo of old Death
Advancing with his solemn band to take a mortal's breath!

"I told you how my bird could sing, though 'tis a doleful tune;
But if you like to have it chang'd, I'll make him change it soon.
'Hail, Colombia, happy land!'^{*} he sings as well as most;
Though if you praised him all night long, you'd never hear him boast.

"That blackbird, stranger, is my slave—I bought him t'other day—
When not a week he had been here he tried to run away.
I lash'd him well, then chain'd him fast within a wooden case,
And hung him up in yonder tree to learn to like his place!

"The horse-flies sting him all day long, the mosquitoes all night,
And I've let him have no water, until his temper's right.
I guess he's almost dead by this, but, curse him, let him go,
If he don't know his place is good, I guess at least I know."

But the African was dreaming of a better place, just then. *
His mind, delirious, took him back amongst his fellow-men;
He had wander'd home in sorrow, and he saw his mother's face,
And it seem'd to break his heart—the slave is in a better place!

"Why, the lark has left off singing! I'll swear his pipes are o'er,
He will 'Jim along' no longer, and 'Jump Jim Crow' no more.
The thief has stolen his own life, and robb'd me of his worth,
So I'll give him to old Beelzebub—he is not fit for earth."

Van Clein let down the human cage—a corpse alone they see—
And the cramp'd, and chain'd, and beaten, in this lower world is free!
Van Clein then dragg'd the body out, and threw it in the tank,
The alligator roar'd with joy, and with his supper sank.

* The national song of America:—slave states included.

* * * *

When Van Clein arose next morning, his guest of over-night
Was missing; nay, his horse was gone! 'Twas clear he'd taken flight.
Ay! long ago into the waste Moreno bold is gone.
And the hour of all the guilty, and of death, is hast'ning on.

VI.

Van Clein seeks to defend Himself—Is attacked and killed, together with his Sons.

"Now curses light upon my head, and bitter be my cup,
An ague shake my timbers, and a fever burn me up.
An arrant ass! why, any fool might see with half an eye,
That the stranger whom I trusted, was nothing but a spy.

"And you, you logger-headed dolts, could neither of you see?"

"Just as much as you did, father, and nothing more, not we."

"Curse you, an' I had been sober, I would have wash'd this floor
With a pail of his red pigment, ere he'd have pass'd that door.

"But come, look sharp about you now, we must the house defend.
Make your final reck'nings quickly, for I see how this will end.
'Tis useless work to stop life's clock, since strike it or be dumb,
Or point it to the hour or not, when twelve is come, 'tis come.

"And now 'tis plain as sunshine that our lives have reach'd midnight;
Yet to the grave we'll slide in blood, and at hell-gate we'll fight."
Thus storm'd Van Clein, half frantic, as his house he fortified
Against Judge Lynch and all his men—the lawless people's pride.

Not many days were overpass'd, ere, in the dark of morn,
The tramp of many horsemen on the desert air was borne.
Van Clein look'd out, and through the mist of mingled night and cloud,
He beheld that hated stranger upon his courser proud;

While on his left six mounted men, and six upon his right,
Pranced joyfully and eagerly to aid him in the fight.
Van Clein rush'd out with fury, calling loudly on his sons,
To follow him like heroes, and to handle well their guns.

"Now Satan guide my bullets true, and take my soul in pay.—
I've cheaply held my life before—I'll sell it dear to-day!
And a hard and bitter bargain will he have who deals with me,
As very soon this traitor and his company shall see!"

Van Clein crouch'd earthwards cat-like, and his rifle levell'd well.—
A crack,—a blaze,—a smoke,—a groan, and brave Moreno fell.
But three belted balls in answer took the robber by the head.
Yet he fired again in falling, and when he fell was dead!*

The sons threw down their weapons, and in vain essay'd to fly,
The mounted Lynchers caught them both, and both adjudged to die.
So they took a rope and wash'd them—those two brothers—face to face,
And in *one* noose they hang'd them on a tree before the place.

After that they held a revel on what they found within;—
To feast on robbers' provender, these judges deem'd no sin.
They also found Moreno's gold, with not a doubloon spent,
So back into the saddle-bags from whence it came it went.

To recruit the wounded sheriff,—for 'twas not a mortal wound,—
Three good days and nights they tarried upon that fatal ground.
Then burn'd the buildings through and through till nothing could be seen,
Save hot and blacken'd dust to tell the story of Van Clein!

* Literally true.

THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

★ CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

I am given as a Slave to the old King's Favourite, Whyna—Assist my young Mistress to make her Toilet—Hold frequent Conversations with her, and become strongly attached to her—My Hatred and Dread of the old King increase—He shoots a Man with Bird-arrows.

ONE morning, after we had been about three weeks in these comfortable quarters, I was summoned away from my companions into the presence of the king. When I came before him a small manacle was fixed round my left ankle, and another round my left wrist, with a light chain connecting the two. A circle of feathers was put round my head, and a loose cloth wrapped round my loins. I was then led forward to him with my arms crossed over my breast, and my head bowed. By his orders I was then led behind the youngest of the four women, the one who had chafed my wrists, and I was given to understand that I was her slave, and was to attend upon her, to which I must say I gave a joyful assent in my heart, although I did not at that time show any signs of gladness. There I remained, with my arms folded and bowed as before, until dinner was brought in, and a calabash full of cush-cush was put into my hands to place before the king and his wives. My first attempt at service was not very adroit, for in my eagerness to do my duty, I tripped over the corner of the mat which served them for a table, and tumbling headlong forward, emptied the calabash of cush-cush which I held in my hand upon the legs of the old king, who sat opposite to where I was advancing. He jumped up roaring out with anger, while I in my fear sprung on my legs, and rushed to the side of the apartment, expecting immediate death. Fortunately the victuals in this country are always served up cool, and my new mistress easily obtained my pardon, laughing heartily at the scene, and at my apprehension.

The repast being over, I was ordered to follow my mistress, who retired to another hut, according to their custom, to sleep during the heat of the day. I was placed before the door to prevent her being disturbed. My only duty now was to attend upon my young mistress. She was the king's favourite wife, and as she was uniformly kind and gentle, I should have almost ceased to lament my loss of liberty had it not been from the fear I had of the old monarch. I knew that my preservation depended entirely upon my mistress's favour, and I endeavoured all I could to conciliate her by the most sedulous attentions to please. Young and generous in disposition, she was easily satisfied by my ready obedience and careful service. I do not think that she was more than seventeen years of age; but they are women at fourteen in that country, and even earlier. She was a Negress as to colour, but not a real Negress, for her hair, although short and very wavy, was not woolly, and her nose was straight. Her mouth was small and her teeth beautiful. Her figure was perfect, her limbs being very beautifully formed. When she first rose in the

morning, I attended her to the brow of a hill just without the palisades, where with devout but mistaken piety she adored the rising sun—at least it appeared to me that she did so. She then went down to the river to bathe, and as soon as her hair was dry she had it dressed. This office, after a short time, devolved upon me, and I became very expert, having to rub her hair with a sweet oil, and then roll it up in its natural curls with a quill, so as to dispose them to the most fanciful advantage as to form.

After her toilet was complete she went to feed her poultry and some antelopes, and other beasts, and then she practised at a mark with her bow and arrows and javelin till about ten o'clock, when she went to the king's hut, and they all sat down to eat together. After the repast, which lasted some time, if she did not repose with the king she retired to her own hut, where she usually refreshed herself till about four o'clock, when she returned to the king, or ranged the woods, or otherwise amused herself during the rest of the evening. I will say for the old savage that he did not confine his wives. Such was our general course of life, and wherever she went I attended her. The attachment I showed and really felt for her secured her confidence, and she always treated me in a kind and familiar manner. Their language consists of few words compared to our own, and in a short time, by help of signs, we understood each other tolerably well. She appeared to have a most ardent curiosity to know who we were, and from whence we came, and all the time that we passed alone was employed in putting questions, and my endeavouring to find out her meaning and answer them. This, although very difficult at first, I was eventually enabled to accomplish indifferently well. She was most zealous in her mistaken religion, and one morning when I was following her to her devotions on the hill, she asked me where my God was?

I pointed upwards, upon which she told me with great joy and innocence, that hers was there too, and that therefore they must be the same God, or if not they must be friends. Convinced that she was right, she made me worship with her, bowing my head down to the sand, and going through the same forms, which of course I did not understand the meaning of, but I prayed to my God, and therefore made no objection, as it was pleasing to her. This apparent conformity in religion recommended me more strongly to her, and we became more intimate, and I was certainly attached to her by every tie of gratitude. I was quite happy in the friendship and kindness she showed towards me; the only drawback was my fear of the proud old king, and the recollection of him often made me check myself, and suddenly assume a more distant and respectful demeanour towards her. I soon found out that she dreaded the old savage as much as I did, and hated him even more. In his presence she treated me very sternly, and ordered me about in a very dictatorial manner, but when we were alone, and had no fear of being seen, she would then be very familiar, sometimes even locking her arm into mine, and laughing as she pointed out the contrast of the colours, and in the full gaiety of her young heart rejoicing that we were alone, and could converse freely together. As she was very intelligent, she soon perceived that I possessed much knowledge that she did not, and that she could not comprehend what I wanted to teach her. This induced her to look upon me with respect as well as kindness.

One day I purposely left her bow behind in the hut where my com-

panions resided, and on her asking me for it, I told her that I had done so, but that I would make my companions send it without my going back. I tore off a piece of the bark of a tree, and with the point of an arrow I wrote to one of them, desiring him to send it by bearer; and calling a young Negro boy, told him in her presence to give that piece of bark to the white man, and come back again to the queen. Whyna, for such was the name of my mistress queen, stood in suspense waiting the result; in a few minutes the boy returned bringing the bow. Astonished at this, she made me write again and again for her arrows, her lance, and many other things. Finding by these being immediately sent that we had a method of communicating with each other at a distance, she earnestly insisted upon being taught so surprising an art. Going at a distance from me, she ordered me to talk to her when out of hearing, and finding that I could not, or, as she seemed to suppose, that I would not, she became discontented and out of humour. I could by no means make her comprehend how it was performed, but I made her understand that as soon as I was fully acquainted with her language, I should be able to teach her. She was satisfied with this, but made me promise that I would teach nobody else.

By the canoes in the river, I easily made her comprehend that I came in a vast boat from a distant land, over a great expanse of water, and also how it was that we fell into the Negroes' power. I then found out from her that the Negroes had pretended that we had invaded their land to procure slaves, and that they had vanquished us in battle; hence their songs of triumph on bringing us to the king. I pointed out the heavenly bodies to her in the evenings, trying to make her comprehend something of their nature and motions, but in vain. This had, however, one good effect; she looked up to me with more respect, hoping that some day when I could fully explain myself, she might be herself taught all these wonders. With these feelings towards me, added to my sedulous endeavours to please her and obey her slightest wishes, it is not surprising that she treated me as a companion and not as a slave, and gave me every innocent proof of her attachment. More I never wished, and almost dreaded that our intimacy would be too great. Happy when alone with her, I ever returned with reluctance to the presence of the old king, whose sight and company I dreaded.

The boundless cruelty of this monster was a continual check to all my happiness. Accustomed to blood from his childhood, he appeared wholly insensible to human feelings, and derided the agonies of the wretches who daily fell by his hands. One day he amused himself by shooting small bird-arrows at a man who was bound to a post before the tent, which was placed there for the punishment of those who were his victims. He continued for hours fixing the arrows in different parts of his body, mimicking and deriding his cries. At last, contrary to his intentions, one of the arrows hit the man in the throat, and his head drooped. As the old savage saw that the poor man was dying, he drew another arrow and sent it through his heart, very much annoyed at his disappointment in not prolonging the poor creature's sufferings. I was witness to this scene with silent horror, and many more of a similar nature. I hardly need say, that I felt what my punishment would be if I had by any means roused the jealousy of this monster; and I knew that without giving him real cause, a moment of bare suspicion would be sufficient to sacrifice my mistress as well as me.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I attend the King on a hunting Expedition—Chase of wild Animals—Whyna and I in great danger from a Tiger—Barbarity of the King to my young Mistress—I try to soothe her—I and my Companions are ransomed—Sad parting with Whyna—After an Encounter with a hostile People we reach Senegal—Return to England.

I HAD been about three months in captivity when the old king, with his four wives and a large party of Negroes, left the town, and went into the woods to hunt. My companions were left in the town, but I was ordered to attend my mistress, and I went with the hopes of being able by some means to make my escape, for my fear of the old monarch was much greater than my regard for my mistress. As I had not become a proficient with the bows and arrows, or in hurling the javelin, I was equipped with a strong spear. My mistress was skilful with the arrow and javelin to admiration; she never missed her aim that I knew, and she certainly never appeared to such advantage as she did at this hunting party. Her activity, her symmetry of limb, and her courage, her skill with her weapons, all won the heart of the old king; and I believe that his strong attachment to her arose more from her possession of the above qualities than from any other cause. Certain it is, that the old savage doted on her—she was the only being who could bend his stubborn will. As his age prevented him from joining in the chase, he always appeared to part with her with regret, and to caution her not to run into useless danger, and when we returned at night, the old man's eyes sparkled with the rapture of dotage as he welcomed her return.

The method of our chase was to beat the country, with a number of men, in a vast circle, until we had gathered all the game into one thicket; then the strongest warriors with their large spears went in and drove out the game, which was killed by the hunters who hovered about within the circle.

The animals which we had to encounter were large fierce black pigs, leopards, jackalls, tigers, mountain cats, and others which I have no name for—and in spite of the ferocity of many of these animals when they bounded out, they were met with such a shower of javelins, or transfixed by the strong stabbing spears of the warriors, that few escaped, and they rarely did any mischief. One day, however, the boaters having just entered a thicket, Whyna, who was eager for the sport, and plied within the circle with the other hunters, hearing a rustling in the jungle, went to the verge of it, to be the first to strike the animal which came out. As usual, I was close to her, when a large tiger burst out, and she pierced him with her javelin, but not sufficient to wound the animal so severely as to disable him. The tiger turned, and I drove my spear into his throat. This checked him as it remained in, but in a spring which he gave the handle broke short off, and although the iron went further in, our danger was imminent. Whyna ran, and so did I, to escape from the beast's fury; for although after I had wounded it with my spear, we had both retreated, we were not so far, but that in two or three bounds he would have been upon us. My mistress was as fleet as the wind, and soon passed me, but as she passed me she caught me by the hand, and dragged me along at a pace that with difficulty I could keep my legs. The surrounding hunters alarmed at her danger, and knowing what they had to expect from the mercy of the old king if she was destroyed by the animal, closed

in between us and the tiger, and after a fierce combat, in which some were killed and many wounded, they despatched him with their spears. The head of the animal, which was of unusual size, was cut off and carried home to the old king in triumph; and when he heard of the danger that Whyna had been in, he caressed her with tears, and I could not help saying that the old wretch had some heart after all. Whyna told the king that if I had not pierced the animal with my spear, and prevented his taking his first spring, she should have lost her life, and the monster grinned a ghastly smile at me, which I presume he meant for either approbation or gratitude.

At other times the chase would be that of the multitude of birds which were to be found in the woods. The bow and arrow only were used, and all I had to do now was to pick up all my mistress had killed and return her arrows—she would constantly kill on the wing with her arrow, which not many could do besides her. By degrees I imbibed a strong passion for the sport, attended as it was with considerable danger, and was never so happy as when engaged in it. We remained about two months in the woods, when the king was tired, and we returned to the town, where I continued for some time to pass the same kind of life as I had done before.

I should have been quite happy in my slavery from my affection to my mistress, had not a fresh instance of the unbounded cruelty of the old monarch occurred a few days after our return from the chase, which filled us all with consternation and horror, for we discovered that not even my mistress, Whyna, could always prevail with the savage monster.

One morning I perceived that one of the king's guards, who had always treated me with great kindness,*and with whom I was very intimate, was tied up to the executioner's post before the hut. Aware of the fate which awaited him, I ran to the hut of Whyna, and so great was my distress that I could not speak; all I could do was to clasp her knees and repeat the man's name, pointing to the post to which he was tied. She understood me, and eager to save the man, or to oblige me, she ran to the large hut, and attempted to intercede with the old barbarian for the man's life; but he was in an agony of rage and passion; he refused her, lifting up his sabre to despatch the man; Whyna was rash enough to seize the king's arm and prevent the blow; at this his rage redoubled, his eyes glowed like live coals, and turning to her with the look of a demon he caught her by the hair, and dragging her across his feet, lifted up his scymetar in the act to strike off her head. I sickened with horror at the danger she was in, but I thought he would not strike. I had no weapon, but if he had done so, I would have revenged her death, even if I had lost my life. At last the old monster let go her hair, spurning her away with his foot, so that she rolled over on the sand, and then turning to the unhappy man, with an upward slanting blow of his sabre, he ripped him up from the flank to the chest, so that his bowels fell down at his feet; he then looked round at us all with an aspect which froze our blood, and turned away sulkily to his hut, leaving us to recover our spirits how we might.

Poor Whyna, terrified and enraged at the same time, as soon as I had led her to her hut, and we were by ourselves, gave way to the storm of passion which swelled her bosom, execrating her husband with the utmost loathing and abhorrence, and lamenting in the most passionate manner her having ever been connected with him. Trembling alike at

the danger to which I had exposed her, and moved by her condition, I could not help mingling my tears with hers, and endeavoured by caresses and condoling with her to reduce her excitement. Had the old king seen me, I know what both our fates would have been, but at that time I cared not. I was very young, very impetuous, and I was resolved that I would not permit either her or myself to die unavenged. At last she sobbed herself to sleep, and I took my usual station outside of the hut. It was well that I did so, for not five minutes afterwards the old wretch, having got over his temper, came out of his tent and bent his steps towards the hut that he might make friends with her, for she was too necessary to his happiness. He soon treated her with his accustomed kindness, but I perceived that after the scene I have described, her aversion for him was doubled.

There were some scores of women in the various huts within the palisade, all of whom I understood were wives to the old monarch, but none but the four we found with him when we were first brought into his presence were ever to be seen in his company. I had, by means of my kind mistress, the opportunity of constantly supplying my companions with fowls and venison, which was left from the king's table, and through her care, they always met with kind and gentle usage.

For another two months did I thus remain happy in the company of Whyna, and miserable when in the presence of the king, whose eye it was impossible to meet without quailing; when one morning we were all ordered out, and were surrounded by a large party armed with spears, javelins, and bird arrows—I say bird arrows, as those that they use in war are much larger. We soon discovered that we were to be sent to some other place, but where or why, we could not find out. Shortly afterwards the crowd opened and Whyna made her appearance. She took the feather circle off my head, and the manacles off my wrist and leg, and went and laid them at the king's feet. She then returned and told me that I was free as well as my companions, but that I only, if I chose, had permission to remain with her.

I did not at first reply. She then in the most earnest manner begged me to remain with her as her slave, and as she did not dare to say what she felt, or use caresses to prevail upon me, she stamped her little feet with eagerness and impatience. The struggle in my own heart was excessive. I presumed that we were about to be made a present to some other king, and I felt that I never could expect so easy and so pleasant a servitude as I then enjoyed. I was sincerely attached, and indeed latterly, I was more than attached to Whyna; I felt that it was dangerous. Had the old king been dead, I would have been content to pass my life with her; and I was still hesitating, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my companions, when the crowd opened a little, and I beheld the old king looking at me, and I felt convinced that his jealousy was at last aroused, and that if I consented to remain, my life would not be worth a day's purchase.

Whyna also turned and met the look of the old king. Whether she read in his countenance what I did, I know not; but this is certain, she made no more attempts to persuade me, but waving her hand for us to set off on our journey, she slowly retired, and when arrived at the hut turned round towards us. We all prostrated ourselves before her and then set off on our journey. She retired to the door of her own hut and two or three times waved her hand to us, at which our guards made

us every time again prostrate ourselves. She then walked out to the little hill, where she always went up to pray, and for the last time waved her hand, and then I perceived her sink down on the ground, and turn her head in the direction which she always did when she prayed.

We now proceeded on our journey in a north-west direction, our guards treating us with the greatest kindness. We rested every day from ten till four o'clock in the afternoon, and then walked till late at night. Corn was supplied us from the scattered hamlets as we passed along, and our escort procured us flesh and fowl with their bows and arrows; but we were in a state of great anxiety to know where we were going, and nobody appeared able or willing to tell us. I often thought of Whyna, and at times repented that I had not remained with her, as I feared falling into a worse slavery, but the recollection of the old king's diabolical parting look was sufficient to make me think that it was best as it was. Now that I had left my mistress, I thought of her kindness and amiable qualities and her affection for me; and although it may appear strange that I should feel myself in love with a black woman, I will not deny but that I was so. I could not help being so, and that is all the excuse that I can offer.

Our guards now informed us that we were about to pass for a few miles through the territory of another king, and that they were not sure what our reception might be; but this was soon made evident, for we observed a party behind us, which moved as we moved, although they did not attack us; and soon afterwards a larger body were blocking up our passage, and we found that we were beset. The commander of our party, therefore, gave orders for battle, and he gave us all strong spears, they being the only weapons we could use, and entreated us to fight. Our party was greatly outnumbered by the enemy, but ours were chosen warriors. As for us white men we kept together, agreeing among ourselves, that we would defend ourselves if attacked, but would not offend either party by taking an unnecessary part in the fray, as it was immaterial to us to whom we belonged.

The battle, or rather skirmish soon began. They dispersed, and shot their arrows from behind the trees, and it continued some time without damage to either party, till at last they attacked us closely; then, our commander killing that of the enemy, they gave way, just as another party was coming forward to attack us white men; but finding us resolute in our defence, and our own warriors coming to our assistance, the rout was general. They could not, however, prevent some prisoners from being taken, most of them wounded with the bird arrows, which having their barbs twisted in the form of an S, gave great pain in their extraction. I observed that a particular herb chewed, and bound up with the bleeding wound, was their only remedy, and that when the bone was injured, they considered the wound mortal.

We now turned to the eastward to get back into our own territory, where we left the prisoners and wounded at a village, and receiving a reinforcement, we took a circuit to avoid this hostile people, and continued our route. On the eighth morning, just as we were stopping to repose, one of the warriors who had mounted a hill before us, shouted and waved his hand. We ran up to him, and as soon as we gained the summit, were transported with the sight of the British flag flying on Senegal fort on the other side of the river. We now understood that by

some means or another we had been ransomed, and so it proved to be; for the governor hearing that we were prisoners up the country had sent messengers offering the old king a handsome present for our liberation. I afterwards found out that the price paid in goods amounted to about fifty-six shillings a head. The governor received us kindly, clothed us, and sent us down to the ship, which was with a full cargo in the road, and intending to sail the next day, and we were received and welcomed by our messmates as men risen from the dead.

We sailed two days afterwards, and had a fortunate voyage home to Liverpool.

"HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER."

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

Have faith in one another
 When ye meet in friendship's name;
 In the *true* friend is a brother,
 And his heart should throb the same;
 Though your paths in life may differ,
 Since the hours when first ye met,
 Have faith in one another,
 You may need that friendship yet.

II.

Have faith in one another,
 When ye whisper love's fond vow;
 It will not be always summer,
 Nor be always bright as now;
 And when wintry clouds hang o'er thee,
 If some kindred heart ye share,
 And have faith in one another,
 Oh! ye never shall despair.

III.

Have faith in one another,
 And let honour be your guide,
 And let truth alone be spoken,
 Whatever may betide;
 The false may reign a season,
 And oh! doubt not that it will,
 But, have faith in one another,
 And the truth shall triumph still.

MORELLO;

OR,

THE ORGAN BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY L. MARIQTTI.

CHAP. V.

MORELLO SHOWS BLOOD.

No sooner had Morello recovered from the fearful castigation which confined him to his bed for a fortnight, than he found himself promoted. That is, he was accommodated with a heavier and louder organ, and expected to bring home half-a-crown instead of eighteenpence. His first steps were almost instinctively turned towards the home of his short-lived and disastrous pagehood. Unaware of the share that his light-hearted mistress by her inconsiderate and unconditional desertion, had had in his misfortune, he longed for one more glance, one more smile of her beaming countenance. In vain. The blinds were all down. The knocker was nailed to the door. Lady Muscovado had left for the winter. The boy heaved a deep sigh. He brushed away a tear with his sleeve, and inwardly vowed never to pass that threshold, never to trust ladies with fair ringlets, and laughing blue eyes again.

His daily task had now become laborious and irksome. Those few weeks of magical bliss in what had been for him the Castle of Indolence in Portland-place, had to a considerable extent unfitted him for his lowly trade. He had grown too proud to beg. Sullenly, doggedly, he threaded his way through the cheerless streets, grinding away for very life, as if with a hope of extorting by importunity the alms he no longer hoped to earn by his coaxing and cajoling ways. His deep-toned instrument had raised him to a man's dignity. New recruits, fresh from the South, had in his absence usurped the place he had so long monopolised as the pet of London Abigails. Sour-looking beadles and cross-grained lawyers' clerks ordered him off their premises. The ominous "Move on!" of the police incessantly thundered in his ears. The blush of happy boyhood had utterly deserted his cheeks; youth and beauty no longer enlisted any man's sympathies in his behalf. Henceforth he was to fight his way unfriended through the world.

Once and once only it was in my power to stand by him as his protector. The London urchins, as much alive to fun and mischief as the *gamins* of all other large towns, allowed him not an instant's truce. They drowned the pathetic strains of his organ by the din of their rattling castanets. They danced the polka on the pavement around him, contriving to kick his shins in the whirl of their rapid evolutions. They worried him, pelted him, set their snarling curs at him, with the overbearing heedlessness of free-born children. In short, they looked on the foreign mendicant, somewhat with the feelings of Spartan schoolboys when the brutified helot was brought, a helpless butt, amongst them.

In this condition I found him one day, in one of the large thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood. Three boys of his

own age, but evidently belonging to a better class than the houseless vagrants swarming through the more crowded quarters of the metropolis, had set themselves at his heels. Heated and breathless, the three rogues pretended to be whipping away at a huge top, whirling between them on the broad flag-stones of the pavement, but managing at every stroke to have a smart hit at the half-stockinged legs of the ragged musician. The mountain-boy smarted at every lash and kicked in return. He winced, he writhed at the indignity, he dared not openly resent. His bronzed cheeks were livid with the smothered pang of Italian vindictiveness.

As soon as he perceived me in the distance, he broke loose from his persecutors, and crossed over to me, clinging to my side timidly, imploringly, as a child to its mother's apron. The mute appeal could neither be mistaken nor resisted. I stepped forward, brandishing my walking-stick in the air, and frowning to the best of my ability.

"Ah! rascals," I cried, "you are a pack of cowards, and no true English boys. Three to one! shame on you! Come on, one by one, if you dare! This little bandy-legged beggar is more than a match for the biggest of you. Come on! I'll see fair play between you."

It needed not half the bitterness of my taunt to arouse the John Bullism of the three lads. They held a hurried consultation, at the close of which, the tallest of them—a chosen champion—threw away his whip, and stood forward alone.

"Now then, Morello!" I said, turning to my *protégé*, "down with thy cap and jacket, and have a hug and tug at the Briton. Show him thy teeth, and hurrah for dear old Italy!"

"Anan!"

The boy understood me not.

I pulled forth my purse and held out a sixpence. It was a brand new silver piece, fresh from the Mint, bearing the image of the lady-queen of these realms.

The boy opened wide his eyes.

"Ecco, Morello!" I said, emphatically, "all this money be thine, if thou only givest yon strapping fellow a black eye, or a bloody nose."

The boy's eyes sparkled with wrath and covetousness. No more was needed. I helped to disencumber my champion of his burden, and taking his hat and jacket, brought him to the scratch with all the cool apathy of an experienced bottle-holder.

The combat was short, but decisive. The son of Albion put himself in a pugilistic attitude, squaring his elbows after the most approved fashion. The Italian, an untutored boor, sprang at the throat of his antagonist with the swiftness and rabidness of a wild cat, and bore him down by the mere violence of his sudden onset. Once on the ground, he followed up his advantage with tooth and nail, wreaking his vengeance on his prostrate foe, and scoring his face, till it looked like a geographical map.

It was now high time to interfere. I parted the envenomed combatants; and although Morello had shown but too great an ignorance of the

CHAP. VI.

A WINDFALL FOR MORELLO.

ABOUT three months after this memorable encounter, I met the conqueror on the high road across Barnes Common; his instrument slung over his shoulder as he leaned on his long piked staff, with an air of bewilderment and perplexity.

"Com' ela, paisano!" I shouted in the peculiar dialect of his district, reining in my hack, and touching him slightly with my whip to arouse him. "What cheer, ho, countryman!"

"Ah, signore!" he exclaimed, holding up a half-sovereign between thumb and finger, with an unspeakable mixture of wonder and awe. "Ah, signore!" he repeated, unable to add another word—for it was long before he could account for the accident that had made him rich beyond his powers of comprehension.

He had, in that morning's excursion, it appears, pushed his way as far as Putney and Barnes, and was now proceeding towards Sheen and Richmond, with that unerring instinct, which enables those poor illiterate wretches to find their way unassisted, when a *curriculo*, as he termed it, probably a gig, rolled past him at a dashing pace. Two gentlemen sat in the vehicle; they talked loud, and seemed engaged in earnest, almost contentious converse. In the heat of dispute, a pocket-book which lay open between them, slipped unperceived from the seat, and dropped on the dust of the road.

Morello was then seated on his organ, resting from his morning stroll. He started up, picked up the portfolio, snatched up two or three thin slips of paper, which had been scattered in the fall, shouting all the time after the gig with all the might of his lungs.

Heedless of his organ and staff, heedless of his cap, which was swept off his head at the very outset, the boy darted after the flying curricule at the top of that speed for which he was renowned among his early playfellows at home. It was perhaps the last race the worn-down mendicant ever ran in his life. But the fervour of his honest zeal added wings to his feet. He overtook the gig, and being now too utterly exhausted to hope to be heard by his screams, he swung himself on the springs of the light conveyance; and startled the still wrangling travellers by the suddenness of his shrill shout in their ears.

The sight of the soiled pocket-book easily accounted for the interruption, and sobered them at once. The driver hastily threw the reins to his companion, and eagerly laying hold of the precious case, examined it, glanced over the crumpled bank-notes; and when, at the end of his scrutiny, he was enabled to breathe freely, he turned round to the honest lad, who had at the same time caused and relieved him from terrible anxiety.

Morello had already alighted, and stood bare-headed and panting by the side of the gig. After wasting a few words to make the boy aware of his sense of gratitude to him, the gentleman perceiving the impossibility of otherwise conveying his meaning, had recourse to that language, which, better even than music and pantomime, is so well under-

stood all over the world. He tossed him a gold piece, waved his hand to him, and drove on.

Morello had often beheld, but had never known the real value of gold. All the arithmetic he had ever been taught at the Greville-street school never went so far as to give him a right estimate of the sum of ten shillings in the lump. It was in vain for me to explain that the worth of his glittering bauble was no more than the amount of his four days' earnings. Gold had a dazzling, stunning effect on his brain. Had the stranger's bounty been twice the sum, but in silver, the little mendicant had easily mastered his exultation. He broke out in a thousand ejaculations. He beset me with a thousand infantine questions.

And was this real gold? The same metal he had seen glaring behind the huge panes of glass in the window of a goldsmith's shop; the same he had so often handled in the shape of necklace and bracelets in Lady Muscovado's dressing-room? and could the gentleman have made a mistake? Did he really mean all that gold farthing (*quattrino d'oro*) for him?

And—and—he faltered twice or thrice before he put the all-important, the overwhelming question. And was *that* also his master's? was that likewise to go into the begging pocket, to be rubbed against the dirty coppers and clipped sixpenny pieces of his day's gathering?

This latter question especially I hastened to answer in the affirmative; and this not so much that I might not have my doubts as to the justice of the claims of his employer to money so extra-professionally come by by the mendicant, as because I began to perceive that the unsophisticated mind of the poor musician was already under the spell of the yellow enemy of mankind. I advised him to lose no time, but to remove the temptation, by repairing to the next public-house, and asking for the change of his high-valued treasure; by which banking transaction, I assured him, he would that evening go home with such a harvest of halfpence, as could not fail to secure the good graces of his sour master for a twelvemonth to come.

By these arguments; and even by threats of turning informer against him, I extorted his solemn assurance that he would literally follow my advice, and he now evinced as much horror for that luckless half-sovereign, as if it had been turned to red-hot iron in his hands.

But alas and alas! The lad was already deeply tainted with the radical vice which invariably characterises man in a state of bondage. Constraint had taught him simulation: he lied all the time!

A few miles further I put up at the "Hare and Hounds," at East Sheen. There, standing behind the parlour-window, whilst my horse was being fed, I beheld, unperceived by him, my treacherous friend, plodding in his clumsy manner along the road, under his accustomed burden, but rapt in stupendous amazement, as he gazed on the stranger's coin, in the palm of his outstretched hand; stopping from time to time, as if to decipher the magic characters, or the blazonries thereon engraven, and occasionally also tossing it up, slightly, as if to feel its weight and satisfy himself of its substantiality.

He raised his eyes suddenly as he came up with human dwellings, and with a true miser's suspicion, casting a hurried glance around, and gripping fast his treasure, he drew forth from his bosom a little *breve* or

reliquary; one of those ivory caskets with rudely-carved Madonnas or saints, which the ignorant in Catholic countries are taught by their priests to wear, secured with a string round their necks, a talisman against sudden death, the devil and his evil devices. Morello opened the casket, and raising the golden image of Queen Victoria to his lips, with even more fondness than loyalty, he deposited the gold piece in the blessed locket; and, thrusting it under his coarse linen, pressed it upon his heart, with a countenance radiant with redoubled devotion, as if confident of the perfect safety of his rare property under the guardianship of his sacred amulet, or as if this latter had acquired new miraculous powers from the no less saintly image it was now so strangely made to enshrine.

For many months afterwards I lost sight of him; probably because the rogue, fearing I might call him to account, and taking advantage of the superior keenness of his eyesight, fought shy of me whenever chance led him on my path; and, as so glaring an evidence of his duplicity had considerably damped my interest in his welfare, my attention was naturally turned from the undeserving individual to the sufferings of the class to which he belonged.

CHAP. VII.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

THE Italian boys had met with too large a number of zealous friends among the London philanthropists. The directors of the Greville-street school had constituted themselves into a society for the protection, no less than for the education of the poor Italian boys. A rival establishment had also risen in a neighbouring district of the metropolis, chiefly under English patronage, and mostly made up of reverend gentlemen, who deeming their theological controversies of paramount importance for these ignorant mendicants, directed their efforts to rescue them from the errors of the "Old Scarlet Lady" at Rome, and to initiate them into the "healthful principles of biblical truth." Religious and moral schooling was meant to be substituted for the useful-knowledge-system adopted in Greville-street. Not, indeed, that the originators of the latter-named scheme of education, though they abstained from too open an interference with the religious tenets of their pupils, ever neglected their moral improvement: but their rivals, accustomed to the open dealings of a free country, would not condescend to adopt cautious or temporising measures. The reverend benefactors made no mystery of their proselytising views. Their avowed object was not so much to assuage the hardship of the boys' captivity; not so much to put an end to it. They sought in them only so many converts to Protestantism.

Safe as the reverend gentlemen felt on their own account, they did not foresee how severely their attempts might be visited upon their defenceless neophytes. The minor agents of the several Italian governments, already on their guard against the humble efforts of the Greville-street establishment, now redoubled their vigilance against these new and more formidable adversaries. Religious jealousy was added to political suspicion. The Propaganda at Rome made it a matter of crusading importance. A papal legate, a bishop, as I am told (for on this point I merely quote

facts submitted to me by a respected friend), was privily despatched to England with a view to counteract these religious schemes, and to look after the lambs unwittingly straying from the fold.

In the clash of these contending parties, the poor organ-boys fared but indifferently. Biagio Pelagatti and his fellow slave-holders fought their battles with the inveteracy of men struggling for existence. Every new attempt on the part of their protectors was visited on the devoted victims. London became a perfect hell for the trembling organists. Happy those among them who could obtain permission to remove from the noisome neighbourhood of Leather and Drury-lanes, and make pilgrimages through the country.

Have any of my readers inquired or tried to conjecture, how the organ-boy travels? Have any of the tourists who throw a copper to the little musician who crosses their path on the banks of the Cumberland lakes, or on the defiles of the Highlands, stopped to consider what Providence guides and supports those helpless wanderers in their eccentric excursions? Have they ever seen one of those strolling Italians perplexed about the road? Was any of them ever seen to put up at a country inn, or pay his fare as steerage passenger of a Channel steamer? And yet, beyond the Clyde, beyond the Channel, among the bogs, and along the moors you have them before you; how they got there, how they are to get back, being alike a mystery! Unable to read, without one word even of broken English, destitute of all means of communication with the natives, these foreign wayfarers follow their path without apprehension or uneasiness; for hundreds of miles, north, south, east, or west, confident of the all-watchfulness of Heaven, and of the kind-heartedness of man. They seldom cross; never interfere with each other. God is great, and the world is wide! The hay-loft in the farm-yard, or the drifted leaves in the sheltered glen are but too soft a couch to the weary. The crumbs of the rustic table are a feast to the starving mendicant; foot-sore, ague-stricken, frost-bitten, drenched to the skin, on the boy toils with dogged perseverance. Workhouses and hospitals are seldom cumbered with his infirmities. County gaols and penitentiaries are rarely called upon to tender him their gloomy hospitality. He starves and trespasses not. Uncomplaining he suffers. He dies, if need be, as silent as a cat by the road-side. The forerunner of an ill-starred nation, doomed, perhaps, unless God takes mercy on it, to go forth, dispersed and homeless, like Jews and gipsies throughout the world, the Italian mendicant evinces all the listless hardihood of the wild wandering tribes. His strolling life is much to his taste. Once beyond the bills of mortality, he is at least free; safe for a certain length of time from the dreaded presence of his ruthless owner. A fearful reckoning, it is true, awaits him on his return. But the good-humoured farmer of broad Yorkshire, if blessed with a bountiful harvest, the Manchester weaver, if business look brisk, will help to swell up his store of small coin to the determined amount. Perhaps also (but this happens too seldom, for that way-worn, dwarfish creature comes of a stout, hard-lived race), the grim accountant-general, Death, will seasonably come to his assistance by a summary compromise which settles all scores.

More than a thousand organ-grinders or dealers in plaster-casts are thus incessantly performing their weary round of the British provinces.

I am unable to ascertain whether Morello was or was not among the for-

fortunate few who are allowed to wander for a certain length of time away from their head-quarters of misery. I heard nothing of him for above a year, and at the end of that period, he was reported—in gaol.

The directors of the Greville-street society, in the furtherance of their charitable object, were not unfrequently driven to extraordinary expedients. Any attempt on their part to rescue the sufferers from a life of thralldom and ignominy, by singly inveigling or kidnapping them, with a view to train them to a useful and reputable calling, could have met with no satisfactory result. The law would not only empower the *maestro* to claim back his so-called “apprentices,” in whatsoever situation he found them (as Morello was taken from Lady Muscovado), but even award him heavy damages from the person or persons implicated in their abduction. It was also soon found, on experiment, that but a few months of their idle life were sufficient, physically and morally, to unfit the poor vagabonds for any profitable employment. The menial services of the humblest household were either too arduous or too irksome for them. The drudgery of the meanest craft was too complicated for their crushed understanding. What more?—from their native organisation and early training, a certain vocation and aptitude for music was, very naturally, presumed in them. Fiddles, and pipes, and singing-masters were provided for them in Greville-street, to dignify their vile trade into an art, and send them forth into the world at least as players and minstrels in good earnest. Alas! the monotonous clink-clank of their grinding-machines, had utterly, irreparably crazed and shattered their organ of hearing. A man blind from the cradle, is not more hopelessly dead to all notions of colour, than these misnamed musicians proved to be, to all apprehension of time and measure, to the most obvious and essential elements of the science of melody. Those few among them who ever venture to call the attention of the public to the wild hoarse ditties of their mountain districts, or by unseemly capers on the London pavement, give but too melancholy an evidence of the extent to which the tuneful faculties, so universally instinctive in their countrymen, have been, in their case, shockingly unnerved and blunted!

In the well-established impracticability of emancipating and otherwise utilising the poor Italian boys in this country, or, as it will be seen, of individually sending them back to the land they were so heartlessly seduced from; in the impossibility, in short, of curing the evil radically—it was considered of the greatest importance, at least, to endeavour to alleviate their sufferings in their present condition. An office was daily opened in Greville-street, offering temporary asylum and subsistence, to all the mendicants driven to despair by their master's ill usage; where one of the members of the society should permanently reside to hear and take note of their grievances, with a view to redress them by peaceful mediation and remonstrance; or, in cases of more flagrant villany, by referring them to the magistrates. A series of troublesome and expensive lawsuits were thus entered into, conducted by an able solicitor with rare zeal and disinterestedness, the result of which, however, was far from answering the sanguine expectation of the protecting association. The most invincible, because most unforeseen, obstacle, arose from the imbecility and cowardice of the little sufferers themselves. The presence of his terrible master had power to strike dumb the crouching slave, even

within the sanctuary of justice. Before the stern glare of that well-known gray eye, the demoralised boy felt all his resolution oozing from his fingers' ends. He deserted the cause of the generous advocates he had, in a moment of rash confidence, ventured to make. He stammered, he blushed, he faltered, under the rattling fire of the wily blackguard's cross-questionings. He involved himself in endless contradictions—in an inextricable labyrinth of lies. It was all "*piuttosto sì che no*," and "*non mi ricordo!*" One by one, he gave up the charges his counsel had, under his name, and upon his own oath, preferred against the adverse party, until the puzzled magistrate, in a fit of ill-humour and impatience, declared the whole transaction an ill-natured plot against the honest defendant, and dismissed the suit with a severe reprimand to the boy for falsehood and perjury, and to his advisers for their gratuitous meddling in other people's concerns. What the consequence of this unsuccessful interference might be, and how the discomfited organist fared in the hand of his vexed and worried proprietor, the readers of *Don Quixote*, who recollect the worthy knight's adventure at the close of his first campaign, will readily imagine.

The tactics of the Greville-street company were now modified from necessity. They determined on bringing the boys themselves into difficulty instead of their masters. They denounced and delivered into the hands of the police as many of them as could be caught in the act of begging. They prosecuted and gave in charge as vagrants such as were but too frequently found fainting with weariness and exhaustion, late after midnight, on the door-steps of the metropolitan thoroughfares. Their organs were seized with them, and sequestered by the police till claimed by the owners, who, by a similar proceeding, it was hoped, would be compelled to answer for their inhuman conduct to their dependants. It was expected, by thus exposing and harassing those obdurate villains, and involving them in repeated losses and expenses, to render their iniquitous traffic so onerous that they would end by giving it up in despair.

CHAP. VIII.

MORELLO ON HIS LAST LEGS.

MY unfortunate Morello was among the first victims of this well-meant but dangerous system of policy. He had one day sallied forth at a venture on the road of Brentford, Hounslow, and Twickenham. One continued shower of cold winter rain had hailed him almost at the outset, and waited upon him till late after dusk. Scarcely a soul stirred abroad, not a door was open to him on such a dreary day. The mendicant toiled to no purpose. Starvation, and a thorough drenching and soaking were the only returns of his minstrelsy. By the lurid glare of the midnight lamps, with swollen and ulcerated feet, he was jogging vacantly and sullenly on his homeward way; when the conductor of one of the late Hammersmith omnibuses, which was standing before the door of the favourite public-house in Kensington, motioned the boy to him, and, half in fun, half in pity, held up to his lips a pewter mug containing some muddy abomination which he called "*half-an'-half*." The strong be-

verage had a sickening effect on a frame consumed by inanition. Dizzy and fainting, the little wretch tottered on through Kensington-gore and Knightsbridge: the colonnade at Hyde Park Corner, the cabs on the coach-stand, and the bleak and bare trees of the Green Park, appeared as if whirling in mighty confusion around him. Yet a few more steps, and down he sank overpowered, with a great crash, as the organ was shattered beneath him. No sooner was the desolate sufferer on the pavement, than several of the watchmen were upon him, poking at him with their staves, and endeavouring to rouse him by many a lusty shake of his tattered jacket. They were already consulting as to the best means of removing the vagabond to the nearest station, when the compassionate feelings even of such beings as wander, at that time of night, through the streets, were aroused by the faint groans of the swooning lad, and by their advice, and with their support, Morello was carefully conveyed and safely lodged in an adjoining infirmary.

The honourable guardians of that parochial asylum dealt with rare humanity by the foreign pauper Providence had so unaccountably thrown upon their tender mercies. But as a night of syncope and delirium was followed by a day of acute pain in the chest, and this again by a week of slow fever, bearing unmistakable symptoms of rapid consumption, those worthies became alarmed at the appearance of a disease which by its chronic nature threatened a longer demand on their hospitality than so utter a stranger to their district and to the country could be entitled to; and as the boy was either unable or unwilling to give any intelligible account of himself, the parochial authorities issued, through the medium of the newspapers, a circumstantial account of their *trouvaille*, calling upon the parents or guardians of the boy to identify their property, and rid them of an intruder.

Biagio Pelagatti was amongst the first to read the advertisement, and could be at no loss to recognise in the description it gave of the forlorn invalid, the person of the only mendicant boy missing in his establishment. Some qualms of conscience as to the account he might be compelled to give of his behaviour to his apprentice,* made him loath to venture on personal application; but his wife, a stout, hard-featured Irish woman, hardly less dreaded among the organ-boys than Biagio himself, ventured on a reconnoitring expedition to the hospital. She insinuated herself into the good graces of one of the nurses, a countrywoman and old crony of hers, and after a few minutes of adroit pumping, she was able on her return to give the most accurate report of the state of the little musician, his instrument, his wardrobe, and even the little ivory casket containing the precious relic from the royal mint, which the parish people had found round the boy's neck when searching for some card or paper that might furnish them with a clue to his name and whereabouts.

Biagio's mind was made up instantly. The boy himself, he perceived, would not, for a season at least, be worth his salt. But the organ (out of order though it might be), and that puzzling gold piece, should be looked after and claimed back, after any length of time, were even the boy never to rise from the charitable bed public mercy had so munificently provided for him. As, however, he felt satisfied that his property was safe enough in the keeping of the parish guardians, he determined upon

taking no further notice of the intimation, and give the boy a full run of the comforts and luxuries of his present asylum, till at least he had recovered his legs, or the parish had found the means of laying their patient at his door.

I am not quite sure such a scheme might not, in the long run, have ended by bringing the unconscionable rogue into serious hostilities with the parochial authorities, whose humanity and forbearance he so shamefully abused ; nor would he have been without uneasiness on the subject but for the confederate his wife had secured in the enemy's camp, on whom he relied for timely information of any resolve the people at the hospital might come to. Great was, therefore, his surprise, when one evening on her return from her customary visit, Mrs. Pelagatti brought the astounding intelligence that Morello, now almost convalescent, had been claimed by some of his friends, and was gone.

The suspicions of the deluded slave-owner were immediately and almost instinctively turned upon the right quarter. The missing boy, he conjectured, could only be under the protection of his unwearied adversaries, the Greville-street association. So it was. The advertisement in *The Times* had caught the eye of the watchful secretary of that humane body. He lost no time in writing to the competent authorities, as directed by the notice in the newspapers ; he came to a short explanation with them as to the means and ends of his society, and was gladly empowered to remove the unclaimed guest, with all that belonged to him, together with a unanimous vote of praises on the part of the guardians, and their most unqualified thanks for the riddance.

By the aid of the friendly nurse and other spies, Biagio succeeded in tracing his missing boy from the hospital to the door of one of the salaried masters of the Greville-street free school, to whose care Morello had been provisionally intrusted. It was further resolved, at a meeting of the Protecting Association (and of this also the crafty *maestro* received seasonable warning), to save the victim from future ill-usage by supplying him with the means for his return to Italy.

It did indeed occur to them that the slave-owner might have power to follow the runaway to his mountain home, and claim him back at his parent's hands, so long as the terms of his contract entitled him, and so long as he deemed it worth while so to do : but the broken down constitution of the boy, and the troubles and expenses such a step would put him to, would, they flattered themselves, deter the unrelenting knave from attempting it, when once the object of their anxieties could be fairly got out of his way. In this, perhaps, they did not rightly estimate the character of the man they had to deal with, for it is not easy to guess to what extremities Biagio might not be urged by his vindictive spirit, and, above all, by his eagerness to impress his little slaves with the conviction of the utter helplessness with which they lay at his mercy, and of the futility of all their attempts to get out of his reach. The experiment, however, was worth making, and after having done their best to bring the invalid round, the society began to exert their ingenuity to plan his escape.

To send back an utterly destitute person from this sea-girt country to the mountains of central Italy, is an achievement fraught with more difficulty than the French *Société de Bienfaisance* have to contend with

when they wish to pack off one of their mendicants to the coast of Boulogne. Not that the organ-boy, inured as he is to all hardships, could be at any loss to make his way through France and Switzerland when once landed across the Channel, provided he were in tolerable health, and supplied with a passport. But in the case of Morello, hardly yet risen from what had so nearly proved his death-bed, and whose *feuille de route* was in his owner's hands, such a toilsome pilgrimage was no longer to be thought of. Fortunately, the master of a Genoese felucca, homeward bound, was prevailed upon, from mere humane considerations, to take charge of the fugitive, with a hope that he might smuggle him (open landing being altogether out of the question) with sundry coffee-bags and Havannah boxes, somewhere in a lonely spot on the Riviera.

All was prepared in consequence, when on the eve of embarkation, the house in which our poor boy was a boarder was invaded by a party of thief-takers from Bow-street, who produced a warrant for the apprehension of one Morello di Sidolo, servant boy and apprentice to Biagio Pelagatti, of Leather-lane, on a charge of breach of trust and domestic larceny, and who took him into custody, and locked him up accordingly.

CHAP. IX.

MORELLO AT BOW-STREET.

THE police court at Bow-street, witnessed a melancholy scene on the following morning. On one side, on the dock, stood the culprit, pale and sickly, to whom all the assurances of his surrounding friends and advocates failed to impart even the least degree of confidence and equanimity. He recoiled as if dreading the touch of his adversary, and was nevertheless unable to turn his spell-bound gaze from his forbidding countenance. Up to him he still looked with a strange mixture of consternation and loathing, and yet with a contrite, a beseeching air, as if ready to give up the struggle and surrender at discretion, even before justice had sentenced in his favour. On the other hand, his master, all alone, lawyerless, friendless (for the shrewd villain was aware of the antipathy of police magistrates to the presence of solicitors, who only puzzle their worships and lengthen the suits), livid, dark, scowling, yet cool and collected, nothing embarrassed by his imperfect knowledge of the language, and utter ignorance of the laws and customs of the country; nothing daunted by the formidable array of his opponents.

It was for him to speak first. He stated, in a few but distinct words the nature of his agreement with the boy's only surviving parent, the waywardness and idleness of his disposition, the frequent instances of his insubordination; he dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the long period of his secession to the house of a great lady at the west-end, with whom he had ingratiated himself under false pretences; he expatiated on the loss and anxiety his heartless desertion had occasioned in his well-regulated household; and finally, he enumerated various sums of money unaccountably missing from his desk, among which the identical half-sovereign, the friends and abettors of the young thief could not deny having found about his person at the time of their last endeavour to inveigle the apprentice from his lawful owner and master.

This last home-thrust took Morello's advocates completely aback ; for the circumstance of the gold piece (which had, indeed, faithfully been delivered to them by the parish guardians, and for his possession of which Morello had at the time given the same account as he did to myself on Barnes Common) had been entirely overlooked by them, as nowise bearing upon the matter now at issue.

Biagio's knowledge of that fatal coin, so correct, so precise, and his asseverations so positive of the boy's guilt, startled and staggered them ; and after a vague attempt at demonstrating the expiration of the term of the boy's engagement, and some flourish of eloquence respecting the heartlessness of his master's conduct towards his dependents in general, and this poor starveling in particular, they requested the magistrate to hear, through an interpreter, Morello's own explanation of the circumstance, by which that long-cherished treasure had been found in his possession.

It was by a fatal coincidence, I believe, that my entire ignorance of the boy's arrest, and my engagements that day, prevented me from attending the trial ; for, notwithstanding the little imposition practised on myself as to the disposal of his half-sovereign, there could be no two opinions in my mind as to the manner the boy had come by it, and my almost ocular evidence of the boy's adventure with the two gentlemen in the gig, might have screened him from all criminal imputation. As it was, none of his supporters could speak with any degree of warmth on so ticklish a subject, and the refutation of the charge devolved on the defendant himself.

Morello hesitated. He sobbed and shivered, and burst into a flood of tears. It required the blandishments and even the threats of the magistrate, to induce him to repeat his story ; and then it came so involved and disfigured by innumerable reticenses and circumlocutions ; he made such a sad jumble of it that no doubt remained in the magistrate's mind, and but little in the boy's own partisans', that the whole tale was an illgot-up fabrication, and that the little felon scrupled not to add deception and falsehood to the theft of which he stood obviously convicted.

The examination would infallibly have ended with his committal, had not Biagio himself thought it high time to play off a little magnanimity.

He represented to the magistrate that the boy's imprisonment would be a punishment to himself—a serious loss to his trade, no less than a source of deep sorrow to all his family ; that he had been under the necessity of bringing the matter before the court, that being the only means of defeating the manœuvres of ill-advised persons, who aided and instigated the boy in his undutifulness ; that the offence was of a domestic character, and as such, to be visited only with a domestic punishment, with such a degree of paternal severity as might reform and reclaim, rather than demoralise the guilty. He added a few pathetic touches as to the disgrace any further proceedings would reflect upon a respectable aged mother, and offered, with the good leave of the court, and provided it would secure him from further molestation on the part of the gentlemen opposite, to withdraw his suit, and grant his forgiveness to his errant, but, he hoped, not irreclaimable *grazone*.

The magistrate readily chimed in with the smooth and oily tone of that deep scoundrel's leniency and generosity; and with an unkind cut or two at the members of the association, whom in his heart of hearts he detested as a set of tiresome busy-bodies, he waved assent to Biagio's proposal, and dismissed the parties. The slave-driver laid his gripe on his reconquered boy, and with downcast eyes and many a thankful reverence to the "noble judge!" and "Daniel!" but with an inward chuckle of triumph and glee as he brushed past his crest-fallen adversaries, he quitted the court.

The direst flagellation was nothing to the moments of anguish Morello experienced in the anticipation of it. In his, as in every other analogous case, the perspective of impending evil was more unendurable than the actual infliction of the most excruciating torture. His terrified imagination conjured up horrors, such as the brutality of his master himself would revolt from. His fears were wrought to raving madness, and it was from a fit of insanity he derived strength to wrest himself from the appalling fate he saw in store for him. As master and slave emerged from Drury-lane into Holborn, they became enveloped in a riotous crowd of porters and cabmen, collected to witness a fight between two of their craft. By a desperate endeavour, Morello disengaged his arm from his master's tightening grasp, and ere Biagio had time to recover from his surprise, he dashed through the throng, and was out of sight.

It was some time, it will be easily believed, before the hapless fugitive slackened his pace, or gave himself leisure to consider whither he should direct his course. On he sped with dogged resolution, and an unuttered but heartfelt vow, to meet a thousand deaths rather than again fall into the hands of his tyrant. No other alternative, however, seemed to offer itself. He passed the door of the Greville-street school, he hurried by the threshold of the humble dwelling of his late host, he wandered past the quarter in which most of his known well-wishers resided. But his confidence in them was shaken. His redoubted master rose like a maleficent giant before his startled fancy, and in his presence his friends seemed to quail in sheer impotence, and shrink into utter nothingness. The genius of evil exercised an undisputed mastery over all earthly matters; no refuge could be safe for him on this side of the grave!

Under the dominion of these gloomy images night overtook him in the vicinity of Blackfriars Bridge. Suicide is usually the act of a free agent; it is the sad privilege of a highly-refined and lofty, though diseased, spirit. The wild red Indian and the black slave seldom or never die by their own hand. It must have been the effect of a disorder equivalent to an overthrow of all the laws of nature, which caused so humble and abject a creature as Morello to stand on the central arch of the bridge, actually bent on self-destruction. He stood there for a moment; he looked down on the sullenly gurgling abyss below; he shuddered; he gasped for breath. The dark clouds eternally hanging on that dingy river, were lowering frowningly around; the gloom above and below frightened him as if shadowing forth the region of darkness into which he was inconsiderately rushing. On a sudden, in the east a star was seen struggling through the dense phantasmagory of those flitting

vapours, and at the same instant the heaving tide sent up its plaintive murmur as it broke against the pier. The pious mendicant revered the eye of God Almighty in that glimmering luminary, he recognised his mother's voice in the sigh of the gushing waters. The tramp of some passers-by roused him from that awful abstraction, and he hastened from the dangerous spot. Throughout Southwark, Lambeth, and Vauxhall he wandered as fortune led him, till, overcome by fatigue, he sank into a deep sleep under the portico of a newly-built, untenanted house. His worst apprehensions were re-awakened as soon as consciousness returned at daylight. He was about to turn away from London and its fatal neighbourhood, when happily the thought of his oldest friend in town suddenly struck him. His mind was made up abruptly, and just as I was sitting down to breakfast, I beheld him standing pale and haggard before me.

CHAP. X.

MORELLO'S ESCAPE.

I HAD, on the previous evening, met with the secretary of the society, and heard from him the details of the unfavourable issue of the trial. I had expressed all my regret at the untoward fatality which kept me from the court-house in that momentous emergency, and was musing on the probable consequences of our defeat to poor Morello, when his appearance drove from my mind its darkest forebodings.

In a few words he related his miraculous escape; he described the roamings, the temptations, the horrors of that terrible night, and wound up by asking my opinion as to what "the blessed Virgin would have said if he had made away with himself!"

I soothed and consoled him, I fed him, I laughed him out of his fears. I assured him from the moment he had entered my house he was safe. I had good reasons to think so. I had never taken a very active part in the doings of the association, though I belonged to it. I was a stranger to most of my countrymen in London, and my being in town was, most likely, unknown to Biagio; my address certainly so. I recollected in good time that I had a card from Madame P——, the celebrated singer, to dine with her on that evening. It was a farewell banquet, as the lady was off on the morrow for the Continent. I was well acquainted with her from her youth, and had the most exalted opinion of her character. She is one of those gifted artists whose domestic and social virtues reflect a lustre on a profession which they honour by their transcendent talents. Surrounded by all the intrigues and perils of her public career, the tainted breath of malignity never darkened the crystal purity of her name. She was a *virtuosa* in every good sense of the word.

To the house of this respected woman, in Great Marlborough-street, I repaired at the appointed time. Few were the guests, all countrymen and friends. Soon after dinner I asked for a private interview, and explained my want. She entered eagerly into my views, and hastily summoned her husband, without whom she could not or would not take any decisive steps. It was soon all right between us, and Morello was free.

Early on the following morning I procured a suit of clothes, such as would be in keeping with the new personage my poor 'mendicant was to assume. He was now to travel as Madame P——'s errand-boy, and servant-of-all-work, and as such his name was inscribed in the *prima donna's* passport. Towards noon I conveyed him in a close cab to the London Bridge terminus. In a few hours the boy was at Brighton with his new mistress; on the following morning he breathed the fresh and free air of the Continent.

Three or four weeks afterwards I received the following letter from Madame P—— :

"Amico mio,

"Here we are at last, in our snug little villa on the Brianza, and here we intend remaining till the carnival, when we are engaged for La Scala, &c.

"Your little friend, Morello, is in the very best health and spirits, and we are so pleased that we feel loath to part with him. Mr. P—— is making a little groom of him, and he is rapidly winning the good will of all about us. His mother has been here to see him, and there are some negotiations on foot to send to Val-di-Taro for the whole *ménage*. We shall trust the good widow Santa with the little farm we have just purchased on the river-side. Morello, however, is to follow us wherever we go. But never fear, though, we shall leave him at home if ever we travel to London again. The poor lad trembles yet at the mention of that Castracani, or Castragatti, or Pelagatti, or whatever the name of the ruffian may be, as if the whole world were not wide enough to afford him a shelter from his vengeance. Addio."

CHAP. XI.

CONCLUSION.

By these means, and after so long a period of awful sufferings has one of the thousand organ-boys been rescued from the life of wretchedness, which so nearly proved fatal to him, and which certainly undermined his constitution and corrupted his morals. Ease and happiness may perhaps restore him to the healthfulness and righteousness of his primitive being; but the manly vigour and innocence of his highland-bred race is hopelessly blasted in him. The youth will be only half the man nature intended. In like manner five or six other of his fellow-sufferers have been sent back by the benevolent association which has espoused their cause; others have obtained immediate relief from the same source, and some of the less inhuman fellow-traders of Biagio Pelagatti have come to a compact with the society, and have partially entered into its views.

But the resources of this as well as of any private body of men are but too inadequate to the fearful extent of the evil. A fortnight has scarcely elapsed since a coroner's inquest was held by Mr. Wakley on the body of one of those unfortunate boys who dropped dead on the London streets, in the last stage of inveterate consumption.* At the moment I am

* He was taken up speechless, and conveyed to St. Giles's workhouse, where he expired early on the following morning. The surgeon, who examined the body, expressed his opinion that to send the creature about the streets, with his lungs in such a state, was little short of murder. But other cases of boys fainting with hunger and fatigue in the London streets, or maimed for life by the brutality of their masters, have often enough been brought before the police authorities, and with but indifferent results.

writing, some friends inform me that an epidemic disorder, the scarlet fever, is raging in that quarter, and that more than fifteen boys are laid down in a single house—with that disease which is never so formidable as when backed by hunger and dirt. I write down these facts not because they can be at all unfamiliar to those who ever gave the subject a thought, but because the public at large are engrossed by the cares of other even more serious evils, which come more directly home to their sympathies, and by the side of which the grievances of foreign mendicants can excite but a passing and sterile compassion. I address myself not to the best feelings of English charity, but to the justice and to the interest of a sound rational people. England has enough of her own poor—too many. These organ-boys are a burden to her, as they are a sore in the eyes of the few Italians residing in this country. Italy stands in no need of emigration. The bountiful land has bread for all its children, if they are only willing to search for the treasures hidden in her bosom. Nor are these poor wretches real emigrants—they are only brought here to serve their term of lazy and vagrant life, and if they survive, they are sent back, unfit for any good either to themselves or others. Their traffic is a disgrace to their country, as well as to all other states who suffer it.

Now, I say it deliberately, it is in the power of England to put an end to it. The matter may appear too humble for an efficient member of Parliament to take up. But if the English cabinet would only come to a friendly remonstrance with the governments of Sardinia, Parma, and Lucca, and freely state that it has enough to do to support its own beggars, and it is not just it should be encumbered with other people's, those *little potentates* could hardly help admitting the justice of its demands. *Now not one of the Italian mendicants ever quits his native land without an express consent of his rulers.* Absurd as it may appear, none of them travels without his passport, and the diplomatic representatives of their respective states preserve an absolute control over their subjects, however far they may go. Nay more! few of our readers, perhaps, have noticed an advertisement, periodically recurring in the English newspapers, by virtue of which, such of the boys as fall within the terms prescribed for the military conscription, are summoned back to their homes. It is then in the faculty of those petty despots to prevent the emigration of their deluded beggars, as the granting of passports is entirely among the powers they exercise at discretion. They are likewise at liberty to recall their subjects at a few days' notice; and they do not scruple to do so, whenever it suits their purpose to increase their armies by the aid of such potent auxiliaries as these poor stunted organ-grinders. Their commissaries also, be it remembered, never hesitate to drive from their confines any stranger unable to produce ample proofs of his independent means of subsistence, so utter an abhorrence have they on their own part of the intrusion of indigent aliens. It is, therefore, practicable for the English government to advise its southern allies to issue orders to the effect that this traffic in white slaves may cease—it is even right, as it is easy, for England in the name of justice and humanity, if these little princes are not willing to accede to her just requests—to **MAKE** them!

[We sincerely hope that the recommendation of the warm-hearted author of the foregoing truthful narrative may be attended to in the right quarter.—Ed.]

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. LI.

FOR the two first days after Bertha's agitating encounter with Made-moiselle Labarr, she spent her time, excepting when meeting the Roberts' family at table, wholly in her own apartment, half occupied in thanking Heaven for the providential meeting which had relieved her mind from such a weight of suffering, and the other half in almost counting the minutes that must intervene ere she should be able to set off on the journey that would bring her to her suffering father, and enable her to atone for the dreadful suspicions with which she had loaded him, by her dutiful efforts to cheer his solitude, and soothe his remorse.

During the first vehemence of her strongly excited feelings these thoughts, together with a restless disarrangement and re-arrangement of all her effects, as a preparation for packing, sufficed to occupy her time. But at length she remembered that weeks had still to come and go before her eagerness to set out could be turned to any useful account, and schooling herself into a more reasonable state of mind, she determined, as her carriage was hired by the month, and must be paid for, to turn it to profit in the most rational way she could, by once more revisiting the objects that she most wished to impress accurately on her memory.

She accordingly set out one morning as soon as breakfast was over, to take a last walk over every accessible part of St. Peter's; and having spent above two hours in giving a last lingering glance to the various points that most deeply interested and delighted her, and then recollecting that though there were so many things to be looked at again for the last time, she might still be able, the very day before her departure, to return to this greatest of all Rome's wonders to look her last farewell, she squeezed herself under the unliftable leather curtain that hung over the door, and walking with lingering steps across the matchless portico, reached her carriage by the descent leading from the Vatican.

While she was thus leaving the most glorious of Christian temples at one point, two young men were, arm-in-arm, approaching it at another. One of them appeared to have no eyes for any thing but the solemn splendour of the fabric he was approaching, but the other, to whom it was more familiar, while he submitted to the creeping pace at which his friend mounted the flight of steps that lead to the gorgeous entrance, permitted his eyes to wander, and caught sight of the light figure of Bertha as she descended the graduated slope to her carriage.

"Let St. Peter alone for one moment, Vincent," said he, "while you give one look to the most delicate looking creature that ever condescended to bestow herself, *par amour*, upon mortal man."

"How can you suffer such a one, let her wear what guise she will, to draw your eyes one single moment from the awful splendour of this

portico, Lawry?" replied the person he addressed, "let us go on. And yet, I declare to you that I almost tremble at the thought of entering."

"Nonsense! you shall not enter till you have looked at that girl," replied Lawry, forcibly directing the steps of his vexed companion the way he wished. "I really want you to look at her, Vincent," he added, more seriously, "for, upon the word of an English gentleman I have had some pretty vehement struggles with myself, notwithstanding what I have said of her, to prevent my seeking an introduction in the hope of making her my wife."

This startling avowal produced the effect intended, and induced Mr. Vincent to bend his steps in the direction indicated. The first glance he caught was imperfect, for a column intervened, yet it was sufficient to convert the next step into a bound, and at the third he began fairly to run as fast as his legs could carry him towards the retreating Bertha.

But all the speed he could use only sufficed to make him perfectly sure that it was his young cousin that he saw before him, and then the active Luigi having closed the carriage-door and sprang to his seat behind it, drove off, leaving him gazing after it with a look so bewildered as to cause his friend a hearty laugh as he approached him.

A moment's reflection, however, restored Vincent to his usual composure. He resumed the arm of his friend, and turning back towards the portico said very quietly, "You have made a blunder, Lawry, that young lady is an acquaintance, nay more, a relation of mine, and as little likely I assure you as possible," he added, with a smile, "to deserve the mysterious imputation you have cast upon her."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Vincent," said Lawry, suddenly standing still. "But I need not do so," he added, shaking off the air of embarrassment with which he had begun his speech. "It is idle to pretend to apologise for an offence it is impossible I can have committed. Your cursory view of that fair creature deceived you, Vincent. She is no relation of yours, take my word for it."

"But I will not take your word for it, my dear Lawry," replied Vincent, laughing. "I assure you that I know my young cousin by sight, and the only reason that I am now with you instead of being with her is, that I know not her address, as I have always written to her *postea restanta*, which I have done again this morning, requesting to know where she is, and I have no doubts or fears but that I shall get an answer from her to-morrow morning. I am not much in the habit of betting, Lawry, but I will lay ten scudi to one that if you see that young lady to-morrow you will see me by her side."

"But, my dear friend," returned Lawry, looking a good deal embarrassed, "it is not only the lady, but her carriage and servants which I am certain I cannot mistake. I am half ashamed to confess it, but the fact is that I have followed that young creature about from church to church, from ruin to ruin, from gallery to gallery for weeks past. I know her bonnet, her mantle, and her gray and black parasol as well as she does herself; and, moreover, I confess that I have condescended to gossip with her *valet de place* till I know every circumstance concerning her."

"Do you know the name of the family with whom she is living?" demanded Vincent.

"I doubt if I do," replied his friend, "the Italian pronounced the

name in a manner which, though he repeated it a dozen times, was perfectly unintelligible to me. He says they are all English, but the name sounded Italian. Huberti, I think he said, or something like it."

"And her own name," said Vincent, colouring slightly.

"That he could not tell me, frankly confessing that it was too difficult for him to remember."

"Did you ever speak to the lady you mention?" demanded Vincent.

"Never!" was the almost eager reply.

"There was something in her appearance which impressed me with a feeling that would have rendered it impossible to address her as one might do any other woman in the same circumstances. I know I should make a fool of myself if I ventured to get acquainted with her, and therefore I have never obtruded myself sufficiently to attract her notice for a single moment."

"Now then, Lawry, I think the mystery becomes less difficult of solution. Had you conversed with her I might still have been puzzled. But I think you will allow that it is more likely you may have blundered about the identity of a lady to whom you have never spoken, than that the daughter of Sir Christopher Harrington, and my greatly esteemed young cousin, should be living in the manner you mentioned."

"Most assuredly I should so decide were that the only alternative before us, Vincent. But it is not. My theory is that you have mistaken my less fortunate lady for your fair cousin."

"Do not let us talk any more about it, Lawry. I do assure you it is quite too absurd to suppose there can be any possible mistake on my part. But let us go somewhere else. I will not enter St. Peter's to-day. Indeed it was a treason against my cousin Bertha to think of seeing it without her."

"Bertha!" repeated Lawry, suddenly standing still, and when Vincent turned to look at him his whole face was scarlet.

"For Heaven's sake, Lawry, what have you got in your head now? you look as if you were going to fall into a fit of apoplexy. What is it has made you change colour so vehemently?"

For a moment the young man stood irresolute, and then replied, "I was startled by the name you mentioned."

"What name, sir?" said Vincent, abruptly.

"The name of Bertha," replied Lawry, quietly.

"Be very careful, Mr. Lawry, neither in jest or earnest, to mention that name lightly! I certainly do not mean to threaten you. You know me too well to suppose it. I would only warn you against doing what your own excellent nature would lead you to repent of bitterly," said Vincent, solemnly.

"For mercy's sake, Vincent, let us both be reasonable, if we can," returned the other. "There is probably some blunder in this business that, if we are wise enough not to quarrel first, may make us both laugh when it is understood. The name of the young person I have been speaking of is Bertha, a coincidence too remarkable to be easily dismissed as accidental. Her servant in speaking of her constantly called her '*La Signorina Bertha*.' Instead, therefore, of tormenting ourselves and each other by disputing about what is possible or impossible, let us go to this

man Luigi Mandorlo, and learn from him what right he has to make such assertions respecting this lady as he has made to me."

"Do you know where to find him?" inquired Mr. Vincent.

"Yes," replied Lawry, "I commenced my acquaintance with him by inquiring where he might be found in case I or my friends should have need of a *valet de place*."

"Come along then in the name of common sense," said Vincent, and the two young men, once more arm-in-arm, set off at a rapid pace for the Piazza di Spagna.

There they readily obtained the address of Luigi Mandorlo, and immediately repaired to his lodgings; but the man was not yet returned from his morning's attendance on the signorina, and a good deal of impatience had to be endured while the almost equally anxious friends promenaded the remarkably dirty street before his door. Sooner, however, than he could have been reasonably expected, the man appeared, and civilly saluted Lawry.

"I want to speak with you for five minutes, Luigi," said that gentleman, assuming the tone of an old acquaintance. "Have you any room you can take us into for a few minutes? I want to have a little conversation with you."

"You shall be welcome, sir, to the best I have," replied the man courteously, "and the other signore too if he likes to enter. Perhaps you have found a job for me, signor?"

They entered the humble apartment of the *valet de place* accordingly, and Lawry immediately addressed their host as follows:

"We have just been at St. Peter's, Luigi, and there we saw you and your carriage, and the lady upon whom you are attending. This gentleman thinks that he has known her formerly, and wishes to learn from you all you know respecting her present situation."

"Formerly, sir?" said the man; "the poor lady is too young, I should think, for any one to have known much of her long."

"Young people may be known as well as old ones, my friend," said Vincent. "But I wish you would tell me how much you know about her, for I am acquainted with her family, and all you can tell will be interesting to them. Do you know her name, my good fellow?"

"I am afraid I don't know how to pronounce it properly," he replied, "but I certainly ought to know it."

"Is she called Bertha Harrington?" said Vincent.

"Yes, sir, that is her name," answered the man, without the least hesitation.

"And what do you know about her?" continued Vincent, looking more puzzled than alarmed.

"No harm whatever, sir," replied the man; "at least, nothing that any reasonable gentleman ought to call harm. Because such things are all their own doing. All I know is that she has hired me, as many other pretty ladies living in the same manner have done before, and that I wait upon her and she pays me. I may perhaps have said to this gentleman that she goes about in a way that don't look as if she was over and above devoted to the gentleman, whoever he is, that she lives with. But that was only guess work on my part. What I did not tell him though, because I have only just found it out, is, that I suspect, poor young lady, that

she is not contented with her condition, and that she is going to make a nun of herself in the same convent where my sister is. My sister says she is pretty well sure of it, because the poor young lady was shut up with Father Maurizio for above two hours on Wednesday; and to the truth of that I can testify, seeing that I waited for her at the door of the Santa Consolazioni on that day for a great deal longer than that."

"And all that you know about this young lady then is, that she pays for her own carriage, goes about seeing all the curious things in Rome without any companion, and that she had a long conversation with a Roman Catholic priest last Wednesday," said Vincent, with the air of a man completely relieved from all his doubts and fears.

"Yes, signor," replied Luigi, "that is all I know, excepting that the Italians generally see through these kind of things pretty quickly, and that we may often be said to know a good deal more than we see."

"And this is the case, I presume, in love and religion, equally," said Vincent, "otherwise you could scarcely be so sure of her intending to become a nun, as you appear to be."

"Why, as to that, sir, I have not only the opinion of my holy sister to enlighten me, but also the fact that she has told me this very day that she shall have no occasion for my services, nor for the carriage either, beyond the current month for which we were last hired."

"Well, then, Mr. Luigi Mandorlo, I will not trouble you with any more inquiries, except as to the present address of the young lady in question. She is my near relation, and I wish to see her immediately."

"I hope, signor, I have not brought the young lady into trouble by any thing I have said?" replied the man, looking greatly disconcerted. When young gentlemen make inquiries about young ladies, like this gentleman did, we never make any objection to answering them, because it is most likely that it may be advantageous to both parties. But relations you see, signor, are quite different; and I don't feel as if it were quite honourable to tell you where she lives."

Vincent smiled, and, drawing out his purse, drew from it a piece of gold, which he presented to the conscientious valet, saying,

"In this case, my good friend, I do assure you that you have nothing to fear. You will do no harm, believe me, in giving me the lady's address, for I am quite sure of getting it from another quarter to-morrow. But as I am impatient to see her, I would prefer taking it now. This Napoleon will pay you for the trouble of writing it."

"It is impossible to doubt the word of so perfect a gentleman," replied Luigi, with a profound bow, and dipping the stump of an antiquated pen into a bottle of ink, he scrawled in tolerably legible characters the address of the Robertses' abode.

The two gentlemen then took their leave, but Vincent did not now pass his arm under that of Lawry. But perhaps this was only because he now meant to pursue his way alone.

After walking in silence the few steps which brought them to the corner of the street, Vincent stood still, and turning to his companion with a smile, rather more quizzing than cordial, he said, "And now, Mr. Lawry, I must wish you good morning, as I certainly do not mean to lose a moment in waiting on Miss Harrington, in order to inform her of the result of her antiquarian researches. But before we part, do me the

favour to tell me if you think the testimony of the Signor Luigi Mandorlo of better authority than mine, respecting the real position of the lady who has been the principal theme of our conversation?"

"Be generous, Vincent!" cried Lawry, with considerable emotion. "You must know well enough, without my telling you, the contempt and indignation in which I hold myself for having listened to the gabble of such a fellow! But it is not him whom I should despise, it is myself. An Italian lackey may be well excused for judging after his kind, but that an Englishman should look at such an Englishwoman, and be so beguiled, is monstrous—I have no one to blame but myself."

"I think so too," said Vincent, quietly.

"Then I suppose you mean to cut me as a punishment for my folly?" said Lawry, colouring to the ears.

"By no means," replied Vincent, his good-humour quite restored by the genuine suffering which he read in the countenance of his unlucky friend.

"On the contrary I shall have much pleasure in presenting you to my young relation, and will promise not to say a word about the flattering sort of attention you have been paying her—only asking you in return to be more cautious in your judgments for the future. I suspect that both Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, are likely enough to blunder in their estimates of each other when meeting in a foreign land. They are seen in a new, and, what is to them, a false light, and I conceive that the outline is often a good deal distorted by it. Good by!" and Vincent held out his hand with a smile.

Lawry took it, and pressed it gratefully, but looked very much as if he knew not whether to be most gratified or most frightened at the thoughts of the promised introduction.

CHAP. LII.

WHILE the name and fame of poor Bertha were undergoing this, to her, most unsuspected discussion, she was herself exposed to an adventure equally unexpected.

Mrs. Roberts was perfectly well aware that Miss Harrington's usual manner of spending her mornings brought her home about an hour before their usual time for dining; and, therefore, although a short interview with her son, subsequent to that which has been recently described, left her very desirous of seeing her, she sat down very patiently to wait for her return at the expected time. It was therefore with great satisfaction that she saw her drive up to the door a full hour earlier than usual, upon her return from her farewell visit to St. Peter's.

Mrs. Roberts's carriage, with her two daughters, and the man servant in attendance on them, was not expected to return till rather later than usual, so that the interview with Miss Harrington projected by her hostess, was not likely to be interrupted.

As Bertha mounted the stairs, she perceived Mrs. Roberts on the landing-place, waiting to receive her.

"My dear Miss Harrington!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you are come back! Step into the drawing-room for one moment, for I want to speak to you."

Had Bertha wished to refuse, she would have found it very difficult to do so; but she really did not. The certainty of her approaching departure had softened her heart so greatly towards Mrs. Roberts and her whole family, that she would not have been guilty of the least rudeness, to avoid speaking to either of them; she therefore entered the drawing-room with rather a smiling bow of acquiescence, though she held in her hand an unopened letter, which the maid servant had given her before she came upstairs. Nevertheless, she knew at the very first glance that it was from Vincent, and the facility with which she thus submitted to delay the reading it, was a strong proof that the heavy load which had been taken from her heart by the communication of Father Maurice, had produced an excellent effect.

"Now then, my dear," said Mrs. Roberts, shutting the door, "I have a very great favour to beg of you, and I feel almost sure you will grant it, because I have never troubled you with asking any such favour before. I have just got a ticket sent me to admit us to see that greatest of all curiosities that has been dug up where they are building that grand new church to St. Paul, outside the town, you know, my dear. This is the last day it is to be exhibited, and the girls won't come home with the carriage till it is too late. Will you have the great, *great* kindness to take me in your carriage. There is plenty of time before dinner."

"You are perfectly welcome to the carriage, Mrs. Roberts," replied Bertha. "I am only afraid that it is driven away."

"No, it isn't, my dear, for I told the maid to stop it," replied Mrs. Roberts, exultingly.

"But at any rate, ma'am," returned Bertha, with a good-humoured smile, "you must condescend to go without a footman, for I sent off Luigi with a message to a shop, where they have something to do for me that I want to have finished directly."

"Oh! my dear! that won't make the least bit of difference in the world," replied Mrs. Roberts. "It is not as if we were sitting off to pay visits, you know—that would be quite a different thing. But I don't know yet, my dear Miss Harrington, if you are quite aware of all the favour I meant to ask of you. The ticket is for the whole family, and it will be too dismal for me to go alone. I should take it as so very particularly kind if you would go with me!"

This was a sort of request which Bertha would most probably have refused point blank, or at any rate granted very ungraciously had it been made to her a week before, but the certainty that she was soon going to leave for ever the home which, though distasteful, had afforded her at least a tolerably peaceful shelter, softened her heart, and she replied without manifesting any symptoms of repugnance, that she would certainly accompany her, if she would have the kindness to excuse her reading the letter she had just received, as she went along.

Mrs. Roberts of course told her that she should not mind it all, and they set off together.

The letter was from Mr. Vincent; and deeply, oh! very deeply did Bertha rejoice as she discovered that it was dated from an hotel in Rome. The only circumstance which she thought could at that moment have increased her satisfaction at the healing news she had heard, had now occurred. She should see her cousin William before she left Rome, and

she should be able to implore him before they parted, to promise her that he would submit to be reconciled to her father, and to pay them a speedy visit at Castle Harrington.

She scarcely remembered at that happy moment that she would have some difficulty in explaining to her cousin the reasons which had led her to take so sudden and so important a resolution; but she remembered that she had never fully explained to him her own ideas as to the reasons which she had supposed her father to have had for sending her from him, and with equal caution had she avoided expressing to him the terrible feelings which, when they were last together, had made her return impossible.

She flattered herself, therefore, that her promise to Father Maurice would in no way embarrass her, but that she should be able to explain her departure by simply stating the fact that she was tired of staying with the Robertses, and preferred taking the chance of finding a more comfortable home with her father.

In such like meditations, and in again and again reading her precious letter, the time passed quickly enough, without her having recourse to the conversation of Mrs. Roberts. That lady, indeed, seemed much less disposed to converse than usual, sitting very profoundly still, neither drawing up the windows, nor letting them down, as was usual with her, and looking altogether so demure and sedate, that she might have been taken for a well-drilled figure, performing a part in a state pageant.

At length, however, Bertha, who had more than once before visited the growing splendours of St. Paul, at Rome, began to think that they were a great while getting there.

"What direction did you give to the coachman, Mrs. Roberts?" said she. "I don't think the man is coming the right way, and he ought to know the road, too, for he has been here with me two or three times."

"I gave him the proper orders, my dear, I assure you," replied Mrs. Roberts, composedly.

Bertha once more opened her letter, and read it through, and having closed and deposited it in her pocket, she again looked out of the window, and apparently saw some object that startled her, for she suddenly exclaimed, "Now, then, I am very sure that we are going wrong, for I see the trees in the burying-ground near which we ought to have passed, precisely at right angles, or indeed rather behind us. What does all this mean, Mrs. Roberts? I really cannot spend all the afternoon driving about in this way—I want to get home, ma'am—I have a letter to write."

And Bertha, as she spoke, got up, and put her head out of the window, evidently with an intention of stopping the coachman.

"My dear Miss Harrington! what are you afraid of?" inquired Mrs. Roberts, playfully throwing an arm round her. "Do you think the horses are running away?"

But playfully as this was done and said, the caressing action of Mrs. Roberts was sufficiently vigorous to retain the young lady in her seat as long as it lasted.

This period, however, did not exceed about three minutes, during which Bertha, more displeased by the freedom than alarmed by any suspicion as to its cause, sat with immovable stateliness, only repeating

at intervals of about one minute each, "I am afraid of nothing, Mrs. Roberts."

But just as her indignant sort of submission to this strange embrace was about to give way before her irresistible desire to get rid of it, the carriage stopped, the arms of Mrs. Roberts were withdrawn, the carriage-door was thrown open, a large cloak (in the regular melo-dramatic style) was thrown over her, and before a single thought could arise, as to what it all meant, Bertha felt herself seized upon, and dragged out with a degree of violence that spared neither her limbs nor her nerves, and then deposited in another carriage, which darted off as rapidly as four Roman post-horses could make it.

Bertha's first efforts were directed to the doing battle with the folds of the cloak that had been wrapped round her, and she did it so effectually that she had no need to exhaust her faculties in wondering as to who could be the audacious perpetrator of the exploit, for there sat Mr. Edward Roberts beside her, his arms folded in an attitude of bold defiance across his breast, his legs thrust out to the furthest extent that the vehicle permitted, and such an awful and determined frown upon his brow, as might have daunted the heart of most young ladies, situated as Miss Harrington was at that moment.

But by some strange peculiarity in that young lady's character, she positively felt almost as much inclination to laugh as to scream; however, she did neither, but looking very deliberately at the young gentleman for a moment, she said, quite in her usual tone of voice, "Will you be so obliging as to inform me, Mr. Edward Roberts, what may be your purpose in arranging this unexpected interview?"

Perhaps it was the novelty of some of the circumstances attending the startling situation in which she found herself, which prevented the spirits of Bertha from sinking under such a paroxysm of terror as usually besets young ladies when they are run away with against their will.

But it must be confessed that there was something so out of the ordinary course of such affairs in the part which the young gentleman's mother had performed, and moreover an expression so perfectly unhackneyed and original in the countenance of the youth himself, that it is not much to be wondered at if the impression received by her nerves, was also out of the common way.

The letter which she had just received, too, announcing the proximity of a protector, whose mere name, she suspected, would be sufficient to paralyse the courage of her ravisher, perhaps aided her considerably in the task of sustaining her dignity and presence of mind. Whatever the cause, the fact certainly was that Bertha, though she felt exceedingly angry, was very little alarmed, and appeared to await a reply to the question she had asked with great composure.

The young man, meanwhile, who had been preparing himself for a scene of great violence, and who having no very particularly tender feelings towards his companion, was determined to carry his point by every sort of violence, short of actually stifling her in the huge cloak with which he had provided himself, was at first a good deal puzzled as to what tone he ought to take with so self-possessed a heroine. At one moment it struck him that the best way would be to begin making violent love to her, but a twofold feeling stopped him, namely the extreme

disinclination which he felt for the occupation himself, with Bertha for his partner, and a pretty strong conviction that she would not bear it for an instant, and therefore that it might make her troublesome. So he pretended not to perceive that she was looking at him, and only said in reply to her question, "The moment of explanation, Miss Harrington, is not yet come."

As if perfectly satisfied by this answer, Bertha settled herself very quietly in the corner of the carriage, and in order to lessen the awkwardness of the silent *tête-à-tête*, she again drew the precious letter from her pocket.

But, precious as it was, it certainly did not at that moment occupy her wholly, for notwithstanding her comfortable contempt for Mr. Edward Roberts and his ridiculous attempt, she did nevertheless condescend to bestow a little of the leisure she seemed likely to enjoy in meditating on the probable motives of the young gentleman, and the easiest and readiest means of getting rid of him.

As to his motives, a much duller girl than Bertha might easily have guessed them. Little as she had been accustomed to mix herself with the family, she had seen enough of their proceedings to convince her that they were often distressed for money, and strange as her position in their family had been, and totally inconsistent with her station as was her being with them at all, she was by no means ignorant of the high consideration in which they held that station, or of the exaggerated estimate which they had formed of her probable wealth, from the expenditure which her father's liberal allowance permitted. These two facts placed side by side, naturally enough led to the obvious conclusion that Mrs. Roberts and her son, to say nothing of the rest of the family, thought that the best thing they could do would be to get possession of her fortune, by getting legal possession of herself. As she came to this conclusion, which she arrived at pretty rapidly, she felt disposed to give Edward some credit for the discernment which had prevented his ever attempting to make love to her.

"He has taken by far the better way," thought she; "but it will not do for all that."

Edward, meanwhile, was a good deal more puzzled by the young lady's demeanour, than she was by his.

"Is she too much struck by the firmness of my manner to utter another word?" he asked himself, without, however, being at all able to return himself an answer; and then the new idea suggested itself, that after all, perhaps, her pride and reserve had only been assumed, to prevent his seeing what she really thought of him. "If so, the business would be more easy than he had expected to find it. But for that," thought he, "I care not a single rush."

And thus, in tacit mutual defiance, they rolled along, without exchanging another word.

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

How bless'd are we that are not simple men.

WINTER'S TALE.

CHAP. II.

I resolve to penetrate into France—Warlike Propensities of the French—Regrets of Hypolite—Tribute to the French Character—The Passport—Reflections on Government Employés—The Bastille—The Détenus—The box of Bon-bons—The General Officer—Departure from Calais—My Fellow Travellers—The Jesuit—The Widow—Custom of burning the Dead—The Man with the Beard—The French Language—Different from what is learnt in England—The great Men of France—The Bill at M. Dessin's—The Explanation—Appearance of the Country—Its Geological Features—Insecurity of Life and Property—Grisettes—Absence of Beauty—A hardy Race of Peasants—The *pauvres Honteux*—The Blind—The Bossus—Temple of Jupiter Ammon—An old Campaigner—Mode of horsing a French Diligence—The Frescoes at Florence—Singular Custom—Remarkable Inscription—Napoleon's Column—Napoleon a Humbug—A Quarrel—My English Friend—Frequency of Duels at Boulogne—I make up my Mind to sustain the Character of the British Lion—Advice on the Subject—Reflections on Duelling—Examples—Arrival at Boulogne—The Challenge.

Hôtel du Nord, Boulogne, July 6th.—THE mind that has once received the impulse which is imparted by the vicissitudes of foreign travel, can never rest content so long as there remains any thing new to explore, whether it be in the delineation of men and manners, or in the description of the local peculiarities of a distant land. This truth struck me forcibly on the third morning after my arrival in France, and I determined, *at whatever risk*, not to withdraw from the adventurous task which I had set myself, until I had added another stone to the lofty pile which forms the proud monument of British enterprise—a monument which, as Horace says in that beautiful eclogue, beginning, “*Exegi monumentum,*” &c., shall outlive the brazen trumpet of France!

I accordingly resolved at once to leave Calais, and, without a moment's hesitation, gave immediate instructions to one of M. Dessin's *garçons* (the generic term for “waiter,” as *fille de joie* means “chambermaid,”) to secure me a place in the diligence for Boulogne, that being the direction in which I determined to pursue my journey. About half an hour after giving this order, as I was finishing my last *pistolet*—as bread is called in this country—and pondering upon the tendency of the French nation to give a warlike appellation to the most familiar things, illustrating their most glorious battles, for instance, in their made dishes—the door opened, and my friend Hypolite entered the room. It struck me there was a shade of melancholy on his fine features as he traversed the apartment, and the reason soon became apparent; he had, in some way or other, heard of my intended departure, for his first observation as he blew his nose—no doubt to hide his emotion—was, “*Eh bien, monsieur, vous allez partir—you go away to-day; you won't stay here no longer.*”

These words were simple enough in themselves; but the tone and manner in which they were uttered, were such as the pen is inadequate to do justice to; they should have been heard to be rightly appreciated. I

must say that this was an occurrence highly gratifying to my feelings, and said much for the French character. To have so speedily rooted myself in the heart of an individual, was more than I had any right to expect; for I question if the same warm interest for a native of France would have been displayed, within the same brief space, in England. But the lily of Gaul is of quicker growth than the acorn of Britain!

I did not dissimulate with Hypolite. Extending towards him the open palm of friendship, I replied,

"Yes, my friend, it is decreed that we must part. In this transitory vale of tears, the broken heart-strings too often vibrate to the grasp of good-fellowship."

Hypolite looked at me somewhat inquiringly as, expressing himself in his native tongue, he exclaimed, "*Plait-il ?*" I saw through my poor friend's generous artifice, and mastering my emotion, I calmly adverted to my passport. I have seldom met with so much kind forethought in man as Hypolite exemplified on this occasion. I had hardly uttered the word before he took off his casquette and produced it, moulded, as it were, to the form of his head.

"I have pay two franc for him," he mildly suggested.

"A sum which I will thankfully return," I replied, "as soon as I get change. Can you tell me how to do so?"

In this, as in every other instance, Hypolite was my prompt ally. He at once took charge of a five-pound note, and promised to get me a high rate of exchange. I left him for a few minutes to pack up my port-manteau, meditating in the meantime how I could best acknowledge his repeated civilities. I knew that the *employés* of the French government were poorly paid—but then I was aware of the honourable flame that burns in every Frenchman's bosom; I saw that my friend's *paletot* was—to use an expressive though homely phrase—seedy, but my mental vision could as distinctly perceive that the offer of the means of purchasing a new garment would be indignantly rejected, and entail serious consequences, not only on myself, but perhaps on many of my innocent countrymen; for in the present state of political feeling in France, with the memory of Waterloo still rankling in the public mind, such an offer might be construed into a premeditated insult to the government itself, which, if it did not lead to a war between the two countries, might consign me to the dungeons of the Bastille, or the gloomy prisons of Verdun, where thousands of wretched *détenus*, I was told, still drag on a miserable existence. On the other hand, I was of opinion, from the mildness of Hypolite's character and the politeness of his manner, that if the thing were elegantly attempted, it might be accomplished, for, as Mr. Pitt used to observe to his son, "Every man has his price, if you only time the offer." I therefore arranged in my own mind what I would do, and met my friend with a smiling countenance.

My bill was brought, but with the exception of the words "*pour acquit*" in very legible characters at the bottom, I could make nothing of it; it consisted, for the most part, of a running fire of n's and m's, with a long flourish at the end of each line; but as I did not care to show my want of familiarity with French phrases, nor suffer British liberality to be impeached, I merely cast my eye upon the sum total, and, by Hypolite's direction, laid down the number of five-franc pieces required. We then then set out for the diligence, Hypolite insisting, *with true French*

politeness, on carrying my cloak. As we crossed the great square, I made him a sign to go on with the porter who was wheeling my baggage to the office, and entering the shop of the confectioner at the corner, I purchased a box of sugar-plums, called by the French *bon-bons*, I suppose, if I may be allowed the pun, because they are *too-good* for an Englishman's digestion. It is wonderful how much may be done with *bon-bons* and Cashmire shawls in France; every body is ready to accept them, and I understand that the reason why the English are so popular in Paris, is on account of the numbers they give away to the natives on New Year's Day. I was aware of this predilection, but thinking that *bon-bons* were, after all, but a poor substitute for a pair of breeches, I quietly deposited four five-franc pieces in the box, and screwing down the top, followed my party.

I found the diligence nearly ready, and had again to commend that spirit of care and watchfulness which marks all the actions of the government in this country. On the very top of the carriage, and actually superintending the loading of the vehicle, stood a functionary of high rank—a general officer I have no doubt, for he wore gold embroidery, and fur and black lace on his jacket, and with the exception of sword and cocked hat, was indeed fully accoutred. In a short time he descended from his station, and producing from a side pocket a species of muster-roll, he read from it the names of the travellers assembled in the courtyard, inviting each person to enter the diligence as his name was called.

I here took leave of Hypolite, carefully repaying him the sum he had advanced for my passport, and pressing upon his acceptance the box of *bon-bons*, which he received with profuse acknowledgments of my regard. I could not but laugh in my sleeve as I thought of his surprise when he should discover the contents, but saying merely the word "Remember," as Charles II. did to his son on the morning of his execution at Hampton Court, I took my seat, and in a few minutes found myself rattling through the streets of Calais, and actually travelling in France.

For the first half hour I was too much absorbed in the sensations arising out of the novelty of my position, to bestow more than a cursory glance upon those who were the companions of my journey. But recalling the maxim of the stoic philosopher, Aristophanes, never to allow oneself to appear surprised, I began to take some notice of my fellow-travellers. They were five in number. I occupied, myself, one of the corners of the interior of the diligence: directly opposite to me was a priest,—a Jesuit, I have no doubt, for I observed him look at me several times in a very furtive manner, while apparently engaged in counting his beads, and reading an "Oremus" from a paternoster which he held in one hand. Next to him was a middle-aged female in a *sad-coloured* cloak and cap with deep lappets of the finest Brussels lace, but *wearing no bonnet*, a peculiarity which characterises all the women of France, *without any exception*, as much as the absence of hats amongst the men.

To this circumstance must be ascribed the fact that the word "*bonnet*," in the French language, does not mean a *bonnet*, but a *cap*, and it is clear that as they have not got the word, they cannot have the thing. She wore also large gold ear-rings, and between the folds of a bright red

mouchoir-de-poche, as the women's neckerchiefs are termed here, I could descry a large golden heart, which might possibly contain the ashes of her departed husband, for it is the custom in many parts of France, I apprehend, to burn the dead,—a system strikingly in accordance with the old Roman usage, accounts of which have been handed down to us by Cato the younger, Tiberius Cæsar, and the poet Herodotus. In the furthest corner of the diligence was a stout personage in a fur cap and rough pea-coat, whom I took at first for a native pilot; but he turned out to be a countryman of my own,—formerly an inhabitant of London! Opposite to him was seated a pale young man in a loose green paletot, very much embroidered with lace, who amused himself by looking out of the window and whistling snatches of fashionable oratorios, and who every now and then threw himself back in his corner and yawned very loudly. The last person whom I have to describe sat next to myself; he was about eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age, and was enveloped in a large cloak, which after crossing his figure was swung over one shoulder; he had on a blue casquette with a gold border, and wore a very large beard and long black moustaches—the very image of one of those lawless bandits whom Carlo Dolce delighted to transfer to his canvass. Such was the party who were thus thrown together in a distant land!

As I make it a rule in travelling to note down my impressions while they are fresh, I at once entered the particulars I have described in my memorandum book, and while I was engaged in doing so a conversation arose between the female opposite to me and the *messieurs* on my side. What that conversation was I never could discover, partly perhaps in consequence of the noise which the diligence made on the paved road, and partly owing to my imperfect knowledge of the language, *as spoken in France*,—for I must here observe that when at school, my first page of “*Telemaque*” was always pronounced to be a very gratifying piece of elocution, and the French letters which I addressed to my parents at the close of every half-year, were invariably framed and glazed. This aptitude for acquiring foreign languages which distinguishes the English, and which combined with the purity of their accent, causes them to be so eagerly welcomed on the continent, is, I am sorry to say, not common in France, and in commenting on the fact, I must be pardoned if I ascribe it to a deficiency of intellect. That an Englishman should be at a loss when he first goes to France I can easily understand, for it must at once be admitted that *the French is a foreign language*; but why a Frenchman should feel any difficulty in speaking English *when we are able to do it almost from our very cradles*, is certainly a philological phenomenon only to be explained on the principle of their being less highly endowed by nature than ourselves. Still it is far from my desire to underrate a people who have produced such eminent men as Erasmus, Guillaume Tell, Galileo, Robespierre, and Paul de Kock, besides many more whom I could mention; these are names which will be imperishably written in their country's annals.

After recording these thoughts, it struck me, as I have some little idea of matters of business, that I would endeavour, now that I had a little more leisure, to decipher the bill at Monsieur Dessin's. I therefore took it out of my pocket-book, and set to work diligently upon it, and, by the aid of my “*Tibbins*,” I certainly made some progress. There was the supper the first night, and the bottle of Champagne, *charged at eight*

francs, which, considering that Champagne is *what every body drinks in France*, I look upon as any thing but cheap; then there was “*déjeuner*” and “*œufs*,” and “*cotelettes*,”—all right,—“*dîner*,” and what they call “*complete tea*,” though for what reason, unless it was the absence of the tea-kettle, and the substitution of a jug containing the hot water, I cannot tell. I observed the words “*pour deux*” frequently inserted, especially opposite the “*eau-de-vie de Cognac*,” and the “*sucre*,” which I suppose has reference to the occasional glass of brandy-and-water which Hypolite used to partake with me. But there was something at the bottom of the bill which I could not understand. It was written thus “*Com^{re}*,” and charged eighteen francs seventy-five centimes. It was not wine, for that was all entered, Champagne regularly every meal; it was neither bed nor breakfast, and I felt completely puzzled. I suppose I must have expressed myself audibly, for I was suddenly startled by hearing these words uttered by a gruff voice in English,

“You seem bothered with that bit of paper; give it me, let’s see if I can help you.”

I looked up, and perceived it was the stout person who had spoken; *he, then, was an Englishman!*

I answered politely:

“I understand the language pretty well, but I am not accustomed to their abbreviations. You may, perhaps, have more experience than myself,” and, so saying, I handed him the paper.

“Ay,” he returned, “I ought to know something about ’em by this time; I’ve been here long enough. Oh, this is your bill at Mounseer Dessin’s (he spoke with a very bad accent), they’ve come it pretty strong, I see; don’t get such customers as you every day, I take it. ‘*Champagne*,’ hm—‘*Eau-de-vie*, *pour deux*,’ hm—‘*Bagages*,’ ah—‘*Déjeuner*, *dîner*,’—well, I suppose you had it all?”

“Oh yes, there’s nothing to object to, but I can’t make out the last item.”

“The last item! Why, ‘*C-o-m-r-e*,’—oh, that’s the commissioner.”

“The commissioner! What do you mean?”

“Why the commissioner of the hotel—the man that goes on all your errands—passes your baggage through the Custom-house—gets your passport *visé*, and shows you over the town.”

I was thunderstruck! The person whom I had taken for an *employé* of government—the stranger whose benevolent attention I had so much admired—the man to whom I had given my friendship, and whose necessity I had commiserated by covertly presenting him with twenty francs in a box of bon-bons—Hypolite, in short, the type of disinterested urbanity—to turn out a mere hireling, at the beck and call of every idiot traveller’s purse! It was too mortifying, and in the excitement of the moment I am afraid I uttered an oath.

The stout man laughed.

“What,” said he, “you thought that the dancing dog that followed you about wherever you went was taken with your good looks. Ha! ha! ha! It’s a sign you don’t know this country. A little green, as I may say.”

“Sir,” I answered, drawing myself to my full height—as well as I

could do so in a sitting posture, "I expected sympathy from a countryman and not insult. If I am 'Green,' sir, that is no reason why I should be called 'little.'"

"Oh, as *much* of it then as you please; but don't be offended at what I say. If you are so touchy as that, you'll make but a bad traveller. Come, excuse me, but what I tell you is for your good. I mean no offence by it."

"Sir," I replied, relaxing, "I am sufficiently placable—I bear no malice—accept my hand."

The stout man thrust out his—our grasps met—and as I glared wildly on the Frenchmen around me, I felt as if I could have defied a world in arms!

There is something so truly intuitive in British valour!

I now directed my attention to the aspect of the country. Were I to confine myself to technicalities, I should say that the soil from its general appearance was a kind of trap formation, loose, and spongy, with here and there outcroppings of graywacke, primitive gypsum, and sandy scoriae. The trees were of somewhat stunted growth, and the want of hedges—those admirable boundaries, devised by nature for the protection of property—together with large tracts of a species of beet-root, made it manifest to me, that I was traversing a

Purple land where law secures not life,

and filled my mind with food for meditation. From the consideration of nature in her rudest form, I turned to the denizens of the soil—for as the poet has truly observed,

As the clime is, so the heart of man,

and human nature in the Pas de Calais is no exception to the truth of the remark.

The women in this part of France are certainly not handsome. Here and there a *grisette*, may be seen, whose coal-black hair and bronzed complexion, set off by the scarlet *jupon* which adorns her head, attract the eye and rivet the attention, but the majority are deficient in that winning grace of form and expression which constitute the great charm of the Venus de Medicis. I did not observe any floral games or summer pastimes amongst the maidens in the different villages through which we passed, but this may perhaps have arisen from the earliness of the hour, for in an agricultural country, it is only when the shades of evening are stealing over the landscape, that the mellow notes of the pipe, and the soft *battemens* of the *tambour*, summon the rustic swain to the exciting mazes of the mazourka. The men are a hardy race, who alike defy the inclemency of the wintry wind, and the burning heat of the summer solstice, as they chase the wolf or gather in the harvest, but I regret to say that very few of this bold peasantry were visible.

At certain places where we stopped for relays of horses, numbers of old people of both sexes, assembled round the diligence to solicit charity. To several of these *pauvres honteux*, as they are called, I distributed what sours I possessed, and felt amply rewarded in the grateful benedictions of these desolate beings, for in France there are no workhouses wherein the aged may repose when time has shorn their strength, or misfortune crushed their endeavours. It was singular to observe the

number who were blind—a calamity which is said to be the result of having been employed in their youth in looking out for British vessels from the coast, that the flat-bottomed boats might sally forth, and capture as many as came within range of their swivels. I was not withheld by this consideration from bestowing my alms on an enemy in distress—a sentiment which the gallant Dibdin has enshrined in glowing verse. The quantity of *bossus*, or “hump-backed ones,” was no less remarkable; but this is a national characteristic, few persons in France attaining any thing like an advanced age without the camel’s mark; the cause does them honour—it arises from their politeness—their frequent habit of bowing. It was a happy thought of the celebrated Abbé de l’Epee, when he founded the large asylum in Paris for the poorer classes of *bossus*; it is known by the name of the “Hôpital des Quinze Vingt,” or *Hospital for the Three Hundred*—an imitation which, however, I suspect he borrowed from antiquity, the original being, doubtless, the temple of Jupiter Ammon on the plains of Thermopylæ, which I am very much disposed to think was erected for a similar purpose.

At the first relay which I have adverted to, I again saw the general officer who was in the court-yard of the diligence at Calais; he was still occupying himself actively with the details of the journey, and in order to preserve his uniform, had put over it a large blue frock, of the kind which, from their colour, are called in French “blouses.” This was a fine trait of the old campaigner, and showed the man who had fought on the Pyramids of Egypt, and amid the flames of Moscow.

I was amused at the manner in which the horses are attached to the vehicles in France. As the country does not produce leather they are obliged to use ropes for harness, with the occasional addition of chains; it is a practice derived from the ancient Scythians, who adopted it in battle for the greater convenience of binding their prisoners to their chariot-wheels. The horses were five in number, in this respect resembling the stud of Apollo, as we see it represented in the famous fresco on the walls of the Baptistery at Florence by Domenichino, the finest animal painter that Italy has yet produced.

At Marquise, a small fishing-town on the high road to Paris, rather more than half way between Calais and Boulogne, I first observed the curious custom, which I believe is exclusively French, of fixing a withered branch above the sign of the houses of entertainment on the road. I learnt from the stout Englishman that it is considered a mark of great disrespect not to salute these emblems of hospitality in passing. This is done by slightly raising the hat or cap, much in the same manner, my informant added, that homage is paid to the tutelar genius of Britain on treading the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. Some of the inscriptions over the doors of the auberges are remarkable. I copied the following as a curiosity: “Ici on donne à boire et à manger, loge à pied et à cheval;” which may be thus translated: “Here people *give* to drink and to eat, lodge on foot and on horseback.” A clear proof that the French are a hospitable, generous nation, or they could not so freely *give away* the good things of this life. In England, a commercial country, nothing is *given*, every thing is *sold*!

The hills on this road being frequent and steep, the passengers got out several times to walk, all except the stout gentleman and the Jesuit; the latter, with the artifice which distinguishes that brotherhood, I have

no doubt feigned lameness as an excuse to remain in the diligence, and at his leisure weave plots for the dethronement of kings, and the subversion of empires. I gave him one or two glances as I toiled up hill, which, if his conscience were not utterly seared, must have awakened the pangs of remorse in his relentless bosom.

Just as we had crowned the last height, and were pausing in a group for the labouring vehicle which slowly followed, the monsieur in the cloak, who had once or twice ineffectually addressed me in French, now saluted me in broken English.

"Vot you tink of dat, sare?" he exclaimed, pointing to a lofty column, which rose in the direction of Boulogne.

Although I with some difficulty repressed my inclination to laugh at the ridiculous manner in which he spoke our language, I answered him with becoming politeness.

"At this distance, sir, it seems a fine edifice, quite worthy to be the abode of a Trajan or a Simon Peter."

"Bah!" replied the Frenchman, knitting his brows, "dat is de colonn of Nap-o-leon. It is from de top of dat he look down upon your island, vot he have not time den to make prisoner."

"Napoleon, sir," I retorted, with sudden energy. for, I know not how, I felt all the Briton within me at that moment, "Napoleon, sir, was a humbug! He never *was* on the top of that column. Had it been built at the time of his projected invasion of the sacred soil of Albion, no doubt he *would* have been there much oftener than anywhere else, but he hadn't the chance."

The reader will perhaps ask how I happened to be so conversant with the history of this column, but the fact is, I had read an account of it that very morning in the *Galignani* newspaper, in which mention was made of the progress now making towards its completion.

"Vot you say, sare?" cried the Frenchman, whirling his cloak round him like a simoom: "de em-pe-reurr a ombog! Vc 'ave some more ombogs like 'im. Vot you tink ven de Prince de Joinville go over in his steamer, and *écraser* your nation, tread you all onder 'is foots?"

My reply was a manly one.

"Prince Joinville be ——!"

"Ha, sare!" shouted the exasperated foreigner, "you abuse my prince! Vot your name, sare, and de otel vere you descend at Boulogne?"

"My name, sir," I replied, undauntedly, "is Jolly Green. I am going to the Hôtel du Nord."

And I thrust into his hand a card which had been given to me at the coach-office, just as I was leaving Calais.

At this moment the diligence reached the top of the hill, and although our altercation had excited the attention of those around, yet they were ignorant of the precise nature of it, in consequence of our having confined ourselves to the English language—if I can call that English which was spoken by the bearded foreigner. I would not, however, pursue the quarrel further, beyond a cool nod of the head as I walked towards the diligence, where in a few words I explained to my stout countryman that I had had a row with the Frenchman, and requested him to change places. This was readily agreed to, and by a tacit arrangement, when we drove on, "he of the beard" (as Milton says) sat

in the opposite corner. I could perceive that my antagonist was full of the subject by the manner in which he chattered to the young man in the green paletot, and more than once I caught the sound of my own name mixed up with the words, "ombog," and, I fancied, "dam Englishman." I took no notice, however, *as there was one of the other sex present*, but contented myself by asking my fellow-traveller what was to be done under the circumstances.

My new friend, whose name I found was Miller, and who actually resided at Boulogne, where he practised as a medical man among the resident English, gave me some very useful advice, accompanied by remarks upon the state of society in that hybrid town. He said that he feared matters had gone too far to be accommodated now, but that consideration must be left to the opinion of a friend, if I had any such in 'Boulogne. For his own part, he would gladly have rendered me that service, but his position as a medical man precluded him from offering me more than professional assistance. He added that duels being of constant occurrence at Boulogne, I should find no difficulty in procuring a second.

In reply, I told him that though it was very likely I might meet with personal friends, I was not quite certain whether a great intimate of mine whom I expected to see there had arrived or not. That friend was a man well-known in the polite circles of Chelsea and Brompton, where he led the fashion in all matters relative to "taste and *savoir vivre*," as he was in the habit of expressing it. In the meantime, as I had made up my mind to sustain the character of the British lion, I said I should not be sorry to have a few hints about the way in which *these* things are "ordered in France."

Mr. Miller was kindly communicative: he informed me that my proper plan, as soon as I had secured a second, would be to send a written challenge to the Frenchman;—presuming that I was not, as the French term it, "strong" in the management of the sword, he advised pistols; and, in the event of an unhappy issue to the rencontre, he suggested that I should make my will before I went out, and provide the means of escape in case of that emergency being necessary.

My thoughts now began to assume a somewhat serious complexion. It was the first time in my life that I had ever had "an affair" on hand, and a certain degree of nervousness was but natural. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection that I was *about to do battle in my country's cause*, and that there were few great men either of ancient or modern times who had not, as it were, smelt powder in private differences. I recalled the notable instances of Romulus and Remus, Octavius and Antony, Sir Robert Walpole and Canning, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Inglis, and I resolved to behave myself like the bravest amongst them.

Under these circumstances the occurrences of the road passed heedlessly before my eyes, and I only awoke to a consciousness of the actual state of things when, after thundering down the Grande Rue of Boulogne, the diligence drew up in the Rue de l'Ecu, nearly opposite the Hôtel du Nord. I shook hands with Mr. Miller, and promised him that he should hear from me soon; exchanged scowls with the parded Gaul, whose name and address I directed an English porter to discover for me, at the same time giving him orders to find out if Mr. Fitzwarenné Jawley were amongst the last arrivals from England, and then betook my-

self to my hotel in a frame of mind very different from the anticipations of the morning.

"But," as the late George Colman used to remark, "it is impossible to predict what is to happen."

One of my chief anxieties was to pen the French letter of defiance, and as I was unskilled in such compositions, declining to dine at the *table-d'hôte*, I ordered a *petit souper* in my own apartment, and with a bottle of Burgundy before me, and "Tibbins" by my side, I composed the following epistle :

"Hôtel du Nord, July 6th, 1845.

"Monsieur,

"Si vous êtes un Gentilhomme vous voulez se comporter comme tel. Je demande Satisfaction pour l'Insulte que vous offriez Moi. J'attendrai à rencontrer vous demain Matin à Six heures au fond de la Colonne sur les Combles, accompagné par votre Deuxieme. Mes armes sont Pistols. Je fournirai un Docteur.

"Votre obeissante domestique,

"JOLLY GREEN."

L I G H T S A N D S H A D E S

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XVII.

CAPTAIN CALLAGHAN'S CONFESSIONS.

Hostess. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fenton. Both, my good host, to go along with me—

* * * * *

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embraced.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"I NEVER met a nater hand at making love," said Peter, after he had cleared the cobwebs from his throat with a full bumper, "than Charley Ormsby—Lord rest his sowl! He would wile a bird off a bush, and put his *comether** on a woman if she was shy as an unbroken two-year-old. Well, down we sate to consult the best way to open the ball; and, to sharpen our wits, we had a couple of fresh *golliougues*.†

* *Comether*, being translated, means the soft and pleasing manner by which Irish gentlemen insinuate themselves into the good graces of the fair sex.

† *Golliougue* signifies an exhilarating draught. *Mem.* the less water in, it the better.

“ ‘Charley,’ says I, ‘you’ve been always better to me than a bad step-father; and I put my life and fortune in your hands.’ ”

“ ‘Peter,’ says he, ‘you’re as certain of the banker’s daughter as if the ring was on her fist; but, *mona-sin-diaoul*! a dog of any humanity would pity the sufferings I have to undergo!’ ”

“ ‘Arrah! what sufferings?’ says I.

“ ‘What sufferings?’ returned Charley. ‘Why, I’ll have to go through more to make your fortune than would kill a coal-heaver. If I don’t bother Penelope Winterton, you’re dished; and to make strong love to a moving mountain, which you find doubtful whether to call a dragon in petticoats or a salamander, is the devil.’ ”

“ ‘She’s rather stout,’ said I.

“ ‘Stout!’ roared Charley; ‘she’s eighteen stone, if she’s an ounce, with a beard like a Jew slop-seller.’ ”

“ ‘If they could,’ says I, ‘take a trifle of hair off her chin, I think it would be an improvement.’ ”

“ ‘Oh, murder!’ says Charley; ‘if the banker had left his wife, and carried this old rattletrap with him for company, couldn’t I, like a Christian man, and with a clear conscience, have assisted ye? I know that this job will disturb me when I am dying—I’ll have to perjure my poor soul, and swear enough to lift the roof off a dog-kennel. At fifteen, Peter, dear, you can dose a girl with plain *cappilair*; but, when a woman turns fifty, nothing but *brandy without* will go down with her. But the Lord’s will be done!’ and Charley finished his tumbler. ‘And now let me see—Julia’s our friend—and we’ll commence business with a letter.’ ”

“ I must tell you, that Charley Ormsby was an able hand at the pen. Poor fellow! he had got into a scrape in his youth, and had been caught one fine night in a Quaker’s garret. The creature innocently had only dropped through the skylight, to put a civil question to the maid; and the ould thief, her master, wanted to make out that he intended to commit a burglary. Sorra thing he had for it, but to cut his lucky and be off—and faith! to kill a little time, he joined a set of strolling actors, and there he completed his education. He had plays at his fingers’ end; and, if a woman had a heart made of paving-stones, one tender epistle from Charley Ormsby would make it as soft as a China orange. We called for paper, and in five minutes, Charley had finished his third tumbler, and written a letter that I’ll read to ye.”

While Peter was fumbling through his pocket-book for this epistolary treasure, I remarked how fortunate it was that he had preserved a copy of such an interesting document.

“ Arrah! is it me take the trouble—not I, faith! I’m like my poor uncle Martin. There was a scrimmage at Ballinasloe, and he knocked Dick d’Arcy through the clock-case. Of course, that evening he received a message, and the friends met to settle time and place. Well, Dick’s man was a pounceable devil, and offered to accept an apology. My uncle’s second could hardly believe it; for, whoever heard of any body whose skull was driven through a clock-case, like a racket-ball, who would listen to rason, good or bad, until he had had a slap or two at the offender? Well, back comes my uncle’s friend. ‘Martin,’ says he, ‘arn’t ye in luck?’—‘Am I?’ says my uncle.—‘Ye’ll say that when I tell you more.’ ”

After the provocation you gave d'Arcy, I expected that to-morrow morning one of ye would have been left quivering on a daisy. What do ye think? they have agreed to receive a written apology.'—'And who's to write it?' says Martin.—'You,' says the second.—'Ah! then ye may go back, if that's the case. By the Lord! I would rather take a pistol any day in my fist than a pen.' But I'll answer your question. The truth is, that when I was making a copy of Charley's letter, I spelt 'Venus' with an *a*, and was going to write it over again for my own use, only leaving out the description, when Charley said it wouldn't suit the young one, and composed another for me in a shake. Listen, and you'll say its beautiful:

"'Masterpiece of Nature,

"'Ask me not whence I came, or by what agency I reached a place, where man would find his heaven—that hallowed pillow on which your downy cheek reposes.'"

"Why, damn it, Peter, you told me she was bearded like a pard!"

"I don't exactly know what a pard is," returned Peter; "but she has hair enough for a big drummer. But let me go on.

"Your cousin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus opened the window. Surely so fair a casket never enshrined a cruel heart; nor eyes which fascinated the wretch would regard the agony they had occasioned with indifference. Would you know who it is who supplicates your mercy, cast one bright and benignant glance over the garden-hedge, and you will detect him at once by his disconsolate look and tweed trousers.'"

"Tweed trousers!" I exclaimed; "why the devil need your friend have particularised his nether habiliments in a love-letter?"

"My dear fellow," returned Peter, "it was done to prevent mistakes. You see, time was short; and the sooner the ould girl was brought to book, why the better chance to succeed with the young one."

"A most logical conclusion, Peter; proceed."

"Where did I leave off—Oh! I see—at 'tweed trousers.'

"If that look be to murder, the mandate shall be obeyed—and in that elysian bower whence—"

"What elysian bower, Peter? I never heard of it before."

"Nonsense, man! It was an ould sate under a crab-apple tree, where Charley and I used to blow a cloud in comfort.

"Well, in that elysian bower, whence a houri's form in human shape—"

"I beg pardon, Peter, and must interrupt you again. Pray what is a houri?"

"Arrah! how the divil should I know? Maybe it's what we call in Irish *leprahaun*. But no, it can't be that ather; for I never heard of a fairy that weighed eighteen stone. Well, to go on."

"In human shape, took possession of a bosom before unconscious of the pangs of love, I'll end an intolerable existence—and a sword, which bore terror to the enemies of England, shall find its sheath in a heart

That beat with such ardour for you.

"'THEODORE.'"

"Well, Peter, I confess it to be both a modest and a moving appeal. How did Miss Penelope receive it?"

"Oh, then faith! I can tell you that—for Charley copied her answer on the back of this paper. Read it yourself."

I took this amatory document from Captain Callaghan, and thus ran Miss Winterton's reply. I give it with a running commentary made by Peter.

"Rash youth—you dare and you despond. You throw yourself upon my sympathy, and yet fancy that my heart is steeled against your prayers—closing on my thirtieth summer—"

"Oh, the antiquated villain! Charley Ormsby gave a shilling to the parish-clerk, and he returned her at fifty-three—whether it was off or rising, I forget."

"Man has never invaded the quiet of this bosom, nor ever breathed his vows upon these lips—"

"Oh, then, upon my conscience, Pen, agra! I believe you most sincerely."

"And, therefore, in replying to a passionate declaration like yours, I find a burning blush rising to my cheek."

"Between, I suppose, what she called down, and I called whiskers. Well, I wonder where the blush had room to show itself."

"I cannot upbraid you, for in turn, I must expose my weakness, and make a confession. When your dearly-treasured and most mysteriously conveyed billet was accidentally found upon my pillow, prompted by an irresistible wish to see the writer, I stole unnoticed to the garden; I peeped trembling through the hedge; on a bench two persons were seated—need I add that the peculiarity of tartan inexpressibles was not required, to point you out as the object of my sympathy. I saw that your affected mirth was forced—you sipped some cooling fluid to allay the fever of your mind....."

"Brandy, cold—and in approved proportions," observed Captain Callaghan.

"I should have endeavoured to alleviate your misery, but for the presence of one, whose ribald remarks respecting beauty in full bloom induce me to consider him both a man of bad taste and a dangerous companion."

"That was me," said Peter.

"As I could not personally communicate with you, I have trusted Julia with this letter. Despair not, but presume not. Although I would be sorry to give you pain, I will never consent to a secret interview after the family have retired to bed; and as I walk in solitary musing in the garden at ten o'clock, as the hedge is low, I trust you are too much the gentleman to jump over it."

"You need not go on," said Peter. "The rest of it is about being hurried into indiscretions, and an entreaty that Charley would take no advantage of the weakness of a female heart."

"Well, Peter, proceed, I am all attention."

"We had just ended Pen's letter, when bang went the market-house clock.

"'Oh murder!' says Charley, 'my hour's come, and I must go to execution.—There's no use in asking you to pray for me; for divil a

saint in the calendar would listen to a sinner like you, if you were at them for a month of Sundays; give me a drop of water with a sketch of spirits through it.'

"I made him a stiff tumbler; he swallowed it to give him heart; off we bundled into the garden, and who was at the other side of the hedge but the old catamaran, humming like a nightingale, 'As pensive I thought on my love.' I ducked under a gooseberry bush, and Charley hopped over the fence like a harlequin. The ould one made a feeble offer at a scream; and as a malster's carter graps a sack of barley, by the Lord! Charles Ormsby laid violent hands upon Penelope Winterton.

"I forget the speech he made, but I know it was out of a play—while she called him her beloved Theodore, and requested him to spare her if he could. Away they went philandering down the walk—she sighing like an asthmatic horse, and he swearing like a trooper.

"It had been arranged between us, that if Penelope became too tender, Charley was to cough twice, and I was to make a noise, under a false alarm to cover his retreat. Well, they had taken two rounds of the garden, and as they passed me for the second time, I saw that Penelope was beaten to a stand-still.

"'No, Theodore,' she murmured, 'every feeling of mine shall be sacrificed to your wishes, and I agree to abridge the tedious probation which ordinary decorum might demand. I'm ready to fly with you, and interchange our mutual vows at the altar of Hymen to-morrow night.'

"By Saint Patrick, Pen was decided upon housekeeping, and coming to the scratch at once. Charley took a fit of coughing—I made a noise—he swore some villain was listening behind the hedge, whom he would put to death *instantly*. Penelope implored him to avoid murder, if possible. I gave the pear-tree another shake—Charley liberated himself from her arms, and skipped across the fence—while Miss Winterton reluctantly scuttled away, without being able to fix an hour for the elopement.

"'Oh! Peter!' says Charley, as he flung himself upon the sofa, 'if you would save the little life that's left, give me some brandy *neat*.—Body and sowl I've perilled for you, Peter.—That last embrace has all but dislocated a rib; and Holy Moses! the oaths I swore! If I was at the last kick, the devil a priest in Connaught would give me absolution. Troth! I'll put in an apprenticeship in purgatory for this night's work. Peter, you are a tolerable judge of clean cursing; you have heard Colonel Crossbelt blow up the regiment, when, in forming square, we left out a company—now, on the nick of your sowl, as a Christian man, did you ever hear a prettier swearing than when I vowed eternal fidelity to that catamaran next door?'"

"'Upon my conscience,' says I, 'Charley, jewel! I was proud of ye—and for a young beginner, she stands a kiss with tolerable fortitude. How did she hug you when I gave the alarm?'

"'Oh, Peter!' exclaimed Charley, 'imagine yourself in the embrace of a giantess, or the arms of a bear. But, blessed be Saint Patrick! here comes supper.'

"Well, Harry, matters went on pretty well, and Miss Newcomb was

gradually induced to parley. Charley wrote the letters, Julia delivered them—and both stuck to me like bricks. The suit was slower, however, than we expected; and Penelope became almost unmanageable. She was always endeavouring to fix the succeeding night for the elopement, and commence housekeeping at once. We staved her off with one cock-and-bull story after another, until matters began to look quare, for a letter arrived announcing that the banker and his lady would return home on the third evening.

“‘By the Lord!’ says Charley, when Julia brought us the information, ‘we must stir ourselves, Peter, or we are ruined—Faith! it would break my heart to have our flank turned in the long run. Julia must smuggle you into the house—come to close quarters with the heiress—I’ll keep that she elephant out of the way; and if I am hugged to death by the harridan, get me out of purgatory with as little delay as possible.’

“If the intelligence of papa’s return had alarmed me, its effect on the lady of my love was to hurry her to a decision. A letter from her young mamma, enumerating all the sights she had seen, and the manifold presents the old gentleman had purchased for her, piqued the heiress, and determined her on rebellion. Before we separated, she promised to be mine—and the third evening was named for our elopement.

“Charley Ormsby had suffered severely in his sentimental ramble with Miss Winterton; but when I announced my success to be complete, he congratulated me on my good fortune, and undertook to keep Penelope in check. We arranged plans for my levanting with Miss Newcomb—two things were necessary—leave of absence and some money. Well, I wrote to the colonel and the paymaster; and next post brought their answers, and here they are.”

Peter made a second reference to his pocket-book, and read the following epistles:—

“O.H.M.S.

“*Private and confidential,*

“Barracks, Stockton, 10 June, 1844.

“Dear Peter,

“As you are bent on going to the Devil, you have my full permission to choose your own route. I give you leave between returns; and will apply to the Horse Guards for two months additional. If you are not sick of matrimony in half the time, my name is not

“Yours truly,

“CHRISTOPHER CROSSBELT,

“Lieutenant-colonel, commanding 87th Regt.

“Captain Callaghan,

“&c. &c. &c.” .

“My dear Peter,

“Accept my congratulations—you’re a broth of a boy, after all, and a credit to the *Faugh-a-ballaghs*. Fifty will never do. Remember, you belong to the fancy regiment of the ‘owld fighting thirds,’ and the lady must be whisked away, as the breach of Roderigo was carried—in sporting style.

"I enclose a draft—three days sight—Greenwood and Cox—for 100*l*. If you run short before leave ends, tip me a line, and you shan't want another supply of *coriander seed*."

"I have been looking at the Directory. There are two banks in the place. In cashing your draft, I think you ought to give your father-in-law the preference."

"More power to your elbow, Peter,

"Sincerely yours,

"MAURICE O'DWYRE,

"Paymaster, 87th.

"P.S.—Remember me to Charley Ormsby. Tell him that two interesting young ladies from Stockport made particular inquiries after him, and, from the orderly-room, they were sent to me. I informed them that he had volunteered to a black regiment in Demerara, and sailed to join it on Sunday week, by the steamer, *viâ* Bombay."

"The three days passed—the banker and his helpmate returned duly. Hawley and Julia were to accompany us; and, at the same shop, the shackles of maid and mistress were to be riveted. The traps of both had, the night before, been quietly handed across the hedge, and packed snugly in the carriage. At ten o'clock, the ladies, under Charley's care, were to be in waiting outside the town, and I and Hawley were to pick them up, and then hurrah for Gretna!"

"But what, all this time, Peter, was Penelope about?"

"Ah! then, upon my soul! the same Penelope was far from being idle. For a week she had been packing night and day, and a collection of fifty years was stowed into two-and-twenty bags, trunks, and portmanteaus. Julia, the devil, gave us a sketch of the baggage; and the only things I particularly recollect, were three patchwork quilts and a set of baby-linen. We were told that they were securely corded, and I know that they were carefully addressed—a card Julia brought us was marked,

"'22—to be kept dry.

"'MRS. THEODORE ORMSBY,

"'87th Regt.'

"Nothing could be more fortunate than that Charley was recalled to head-quarters to give evidence at a court-martial, and he left by the mail at eleven. We, as I said before, bolted at ten, and at twelve—'the witching hour,' as Charley called it—Penelope Winterton, and her personal effects, were to be picked up at the side gate of the garden. Well, in due time, we went off with four capital horses. Charley screwed himself snugly into a corner of the coach, and Pen, with the assistance of the gardener, and half an hour's work, transported eighteen stone of substantial humanity, and two-and-twenty packages to 'the trysted place,' and deposited her person upon a portmanteau.

"The clock beat twelve—suspense was horrible, as chime after chime sounded afterwards from the steeple. Like sister Anne in the play, Humphry Thompson looked round the corner, but saw nothing coming. At last he was despatched to the inn to hurry the dilatory gallant, while

Pen mounted guard over her two-and-twenty depositories. Ten minutes passed—the messenger returned. He was as pale as a ghost, and flung himself upon a hairy trunk beside Penelope's portmanteau.

"What's the matter, Humphry?" impatiently exclaimed Miss Winterton.

"Every thing's the matter, ma'am; and as my old master, Captain Brace, used to say, 'There's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot!'

"Don't drive me mad, Humphry. Has any accident happened to poor dear Theodore Ormsby?"

"Not that I know of, ma'am; the mail's a steady coach, and there's not a safer hand upon the road than Job Thornton as drives it."

"Are you drunk or mad, fellow?"

"Neither, ma'am; but in most unkimmon trouble, for I'm sure to lose my place, and I'm innocent of these elopements, as they called them, as the child unborn, except in helping you and your concerns through the garden."

"What elopements?" screamed Penelope Winterton.

"May the Lord pardon them!" returned Humphry. "The captain has run away with our young lady, and the lieutenant has eloped with himself!"

"Penelope had not time to faint, for her property was on the king's highway; but she had time to denounce man's villany, and threaten an action for breach of promise. In the confusion attendant on Miss Newcomb's disappearance, preparations for pursuit, and a general *rookawn* in the establishment, Penelope effected a re-entry of the banker's premises. A night's consideration told her it was wiser to conceal her wrongs, replace her traps, and remove 'Mrs. Theodore Ormsby' from all and every of her leathern conveniences."

I have taken liberties with Peter's narrative, and dispensed with the graphic but roundabout manner in which he brought on the *dénouement* of his story. It will be enough to say that he arrived safely at Berwick-upon-Tweed, stopped at the King's Arms, was married at Limberton-bar, and next morning, when still reposing after the fatigue of a forced march, the happy pair were roused from their slumbers by the advent of Mr. Newcomb.

"Arrah! Harry dear," said Peter, "if you had heard the old fellow, as he came stamping down the passage. Mrs. Callaghan was going to faint, but, says I, '*cush la machree!* ye need not care a *tranaine* for him—he's regularly superseded, and I'm commander-in-chief.' A knock at the door—'Who's there?' says I.

"The father of Miss Newcomb," says he.

"There's nobody here of that name," says I; "and I beg you won't disturb Mrs. Callaghan, as she has had a long drive, and needs a little repose after it."

"I'm her father, Mr. Newcomb," says he.

"Oh, blur and nouns!" says I, "but that's pleasant. Why, we were going off in the evening to pay you our respects. But as ye're here, step down stairs like a dacent ould man, as ye are—parade breakfast—don't forget salmon-cutlets—and we'll be with you in a brace of shakes, and ask our father's blessing."

"Peter, you'll be hanged, unless you reform your life and manners.

Why, what a brazen dog! to run away with the old man's daughter, and despatch him like a mess-waiter, to order salmon-cutlets for his amiable son-in-law."

"Faith, Harry! whenever you're in a scrape, take things coolly, and that's the best way to get yourself out of trouble. It answered beautifully on this occasion—in half an hour, Mrs. Callaghan and myself slipped down stairs, fair and asy—the waiter threw the door open—the ould gentleman was standing as stiff as a drum-major, and ready to open his musketry. My wife flew forward—fell upon her knees, and entreated pardon and his blessing—Feaks!—and I plops down upon my marrowbones beside her. 'As it will be the same trouble, sir,' says I, 'I'll thank yo to include me in your prayers.' Divil a one but the ould fellow was fairly bothered—there was no help for spilt milk, you know—he forgave us at once, kissed his daughter, and shook hands with me, and we all returned back in pace and harmony, and not in half the hurry we had started with. Julia, for her share in the transaction, was lectured and forgiven—I bought Hawley's discharge, and both are in our service."

"But poor Penelope, Peter?"

"Oh, troth!" returned Peter. "Mistress Ormsby, that was to be, soon found herself in a heap of trouble. All the divilment that had happened was left tee-totally at her door, and she and her two-and-twenty bandboxes regularly got the rout. She was a persevering divil; and what did she do, but send a memorial to Colonel Crossbelt, informing him that her peace of mind was ruined, and hoping that he would order his false lieutenant to come to the post, and make her an honest woman. Faith! the ould fellow answered her letter by return of post. Charley sent me a copy, and here it is—

"O.H.M.S.

"Madam,

"In answer to your letter of the 10th, I beg, in reply, to say, that I cannot supply you with the husband you require; but, as you seem particularly anxious to join the regiment I have the honour to command, I fancy that I have an appointment that may suit you. I buried a pioneer last week, and am looking out for a well-whiskered successor. From Lieutenant Ormsby's description, I am inclined to think you will pass muster at once; and when you arrive at head-quarters, you have only to report yourself to the adjutant."

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

(ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

Le Renard prêche aux poules.

FRENCH PROVERBS.

THE FABLE.

"A WOLF, clothing himself in the skin of a sheep, and getting in among the flock, by this means took the opportunity to devour many of them. At last the shepherd discovered him, and cunningly fastening a rope round his neck, tied him up to a tree that stood hard by. Some other shepherds happening to pass that way, and observing what he was about, drew near, and expressed their amazement at it. 'What,' says one of them, 'brother, do you make hanging of sheep?' 'No,' replies the other, 'but I make hanging of a wolf, whenever I catch him, though in the garb and habit of a sheep.' Then he showed them their mistake, and they applauded the justice of the execution."

THE ILLUSTRATION.

CHAP. I.

CLEMATIS COTTAGE, in the suburbs of a little market town, which we, for many and good reasons, shall call Brackenbury, acknowledging it to be an *alias* for its real name, had been vacant many months. The *Brackenbury Journal* profited thereby; for every week there appeared in its front page an advertisement headed, 'Delightful Abode,' in capital letters, and assuring any body and every body who wished to enjoy life in a cottage at a 'low figure,' that Clematis Cottage was the *ne plus ultra* of small convenient houses. It was pleasantly situated in its own grounds, consisting of a quarter of an acre laid out in the most scientific manner. It was detached from all other houses, but was conveniently situated near to an inn, where good accommodation was offered to man and beast, and where there was a good ordinary provided every Sunday at two o'clock. Moreover, it had that most desirable of all desirables, a pump of excellent water.

The Brackenburyans in general, like the landlord of Clematis Cottage in particular, were surprised that no one answered this enticing advertisement. Was the world blind? or was the circulation of the *Brackenbury Journal* too limited? The owner of the desirable premises thought it was possible; so, without apologising to the editor, he spent 'seven bob,' as he called seven shillings, on an advertisement in the *Times*.

Brackenbury boasted of a railway station, about a mile from its market-place, at which several trains stopped in the course of every day, with great punctuality, seldom being more than twenty minutes before or beyond the time when they were due. No sooner had the *Times* given to the world the unheeded advertisement of the *Brackenbury Journal*, than at least five persons stopped at the station, and walked up

to view Clematis Cottage. Its owner, a pious grocer, with very long legs, and inadequately short trousers, was plunged into a state of inordinate excitement. He went in person to point out the beauties and conveniences of the premises; dilated largely on the perfume of the solitary plant from which the cottage derived its name, and insisted upon every one of the inspectors drinking a goblet of the most excellent water which the pump afforded.

Neither the flow of the owner's eloquence, or the stream of water from the pump, could induce any one of the five inspectors—gentlemen in search of a house—to pay forty pounds per annum for Clematis Cottage, rates and taxes not included. They took a snap at the inn so conveniently situated near to it, and trained back to town.

Percival Punks was astonished at their bad taste. He, the owner of the cottage, had assured them of its conveniences and its cheapness, and yet they would not take his word for it. He was too much annoyed to attend to business for the rest of the day, so he amused himself by walking backwards and forwards, to and from the station, in hopes of seeing another applicant for his desirable premises. He was disappointed; and after the arrival of the mail-train, he sauntered sadly home to his stores, lamenting the loss of his "seven bob."

Punks was hungry, very hungry indeed, for he had tasted nothing but repeated drafts of pump water since the morning. He ordered his wife to toast him a rasher of choice Irish bacon, and poach a couple of French eggs—for Punks combined piety with economy. They were admirably dressed, and the raciness of the one, and the addled look of the other, induced him to seize his knife and fork and "go to work;" but before he had plunged the weapons into them, a thought rushed into his brain; he pushed aside the little round table on which his tempting supper stood, bolted out of the kitchen into his shop, and jumped upon the high stool which stood behind the desk. His wife followed him, dreading, from his excited manner, that he meant to commit suicide, and cut his carotid with a pen-knife. But no, Punks only cut his pen; and having scribbled a few lines on the paper before him, folded it up, called for a Queen's head, and sallied out in the direction of the post-office. Mrs. Punks, bidding the boy keep a sharp eye upon the door, followed him, and heard him ask for another P. O. order for "seven bob."

"Ruinatation!" said Mrs. Punks.

"No such thing, marm," replied Punks, who had heard the rude remark. "I've made a hit, and I know it."

"Come home then, and eat your supper," said the wife.

"Give the foreign produce to the boy, Mrs. Punks. I like to reward a faithful servant, and let us indulge for once in a slice of real York and an unmistakably English farm-yarder. Clematis Cottage lets for a higher figger, or I'm much mistaken."

"He's in liquor!" said Mrs. Punks.

"Don't go to be aggravating, marm; nothing but the pure water from the cottage-pump has passed my lips this day."

"He's mad then," said the lady.

"If my project fails, marm, summon a jury, and let them hold a *de lunatico*, that's all. You'll see!—tum, ti, tum, ti-toddy-oh!" said, or rather sung Punks, as he pirouetted home to the serious mystifications of his lady.

Punks "worked the ham and worried the frying-pan," and insisted on having a glass or two of rum-and-water and a pipe—luxuries in which he had not indulged for months.

"What can it mean?" asked his wife. "He's going to turn sot again, and will want to be converted for the fifth time."

"You'll see, marm; make it strong, and put in lots of sugar. Hurrah! I'll give you a toast, 'Gammon and no mistake.' Drink to it, Mrs. Punks."

Mrs. Punks did as she was bidden, for she rather liked rum-and-water, though she was a professed totalter; but as to the hidden meaning of the toast she was drinking she could not divine it.

On the arrival of the morning mail, Punks rushed to the inn near to his "cottage to let." They took in the *Times*, and Punks seized it as the postman delivered it. He tore off the envelope, ran his eyes rapidly over the advertisements, and saying that he would be back in one minute, rushed, paper in hand, to his shop. It was filled with customers, but he pushed rudely through them into his little back-parlour, and laying the paper before his wife, pointed with his finger to one of the many advertisements it contained, and screamed out,

"There, marm; read *that*."

Mrs. Punks adjusted her spectacles, and read thus:

"TO PIOUS PEOPLE.—In Brackenbury the pure Word is preached. A seat in Ebenezer Chapel may be procured, and a comfortable cottage, within five minutes walk of it, rented at a moderate price, by applying to Percival Punks, deacon of the said chapel."

"What do you think of that, marm?" asked Punks.

"No go," said the lady. "Seven shillings, a slice of best York, two fresh-laid, and a quartern of Jamaiky thrown away."

"You'll see, marm, you'll see," said Punks. "Keep an eye on the shop. I'll return the paper and be off to the railway."

"I think there may be something in it after all," said Mrs. Punks, musingly. "There is nothing like gammon in this world. How would Spiffin & Co. have avoided bankruptcy if they had not sold three shilling blankets at five shillings each for the use of the poor slaves in the West Indies? We never did much ourselves 'till we gave up—that is, pretended to give up—slave-grown sugars. Punks, you're right for once. Gammon for ever!"

So much was the mind of the groceress engaged with speculating on the result of her husband's ingenuity, that she inadvertently committed many grievous errors during the day. She supplied her customers with common congou at three-and-nine for best gunpowder at six-and-three, and substituted coarse lump at ten-and-a-half for best loaf at thirteen-and-a-farthing; all her errors were fortunately on the right side for her.

While his wife was giving way to this profitable state of mental aberration, Punks was walking up and down the platform of the Brackenbury station, waiting the arrival of the down trains. He eagerly inspected every one that got out, but without success. He knew all the arrivals to be inhabitants of the town or its neighbourhood, and was aware that all of them were suited with houses.

At last the five o'clock train arrived at twenty-five minutes and a half past that hour. From a first-class carriage alighted a middle-aged gentleman, who was followed by a middle-aged lady. They were both of them modestly attired in dark suits, plainly made up, but of the best materials. As the gentleman drew out his silk-handkerchief from his pocket, he drew out with it sundry bits of printed paper, which fluttered about the platform in all directions.

Punks picked up one that fell at his feet, and saw that it was a religious tract.

"That's my man," said Punks. "I'm off home to be ready to receive him. Has he brought any luggage, I wonder?"

He saw two very large portmanteaus extracted from the luggage-van, and deposited at the feet of the pious pair, and ran off home.

CHAP. II.

"ALL right," said Punks, as he entered his back-parlour. "They'll be here in a minute."

"Who'll be here in a minute?" inquired Mrs. Punks.

"My new tenants—as nice a pair of pious, middle-aged ones as you ever set eyes on. Give me a clean cravat and my best coat," said Punks.

"Have you told them the rent?" asked his wife.

"I haven't even spoke to them," said Punks, undressing himself as far as his coat and neck-cloth went.

"How do you know, then, that they are come about the cottage?"

"By instinct—but you'll see. Shall I do? Do I look like a deacon, eh?" said Punks.

"Comb your hair down, straighten and tuck in your shirt-collar—there, that will do. Bless me, here *are* a gentleman and a lady, nice solid-lookig people, crossing the road to our door," said Mrs. Punks.

"Show them in here," said Punks, sitting down before a monthly *Missionaries Magazine*, and pretending to be deep in its contents.

"If you can spare the time, my dear," said Mrs. Punks, "a lady and gentleman wish to speak to you."

"I am busy, very busy in spiritual matters, but if they cannot call to-morrow or next week, I will lay aside my occupations, and hear what they have to say," said Punks, in awfully solemn tones.

"They are come about the cottage, my dear," said Mrs. Punks, still holding the little parlour-door in her hand, and having the applicants close to her elbow.

"Cottage?—what cottage?" said Punks.

"Clematis Cottage, I suppose," replied his wife.

"Dear, dear, oh, dear!" groaned Punks, "the number of applications that I have had for that sweet little spot! really it is very tiresome—but admit them."

The gentleman and lady entered the little back-parlour, and took the chairs to which Punks pointed.

"I am here," said the gentleman, "in consequence of an—"

"Advertisement in the *Times*, you would say. I am really very sorry you did not make an earlier application," said Punks.

"Why, I came down the moment I read it in the papers," said the man.

"Four trains in before you came," said Punks. "Not less than forty or fifty applicants for Clematis Cottage in each of them."

"Is it let then?" inquired the lady.

"Why, not exactly let, marm; references of respectability required, you know, and all that sort of thing—but the beauty and convenience of the spot, and—"

"We do not care for *them*, sir," said the gentleman, solemnly. "Its approximation to a place of worship, where the pure word can be heard, was our chief inducement to come down and view it."

"The rent is really very moderate," said Punks, "and the water remarkably salubrious."

"Could we see the premises?" asked the lady.

"Undoubtedly, marm; wearied as I am with walking over it so often to-day, I will show it to you myself," said Punks.

"Perhaps you would allow us to deposit our trunks in your warehouse," said the gentleman. "If the cottage should suit us, and you are inclined to accept us as tenants, we should like to take possession of it at once."

"But furniture, my dear sir?"

"You have tradesmen—upholsterers in Brackenbury, I presume?"

"Lots," said Punks.

"And of the right way of thinking?" asked the lady.

"Independents to the back-bone, who submit to have their goods seized rather than pay a church-rate," said Punks.

"Worthy men," said the gentleman; "lead on, sir."

Punks led the way, and made many pious remarks as they walked along. He was delighted at the reception which his remarks met with from his hearers, and after expatiating on the merits of the preacher at the Ebenezer, which he pointed out to them as they passed it, he proceeded to launch out in praise of the cottage to let.

"There's a room for a hymn, marm," said he, letting them into the little front-parlour. "There's something holy in the very echo!"

"Nice little place enough," said the lady, "and the floor very clean considering the number of people that have inspected it, and that there is no door-mats and a very bad scraper."

"A humph!" coughed Punks, for he did not know what to say, and so pretended that he did not hear the remark.

"A very retired and very pleasant spot, suited to sober meditation. What say you, Martha? will it do?" said the gentleman.

"It wants a deal of repair," said the lady.

"Consider the rent, marm! only sixty pounds a year, and within a five minutes walk of the Ebenezer, where the pure word is preached, and a seat secured," said Punks.

"Say fifty," said the gentleman.

Punks shook his head negatively.

"That is too much by twenty pounds," said the lady. "Let us look a little further."

"Make it guineas and its yours," said Punks, "provided the references are satisfactory."

The gentleman and lady talked together for a few minutes, during which Punks was trying to appear cool and unconcerned, though in reality he was in a state of nervous agitation, difficult to be disguised.

"We think it very highly rented," said the gentleman, "but as money is no object to us—"

"I wish I had stuck to sixty," said Punks to himself; "and in consideration of the blessed advantages attached to it—"

"Pump of splendid water!" said Punks aloud.

"And of obtaining immediate possession of it, we will close with you. Here is my card."

"A hem!—Mr. Jabez Worthington—good name," said Punks. "Aldermanbury—respectable place. Name your friend."

"The firm, sir, of which I am senior partner; Worthington, Dubs, and Trumps—general agents—call there and ask for Trumps, and if he don't satisfy you of my respectability, nobody else can," said Mr. Worthington.

"That'll do—up by train to-morrow. Meanwhile, what will you do?" said Punks.

"Put up at the inn," said Mrs. Worthington.

"No, no; good accommodation for man and horse, but not for a respectable married couple. Our first floor is to let, and is unoccupied. You shall have it till the cottage is furnished. Ten shillings a day, maid and cooking included, won't hurt you," said Punks, always on the look out for a chance.

"We are deeply indebted to you, sir," said Mrs. Worthington.

"Don't mention it, marm; hope you may be shortly much more deeply indebted to me—happy to serve you with every thing in our line," said Punks.

"Indebted, sir?" said Mr. Worthington, "I owe no man a penny, and pay ready money for every thing."

"Beg pardon, sir—no offence, I hope—very happy to hear it," said Punks. "But won't you taste the pump water?—keep a glass handy."

Mr. Worthington drained it to its last drop, and pronounced it excellent. Punks was delighted, and filling the goblet again, handed it to the lady, who emptied it, and said ditto to her husband.

"Now, marm, now, sir, we will return and put you in possession of your snug little apartments," said Punks, as he locked the door of Clematis Cottage, put the key in his pocket, and led the way to his shop.

As the rooms were ready, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington walked into them at once, and desired that their luggage—merely the few things that they had brought down with them for a change or two—might be carried upstairs.

The heavy porter and the shop-boy were set to work to effect their removal, but the trunks were so heavy, they could scarcely accomplish their task.

"Supper, marm?" said Punks, his civility greatly increased by the report of the weight of the trunks.

"A little tea if you please," said Mr. Worthington. "We trust you have family devotions, and will allow us to join you in them."

"Delightful people!" said Punks to his wife. "But I wish I had held out for sixty. I have no doubt they would have given it, they appear to be so very rich, and so—so—simple."

"Seen their money? got any trinkets, rings, watches, or jewels, and that sort of things" said Mrs. Punks.

"Why really when you come to ask—no," said Punks; "but they look like it, eh? don't they?"

"I'll take up the tea-things myself," said Mrs. Punks, looking very mysterious.

Her husband sat deeply and anxiously involved in thought until her return.

"Well—how? what do you think?"

"All right," said Mrs. Punks, smoothing her black silk apron. "The man has got a gold repeater as large as a cheese-plate, and the woman a pretty little Geneva, fastened to a long gold chain, and her hands are positively covered with rings."

Punks rubbed his hands with delight, and sent the porter out to the expounder of the Ebenezer, and begged him to come down to be introduced to the new occupant of Clematis Cottage, who would doubtless be a liberal contributor to the chapel, and sundry charities attached thereto.

It is needless to say that the call was obeyed. The evening was passed in a most orderly manner. The pastor was delighted with the new addition to his flock, and Punks was so taken with the sobriety of their manners, and their attention to the exercises of the evening, that he had made up his mind not to go to town to question their referee, but to be content with their evident respectability.

Mrs. Punks, however, was a cautious woman, and insisted upon the interview with Trumps; she, moreover, bade him ask a few questions about the respectability of the firm in general; "For," as she observed, "piety is all very well, but pay is better."

Punks was annoyed at her suspicions, and took a little hot rum-and-water with the pastor to quiet his nerves.

CHAP. III.

PUNKS was up early and off by the first train. As he had not broken his fast before he started, merely taken a thimblefull of rum to keep the cold out, he thought he would kill two birds with one stone, have a breakfast and make inquiries about Worthington, Dubs, and Trumps at the same time. A convenient coffee-house afforded him the means of doing so, and as he drank his tea—which he pronounced to be more British than Chinese, he proceeded to pump the waiter.

"Know the general agents over the way, eh?" said Punks, pointing to the house.

"I should think I did," said the waiter.

"Known them long?"

"Ever since I have been here," said the waiter; but he did not add that hardly a week had elapsed since he had been put in possession of the chief napkin belonging to the restaurant.

"Respectable? do a deal of business, eh?"

"They must be respectable, highly respectable, sir, for they has their lunches, steaks or chops, or a cut of cold, from this house every day," said the waiter.

"And pay ready money?"

"We never trusts—your breakfast will be one and three."

Punks took the hint and a purse from his pocket. He disbursed the account by giving the waiter eighteenpence, and telling him, with an air of generosity, that he might keep the odd threepence for himself.

So far all was satisfactory. His generosity to the waiter had its effect. He was supplied with the morning paper the moment that the news-boy brought it in. He pondered over its pages until he saw, by the coffee-room clock, that the hour of ten had arrived, when, according to the information painted on the wire-blinds, the office of the general agents was open.

Whether Punks was nervous, or the British substitute for the seric leaf did not agree with his stomach, is uncertain; but it is very certain that he spent an extra sixpence, and drank something out of a wine-glass, which must have been very unpleasant, as he shook his head, and made many wry faces at it, and told the waiter he merely took it as a medicine.

The waiter smiled ambiguously, but why he did so we cannot say.

"Is Mister Trumps within?" asked Punks, of a little dirty-looking boy who was watering a long passage with a green tin-pot, with a demi-nutative aperture in its lower end.

"In course he is. We opens at ten, and the clock's struck. That's his bell. Pull away, my Tidyrural," said the boy, scattering the water about as wilfully as if his employers did not pay the water-rate.

Punks felt inclined to kick the urchin, but he vented his wrath on the bell. His hearty summons was answered by a sleek, tallow-faced man, with a pen between his teeth.

"Mr. Trumps at home?" said Punks.

"I am Mr. Trumps, sir; pray walk in. Now what can we do for you?" said the sleek man, throwing open an overgrown ledger, clad in parchment, with green cuffs and collar.

"I am referred to you, sir, for the respectability and the responsibility of Mr. Worthington," said Punks.

"Eh? oh, I know—Clematis Cottage—how does my respected friend like it?" asked Trumps.

"So much that he has hired it," said Punks; "that is, if references are all right."

"Right, sir? Isn't he at the head of this firm, sir? Don't take my word for his respectability—go upon 'Change—inquire in Mark-lane—ask at the India House—merely whisper his name at Lloyd's, that's all. Worthington respectable and responsible? its a d—d deal too good!" said Trumps, as he laughed triumphantly.

"He seems to be a pious man, and punctual in his payments," said Punks, "and his wife is—"

"An angel, sir!—not fit to live upon this earth, sir. Go to Clapham and ask—but you need not ask—there is not a benefaction board attached to any chapel, or British, or infant school, that does not bear upon its black surface the name of Dorothea Worthington, engraved in gold characters, with a munificent donation attached to it," said Trumps.

"Dorothea? I thought he called her Martha," said Punks.

"For brevity's sake, sir, merely for brevity's sake," replied Trumps.

"You *are* a lucky man, Mr. What's-your-name."

"You think I'm safe, then?" asked Punks.

"Shall I give you a check for a twelvemonths' rent in advance?" said Trumps, opening a desk and taking out a long, slim book.

"Oh, dear no; no occasion for that," said Punks.

"Well, my dear sir, can I do any thing more for you? Sorry to

hurry you, but business, you know, must be attended to. Good bye—remember me to Worthington and his angelic wife,” said Trumps, as he bowed Punks out of his office.

As Punks returned home in a third-class carriage, there was one thing that rather puzzled him—how was it that for so old a firm—a firm that had existed ever since the waiter at the coffee-house had administered to the comforts of its customers—the furniture of the office should be so remarkably new? He had almost made up his mind to return and ask the question, when the idea occurred to him that the old was worn out by excessive use, and had just been replaced.

“Well, my dear, is it all right?” whispered Mrs. Punks to her husband, when he had gained the little back parlour.

“Right, marm? yes I should think it was, too—a good deal more than right. We are highly favoured, marm,” said Punks; “two such angelic people are not to be found every day, I can tell you.”

“Tell me all about them,” said the groceress.

Punks tried to do so, but, to his own surprise, was obliged to draw largely upon his inventive faculties; for, when he summed up in his brain all the evidence he had collected, it only amounted to this—that Worthington was a partner in a general agent's office, and that his wife was an angel, as far as being a liberal patroness to the chapels and charities at Clapham went—upon the *ipse dixit* of the junior partner, Mr. Trumps. This was a pretty strong peg, however, to hang a story upon, and Punks availed himself of it. His imagination was fertile, and Mrs. Punks was satisfied; especially when she heard that Trumps had tendered a cheque for twelvemonths' rent in advance; though she could not help calling her husband a fool for not having taken it.

“You are quite satisfied I hope, Mr. Punks?” said Mrs. Worthington, as he entered the front drawing-room.

“More than satisfied, marm; delighted to have such worthy people as my tenants,” replied Punks; “quite overjoyed;” for he saw a purse, a large, green, netted purse, laying on the table filled full of sovereigns.

“Then we can take possession and furnish the cottage immediately,” said Mr. Worthington.

“We had better remain here, my love, until the house is fit to receive us,” said Mrs. Worthington.

“Oh! by all means. In the meanwhile, Mr. Punks will have the goodness, perhaps, to introduce me to some respectable and pious tradesmen in Brackenbury, who will put the little place in order for us?” said Worthington.

“Too happy, sir, too happy,” said Punks.

“You will take care, sir, not to introduce me to any tradesman of the wrong way of thinking,” said Mr. Worthington, sternly.

“Trust me for that—we hang together like—”

“Trust! sir? I don't know the meaning of the word, as I told you before. I pay for every thing in ready money, or by bill at two months, which is just the same,” said Mr. Worthington, as he put his hands into his breeches-pockets, and rattled sundry coins about.

“Just the same,” said Punks, “if its duly honoured.”

“Shall I pay you in advance, sir?” asked Mrs. Worthington, angrily, and proceeding to open the green netted purse. “If you have a doubt—”

"Oh! dear me, marm, no—excuse me, pray excuse me, if I have offended you. I really beg pardon," said Punks, in very humble tones.

"It is granted, sir," said the lady; "but I must confess that I was hurt to think that it was possible for a Worthington to dishonour a bill."

"Say no more about it, my dear. Come with me, and Mr. Punks will kindly introduce us to some *good* tradespeople," said Worthington.

"And, perhaps, he will have the goodness to show us over the British school and the Infant school? I am anxious to add my mite to the contributions of the charitably-disposed," said Mrs. Worthington, as she dropped the heavy purse into her reticule.

"Angelic woman!" said Punks, just loudly enough to enable the lady to hear him, as he led the way through the private passage into the town.

The schools were duly inspected. The pious pair put down their names as annual subscribers of 20*l.* each, and gave the heads of each department a sovereign, to be spent in tea and buns for their scholars.

"What charming people! quite an acquisition to Brackenbury!" exclaimed the pious ladies and gentlemen who visited the schools in the course of the morning.

The report of the benevolent characters of the new tenants of Clematis Cottage was spread like wild-fire, and before they reached the upholsterer's, to whom Punks introduced them, that individual was longing to have their custom. He shook Punks by the hand, whispered something about a *doshure*, and undertook to furnish the cottage within two days.

"You will do it well, sir, and reasonably. Make a fair profit out of me, but don't impose upon me. I shall examine your bill rigidly, for I pay for every thing in ready money, or by bill at two months," said Mr. Worthington, and so he said to the ironmonger, the silversmith, the wine-merchant, and all the other tradesmen, to whom he gave most liberal orders.

CHAP. IV.

IN the course of a week Clematis Cottage was elegantly furnished. Its cellars were well stored, its larder supplied, and the new tenants, who had won golden opinions of everybody of their own way of thinking, were only waiting to decide which of the services of plate, sent into them for inspection and approval, they should purchase. It was a delicate question, and Worthington and his wife resolved, as they told Punks, not to rely on their own judgment in so momentous a matter, but to ask a few friends to a tea-party, and submit the different services to their inspection, and take their opinions upon them.

On the afternoon of the Saturday—the day on which the tea-party was invited, Worthington and his lady, who had been visiting the poor, and liberally supplying them with tracts—walked into Punks' shop. Punks and his wife were already dressed for the party, and Mrs. Worthington paid the groceress many compliments on the very becoming neatness of her dress. They were, of course, asked into the little back-parlour, but Worthington declined the invitation, under the plea that they must hurry home to be ready to receive their friends.

"By the by," said Worthington, "have you any cash in the house, Mr. Punks?"

Punks smirked, and confessed he had.

"Then I will trouble you, sir," said Worthington, very sternly, "for change for that check, 54*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*, on Coutts and Co. It is crossed regularly, as you will see."

"Our outlay has been enormous—so many little things that one never dreams of—I have not a sovereign left out of fifty or sixty—I forget exactly which—that I put into my purse when I came down here," said Mrs. Worthington; "really, our three or four thousand a year, at this rate, will never do. We shall be ruined."

"Oh, dear no, marm; not by no means—it's only the first outlay. When you are settled down in Clematis Cottage, you'll live for a mere nothing—there's the money, sir; five, four, nine, ten," said Punks; "you'll find it all right."

"Excuse me, sir; but I am particular in money matters—I make it a rule to count the change if it's only for a sixpence," said Mr. Worthington.

"And very proper, too," said Mrs. Punks.

"It is quite right, sir; you'll excuse my very great particularity—I know you will—you are a man of business, Mr. Punks, and as such, will give me credit for not meaning to offend you."

Punks put the cheque on Coutts into his japanned box, and bowed most obsequiously.

"If you are ready to walk to the cottage, sir, allow me to offer my arm to Mrs. Punks, and do you take care of my good lady," said Worthington.

"My dear sir, ready in a minute," said Punks, as he popped into the parlour, and sought his best hat.

Happy Punks!—happy Mrs. Punks! There they were, arm-in-arm, in the High-street of Brackenbury, with the wealthy, charitable, pious tenants of Clematis Cottage. Punks enjoyed it amazingly, but thought that Mr. Worthington walked very much too fast. He wanted to prolong his triumph.

The tea—Punks's best gunpowder at six-and-ten—was excellent; the toast—buttered with purest fresh at fifteen-and-a-half from Punks's shop, was duly appreciated, and a heartier meal was never made. Mrs. Worthington was so very kind and attentive, and Worthington's conversation was so instructive, that hours passed like minutes, and it was getting late when the silversmith ventured to allude to the object of their meeting.

"Really, my worthy brethren, your society has proved so agreeable—"

"Fascinating, my love."

"Don't interrupt me, Mrs. W.—so very agreeable, that I had forgotten all about the plate. Have you brought it with you?" said Worthington.

"Excuse me, sir, worthy sir, but it is so heavy, that it took two porters to carry it," said the silversmith. "Allow me to display it."

The table was speedily cleared of the tea things, and for more than an hour-and-a-half the party were busily employed deciding between the merits of the Queen's pattern, the Albert pattern, the Cottage pattern,

and a great many other patterns besides, including the Fiddle pattern, which Worthington seemed inclined to purchase because it was less showy than the others.

Mrs. Worthington was all for the Queen's pattern, in which she was seconded by all the party, for the silversmith had given them a secret hint, that it was the most expensive, and by far the most profitable to himself.

"Set them all aside, my dear, for awhile," said Worthington. "Let us have a sandwich, and try our friend Hutton's Champagne."

"You'll find it a superior article, rely upon it," said Mr. Hutton.

"Which shall we try first, the Moët or the Ruinard?" said Worthington.

"Try both," said Hutton, thinking that the sooner both cases were emptied, the better it would be for himself.

The party were all totalisers, but somehow or another, in the excitement of the moment, they forgot that they had taken the pledge. Pop, pop, pop, went cork after cork, and every body said that both were so excellent, that they could not decide between the rival makers. Pop, pop, pop, again, without coming to any decision.

"Well, well," said Worthington, "I'll keep both cases; but you must throw off ten shillings, ready money, recollect, or a bill at two months, which is just as good."

"Can't, indeed I can't," said Hutton; "it's put in at the very lowest figger."

"You may as well taste the port, and the Madeira, and the Sherry, and the claret," said Mrs. Worthington.

"I think we had better, Mrs. W., my dear, we shall never get together such another committee of taste."

Pop went the corks, sip, sip, sip, first of one, and then of another sort. Louder grew the tongues of the differing judges. Devilled biscuits and strong cheese were introduced, more bottles were opened, and before the clock struck ten, the four wax candles—Punks's best at three-and-nine—were multiplied into eight, and Mrs. Punks felt so queer that she was obliged to retire.

"Hark!" said Worthington, "I hear the sound of wheels. It's Trumps with the pictures."

All the party went out to see the van, in which a most valuable little collection of pictures—real originals of the best masters—had been conveyed, for it was not safe to bring them down by rail, "they were so very careless."

"You won't unpack them to-night?" said Trumps.

"Impossible," said Worthington, "put the van into the yard and lock the gates. James shall sit up all night and watch it."

"T—t—time to go," stammered out the silversmith.

"Q—q—q—uite," said Punks. "Good night, respected friend."

"But the plate?" said Mrs. Worthington.

"I cannot think of letting our friend risk the removal of it to-night," said her husband. "Let Mary take it carefully up-stairs into our room, and do you see it safely locked up in our cupboard."

"I will take it up myself," said the lady.

"Ve—ve—very much 'bliged to you, marm; go—good night," said the worthy tradesman.

"I wish you all good night, and thank you for your company. We meet at chapel to-morrow, of course," said Worthington.

And so they did, at three services, during the performance of which, the decorous conduct of the Worthingtons, and the junior partner, Trumps, made a deep impression on all the worshippers in the Ebenezer chapel. The plate was sent round, too, for some colonial mission, and no one dropped gold into it but the occupiers of Clematis Cottage and their junior partner.

"A real blessing to the place," was the unanimous judgment of the good people of Brackenbury.

"Bless my soul! what can that be?" said Punks to the groceress, about twelve o'clock on the Sunday night. "It's very like a stage-coach, only they're all dead and buried."

"It's wheels, that's certain. It must be the fire-engine—do, jump out of bed and see what it is," said Mrs. Punks.

Punks rose reluctantly, for his head still ached, from having taken too much of Hutton's samples. He drew aside the blind, opened the window, and caught sight of a covered van, being driven at a rapid rate on the road towards London. Two males and a female sat on the box, and as they passed within a couple of yards of his head, Punks heard a voice—a well-known voice—say, "Go it, Trumps—there's the spoon of a grocer."

You might have knocked Punks down with a feather. He closed the window, drew the curtains, and flung himself into bed, where he lay groaning deeply, and muttering, "Done—clean done—five, four, ten, and nine—sheer cash—groceries—hams—oh, Lord! Responsible for introductions—poor Hutton's Champagne! Six services of plate—off by first train in the morning."

As soon as it was light Punks was off without explaining further to his anxious wife. Before he went down to the station he ran to Clematis Cottage and peeped in at the window. Not a vestige of furniture was to be seen.

"Sure it was so—catch them in town," said Punks, as he trotted to the early train.

* * * * *

It so happened that Mr. Hutton, the wine-merchant of Brackenbury, had occasion to visit London the same day. He arrived about noon, and as he was walking along Cheapside, he saw a crowd collected. He ran to see the meaning of it, and to his surprise beheld his friend, the deacon of the Ebenezer chapel, grasping "the real blessing to the town" by his collar, and shouting for a policeman.

"Are you mad, Punks?" said he; "are you apprehending the worst, most liberal—"

"No, I ain't," screamed Punks, "I'm apprehending a SWINDLER—A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING, and I'll hang him if I can."

"But you can't, my fine fellow, it's only a simple contract debt after all," said Worthington, *alias* Slinking Tom.

He was not hanged; merely sent out to over-colonise Van Dieman's Land, and the Brackenburyans had a hearty laugh at the owner of Clematis Cottage and his pious friends.

LITERATURE.

THE NELSON DISPATCHES.*

FOURTH VOLUME.

THIS important and national work attains perfection as it proceeds. There could indeed be no excuse for keeping back isolated letters or documents from a work which promised to be so complete in its details. Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker has thus in a highly meritorious and public spirited manner contributed all that portion of the correspondence which had been placed in the hands of Mr. Tucker with a view to publication. No less than a hundred letters have also been contributed by Colonel H. P. Davison. The letters are thus made to amount to very nearly one or more for every day in the year: a proof at once of the industry of the editor, and of the assiduity and earnestness of the hero himself.

● The correspondence comprised in the fourth volume extends from September 1799, when Lord Nelson was acting as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, to December 1801, at which period he had temporarily retired from active service. The most interesting events embraced in this period are his being superseded as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean by Lord Keith, the capture of the French ship *Le Généreux*, the battle of Copenhagen, the steps adopted for the defence of the coast in case of a French invasion (and which possess an ever recurring importance), and the operations against the enemy's flotilla at Boulogne.

Lord Nelson's mortification at being superseded as commander-in-chief by Lord Keith is chiefly expressed in his letters to Lady Hamilton, but it oozes out also in most of his epistles written at that epoch; but truly that perpetual hanging about Palermo, where the enchantress dwelt, as totally unfitted the great captain for the guardianship of the Mediterranean, as the fascinations of the Egypto-Grecian syren of old did Mark Antony for the defence of an empire or the salvation of a republic. Admiral Goodall wrote to the captive conqueror:

They say here (Malta) you are Rinaldo in the arms of Armida, and that it requires the firmness of an Ubaldo, and his brother knight, to draw you from the Enchantress. To be sure 'tis a very pleasant attraction, to which I am very sensible myself. But my maxim has always been—*Cupidus voluptatum, cupidior gloriæ*.

Lord Keith issued an order the same spring to Lord Nelson, in which he expressly designated Palermo as an *inconvenient* place of rendezvous (Nelson apparently did not find it so), from its remoteness from Malta. "Lord Keith directed it to be discontinued, and substituted Syracuse instead of it; but if Lord Nelson preferred Messina or Augusta, he was at liberty to use one of them. In fact, anywhere but Palermo.

It was however at this time that the French ship, *Le Généreux*, of seventy-four guns, and one of those which escaped from the battle of the Nile, was captured when attempting to convey succour to Malta. Lord Keith's version of the affair is, that having received intelligence of the approach of an enemy's squadron towards that island, he directed the

* The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, with Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Vol. IV. Henry Colburn.

Foudroyant (Lord Nelson), Audacious, and Northumberland, to chase to windward, the Lion to look out off the passage between Malta and Gozo, while the Queen Charlotte was kept as close in the mouth of the harbour as the batteries would admit of; the Alexander at the same time was under weigh on the south-east side of the island.

Lord Nelson, in a letter to Lord Minto, gives a somewhat different account of the proceedings which led to the capture of the French ship, as also of a large store-ship in its company with 2000 troops and provisions and stores for the relief of Valetta:

I came off Malta with my commander-in-chief (*Sic in orig.*) Lord Keith; we parted company in bad weather the same day. Having information that such a squadron had sailed from Toulon, Lord K. remained off Malta; but my knowledge of their track (rather my knowledge of this country from seven years' experience), I went towards the coast of Barbary, where three days afterwards I fell in with the gentlemen; those ships which fell in with me after our separation from the commander-in-chief, attached themselves to my fortune. We took them after a long chase, four miles only from Sicily.

This at all events attests that although the capture of the *Généreux* is in main part to be attributed to the alacrity and good management of Lieutenant W. Harrington, of the *Alexander*, that it did not result from Lord Keith's disposal of the squadron, at which time the *Alexander* was cruising on the south-east side of the Island of Malta.

"No part of Nelson's Correspondence," says the editor, "is more remarkable or characteristic than his letters after the battle of Copenhagen"—more especially his well-known note "To the Brothers of Englishmen, the Danes"—the account of his interview with the Prince Royal of Denmark—his spirited remonstrance against the official report of the Danish commodore, and, lastly, his indignant complaints that the gallantry of his captains, with whom Nelson always identified himself, had not, as after other great battles, been rewarded with medals. The complete and satisfactory account now presented to the public of this arduous and in some respects unsatisfactory engagement, is exceedingly opportune at a moment that the able and eloquent pen of M. Thiers is so assiduously employed in disparaging the prowess of our countrymen during the Napoleon wars.

....."The generous admiration of Nelson," modestly remarks the editor, "which that distinguished writer (Thiers) exhibits, is security that he will gladly avail himself (?) of the authentic information of Nelson's conduct which this volume affords, to correct his mis-statements; for he will find ample evidence that Nelson was neither 'almost beaten,' nor that had the firing continued a few moments longer Nelson's fleet, almost disabled, would have been obliged to retire half destroyed." Monsieur Thiers will find, also, that Nelson had no other motive for sending the flag of truce than humanity to a conquered but brave and noble foe."

No one can have the slightest feeling of doubt upon the subject, Monsieur Thiers will avail himself of the correct materials here afforded him for a history of the exploits of the English navy with the same exquisite sense of justice and delicate impartiality that he has hitherto shown on all occasions. Upon this topic is it customary to make an open display, as has actually been done, of the naval and maritime resources—of the dock-yards and arsenals—of this country, to an avowed

and open enemy, on all occasions, and in whatever form, minister, orator, or historian, still a bitter, uncompromising enemy?

Lord Nelson's language in reference to the attack made on the 15th of August, 1801, on the French flotilla at Boulogne, and the attempt made to bring out or destroy that flotilla, is full of sincerity and candour. He designates it in his first letter to the Earl of St. Vincent's, written after the attack, "as a failure"—"a service which the precautions of the enemy rendered impossible to succeed in." Earl St. Vincent in his answer to Lord Nelson, attributes this want of success to the manner in which the enemy's flotilla was made fast to the ground, and to each other, which he says could not be foreseen. But Nelson, in his letter to Evan Nepean, says distinctly, "the darkness of the night, with the tide and half-tide, separated the divisions, and from all not arriving at the same happy moment with Captain Parker, is to be attributed the failure of success." Again, in his letter to Earl St. Vincent of the 17th to 19th of August, he says, "Had our force arrived as I intended, 'twas not all the chains in France that could have prevented our folks from bringing off the whole of the vessels."

As it was, several of the French boats were carried, till the heavy fire of musketry from the shore which overlooked them, forced the captors to leave them, and as succinctly described by Nelson in his letter to Evan Nepean.

Although the divisions did not arrive together, yet each (except the fourth division, which could not be got up before day), made a successful attack on that part of the enemy they fell in with, and actually took possession of many brigs and flats, and cut their cables; but many of them being aground, and the moment of the battle's ceasing on board them, the vessels were filled with volleys upon volleys of musketry, *the enemy being perfectly regardless of their own men*, who must have suffered equally with us.

The veracious historian Thiers thus describes the same unsuccessful attempt. "*The British were thrown back at every point, and cast into the sea, which was covered with their floating corpses* ; the brave Pevrieu killed two Britons with his own hand, and the result was not an unsuccessful attempt, it was a real defeat." If it were a defeat, why did not the French follow it up?

Lord Nelson's memoranda on the defence of the Thames will always retain a certain practical utility, notwithstanding the changes effected by the introduction of steam. His own buoyancy of spirits and confidence in conquering the French should they have left their ports, are the best of all the long and various explanations that have been penned to explain why Napoleon did not move. As early as the 31st of July, he wrote to Earl St. Vincent: "Our force will, by your great exertions, soon get so formidable, that the enemy will hardly venture out." On the 6th of August he wrote to Mr. Davison: "I can venture to assure you that no embarkation of troops can take place at Boulogne." In his letter to Earl St. Vincent of the 9th of August, he writes, "We are so prepared at this moment, on the enemy's coasts, that I do not believe they could get three miles from their own shore." What a commentary upon Admiral Bruix. "Perhaps," said that officer, "we might lose a hundred boats out of two thousand; but nineteen hundred would pass over, and they would suffice for the ruin of England."

On the 11th of August Nelson writes, "Our active force is perfect,

and possesses so much zeal, that I only wish to catch that Bonaparte on the water, either with the Amazon or Medusa; but himself he will never trust. He would say, '*Allez vous en,*' and not '*Allons, mes amis!*'" And finally, on the 13th of the same month, he asks inquiringly of Earl St. Vincent, "Where, my dear lord, is our invasion to come from? The time is gone; owing to the precautions of government, it cannot happen at this moment, and I hope that we shall always be as much on the alert as our enemies."

A wish in which we heartily concur. The fact is, that the attack on the flotilla was never thought of, till Nelson was morally certain that they would never come out, and a tiger—for the lion is British—that would suffer itself to be bearded in its own den, was not likely to be formidable on the open sea. A column now commemorates the onslaught of that enemy, which it never ventured itself to attack, although assembled for that very purpose, with the additional amiable but dreamy Gallic intention of for ever effecting the ruin and annihilation of our tough little island.

MOZART.*

As the history of an epoch is often best studied by that of its great men, so the history of music is still more intimately associated with that of its distinguished and eminent professors. The name of Mozart alone fills up an era in musical literature. The influence of this single man upon art is wonderful. Even amidst the brilliant reputations that clustered around him, he ever shone as a star of the first magnitude; and from his sonatas, published at seven years of age, to his last "Requiem," his life was one series of triumphs and successes, only diversified by those varied incidents and struggles inseparable from our actual social condition. Of all the intellectual faculties, there is none whose innate character is so early and so distinctly manifested as the musical. It accompanies the individual through life with the same ever prominent and ready manifestation. When *three* years old, young Wolfgang was striking thirds, and almost as soon as his tongue could lisp, his ears were awake to harmonious intervals. "The musical faculty," says Mr. Holmes, "appears to have been intuitive in him, for in learning to play, he learned to compose at the same time:—his *own nature* discovered to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, symmetry, and the art of setting a bass." From such small beginnings—the sources of the greatest rivers are small at the head—the mighty stream of genius went on swelling in power and intensity, till it crowned his twenty-fifth year by the production of the "*Idomeneo*," one of the most important works, perhaps that ever appeared in its influence on music. The score is still a picture to the musician.

It exhibits consummate knowledge of the theatre, displayed in an opera of the first magnitude and complexity, which unites to a great orchestra the effects of a double chorus on the stage and behind the scenes, and introduces

* The Life of Mozart; including his Correspondence. By Edward Holmes, author of "A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany." 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

marches, processions, and dances to various accompaniments in the orchestra, behind the scenes, and under the stage. *

This model opera, in which Mozart rises on the wing from one beauty to another through long acts, was completed in a few weeks, yet has ever since defied the scrutiny of musicians to detect in it the slightest negligence of style. "Idomeneo" was followed by "La Nozze de Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and a hundred other emanations of that transcendent genius which then asserted its empire over the whole musical world. The very death-year of Mozart (1791) was the most wonderful of all his life; it was an end crowning the work, in every way worthy of his extraordinary career. It witnessed the production of "La Clemenza di Tito," and of the "Zauberflöte," and the mortal scene was terminated by genius taking flight in its own "Requiem."

It would be wrong to suppose that the life of so eminent a musician can convey little amusement, however instructive. Although Mozart was a virtuous and well-conducted man, and his life presents few irregularities, he was almost always suffering from the vulgar exigencies, or swimming or sinking with the inconstant favours and neglect of German archbishops and princes. The man's domestic character appears to have been as irreproachable as his genius is beyond contest. His correspondence reveals both that character and genius with the most charming candour and simplicity; and the "Life of Mozart" now published, is in every respect an admirable piece of biography, and a most worthy tribute both to the man and the musician.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF ROME.*

THE ecclesiastical and social institutions of Rome can have no interest in the present day unless a change has come upon their corrupt senility, or a spirit of new life has been awakened from the slumbering dreams of past ages. The editor of this work on the Holy City, asserts that such is the case. The evidences of the revival of Popery, he says, are become so obvious that no doubt can any longer be entertained of its reality. We believe in this revival also, but neither anticipate its duration, nor apprehend its ascendancy.

The Jesuits have triumphed for a moment in Switzerland and Belgium. They are still aiming at the complete direction of public education in France, but it is more than doubtful if they will succeed. They have revived in Austria the order of the Knights of St. John. They have established colleges and stations in America, and in every kingdom and country of Europe, at the same time that their most strenuous exertions are turned to the East, and everywhere, while undermining public opinion, they are endeavouring to render themselves subservient to political power.

But these renewed energies of Rome are far more than counterbalanced by the general diffusion of knowledge, and the universal spirit of free inquiry. As the fanatical appeal to bigotry and superstition so ostentatiously made at Treves only led to the secession of the Ronge party, and to a new burst of Germanic hatred of all priesthood; so in this

* Rome: its Ecclesiastical and Social Life. 1 vol. Newby.

country, where Puseyism revels in surplices, altars, candles, and bowings, where the innocent study of mediæval antiquities and of church architecture, has been made the bond of union to a power-loving clergy, and out of a modest and inquiring Archæological Association there instantly sprang up a hydra-headed Puseyite and hierarchical *Institute*, where we learn from the Catholic Directory for the present year that there already exist no less than twelve Roman Catholic colleges, thirty-one convents, 582 churches and chapels, together with 755 missionary priests, still there are no more real or positive causes of apprehension of the ascendancy of Rome than there are in Prussian Germany, where the 'symbolising and sympathising king' is said to indite one day a Protestant union (*Gustav Adolphs Verein*), and the next becomes the munificent mason of the cathedral of Cologne.

The essence of Popery (apart from theological speculation) is power, and as the editor of the present work sensibly remarks, it is not personified merely in the aged and venerable father who fills the throne and wears the tiara—but in the principle of priestly supremacy, in whatever country or under whatever form exercised. This principle itself places as many difficulties in the way of Rome's universal ascendancy as does the spirit of the times or the mind of nations. It lurks in this country in all its ecclesiastical institutions, even in the hesitating and moderate pretensions of the Anglican divines, in the conferences and clerical usurpations of Methodism, in the Jesuitical classes and discipline of the followers of Wesley or Whitfield, in the essentials of form among the Baptists, in the non-essentials and intolerance of creeds of the Unitarians, in the eager search after endowment amidst the very voluntary principles of the Independents, in the dogmatising on salvation of the Evangelists, and even in the self-satisfaction of the Sectarian who resolves all creeds into his personal experiences.

It is most gratifying to observe that amidst these conflicting interests in the Church, every thing attests that both in this country and throughout Europe and America, the pursuit of Christianity for its love and spirit, and not for its ecclesiastical or sectarian forms, is daily becoming more earnest, more common, and more generally advocated. Each is wishing to serve God with a willing heart, an enlightened understanding, and an active beneficence, and while such impulses last and grow in strength, there is nothing to apprehend for the future. The writer of "Rome" has viewed that great city through the medium of the Puseyite perception; but even with respect to the eternal city itself our persuasions are the same. Rome is still a great city, and so long as it preserves the Pantheon and Church of St. Peter, the Coliseum, the Vatican, the Sistine chapel, its magnificent palaces filled with the treasures of ancient and modern art, its Apollo, and "its population of statues," it will remain the boast and wonder of Europe. Still Rome, like Babylon and Nineveh, affords one of the most striking lessons recorded in the instructive page of history and the experience of man, of the instability of human grandeur, and the mutability of imperial and papal power. An heterogeneous mixture of meanness and magnificence, of wealth and poverty, is the most striking feature of modern Rome. The yellow Tiber gliding lonely through the dreary wastes of the Campagna, is not a sadder spectacle than the miserable friars, and their more miserable dependants, perambulating its once haughty streets. It is everywhere the

same. The silence of solitude, and the awful aspect of a desolation too vast to be grasped by any effort of imagination, chill the heart of the beholder, and forcibly remind him of that total oblivion to which she, too, is hastening under the insupportable weight of the divine denunciation.

Alas, the lofty city ! and, alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page ! but these shall be
Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.

THE ATTRACTIVE MAN.*

THERE are some authors with whom it seems impossible not to be lively and entertaining. No matter how great the demand from within and the pressure from without, still there is always the same flow of animal spirits and buoyant intellectual energy. The most pleasant susceptibilities of genius are congenial to their nature as sunshine is to the soil, and they seem to live in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. The new character sketched by Mrs. Trollope, "the Attractive man" (and now-a-days it takes three volumes to develop a character, to use a rather continental turn of phrase), is not quite so harmless a creature as some of his class. His *nom de guerre* is Theodore Vidal, his person handsome, his appearance prepossessing, his manner captivating, at the same time that his heart and principles are practically depraved. He is introduced to us first as a visiter at Lord Randal's, in the county of Salop. His "social system" is made known to us as follows :

Lady Randal said to her lord, before she moved from the drawing-room to her own apartment, "I give you credit, dear Randal, for having imported that young man. He is very well-looking, perfectly gentlemanlike, and wonderfully quick in observing what is pretty and graceful. You know I rather pique myself on the arrangement of my books, and dear nick-nackerics in the little drawing-room, and he had not been down-stairs five minutes before I saw him doing homage to it all. He saw that I was observing him, and an ordinary-minded sort of person would have made my ladyship a fine speech upon my taste and my treasures. But your Mr. Vidal knew better. He had, somehow or other, contrived to find out, by the aid of physiognomy, I suppose, that I hate and detest flattery; and, after looking for several minutes with very earnest attention at the pretty *coup-d'œil*, an expression of admiration and pleasure came over his singularly speaking features, which I cannot describe ; but he spoke not a word. He only turned round a little, and fixing his eyes upon me for half a moment, gave me *such* a smile. It would be worth while to exercise a little good taste and knowledge of effect, if every body felt it like your new acquaintance. But people in general have eyes,

That seem at most
To guard a master 'gainst a post.

The shy bachelor geological gentleman, Mr. Norman, had happened to take up a fossil that lay among the miscellaneous treasures of one of Lady Randal's richly-loaded little tables, and having subjected it to the scientific ordeal of

* The Attractive Man: a Novel. By Mrs. Trollope, authoress of the "Vicar of Wrexhill," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

a wet finger, had deemed it worth the compliment of being examined through his spectacles—nay, even this did not satisfy him till he carried it to the window, and looked at it with the advantage of all the light he could get.

This was quite enough for Vidal. The fossil acted as a hand-post, pointing out the way to the old gentleman's heart, and, notwithstanding all the accomplished stranger had upon his hands that day, falling in love included, he found time, before the evening was over, to drop into a chair beside Mr. Norman, and to say, "I suspect, sir, from the manner in which I saw you examine that interesting fossil, that you are a brother geologist. Will you have the kindness to tell me if I shall find any use for my hammer in the immediate neighbourhood of Compton?"

* * * * *

Mr. Clementson had been a good deal struck, and a good deal touched, too, by the manner in which Vidal, after looking at him earnestly for a moment while he was saying something about his daughter Mary, uttered in a half-whisper the word "Charming!"

He had made Mrs. General Springfield completely his own, by giving her one single glance, and half a smile, as he replied, when asked by Lord Randal, if he loved music, "Yes, my lord, I do, when it is wedded to immortal verse;" and her son was quite ready to "swear an eternal friendship" to him upon his saying, after listening to about half-a-dozen quotations, "If there be a gift of Heaven that I envy, it is the possession of that blessed species of memory which enables a man to make all the finest thoughts that have ever been conceived his own!"

The eldest Miss Springfield is won by his dexterous search for some stanzas of Mrs. Hemans, which that lady had been reading the moment before, Sir William Monkton by the discovery of a beautiful face in a "Book of Beauty," and the Lady Sarah by his devotion to her faded beauties, but

As to the means by which he managed with so much business on his hands, as the first few hours of acquaintance with an entirely new set of people must of necessity bring; how, notwithstanding this, he managed to send such a girl as Clara home to her pillow with her thoughts almost entirely engrossed by him, can only be understood by those who personally know Vidal.

This first victim to "the Attractive Man" is a most beautiful, well-behaved young lady, whose best affections belong by right to a modest and honourable man, Arthur Lexington, but who is the dupe of his own timidity. Clara Maynard is wooed and won by Theodore Vidal, to be as soon left for the young heiress, Mary, only daughter of John Jonas Clementson, Esq., of Dalbury Park.

Hero and Beatrice, Celia and Rosalind, and a multitude of other pretty pairs, have left their well-defined portraits upon the imagination, but the authoress establishes a still greater contrast between Mary, the dark-eyed, nut-brown maid, all goodness, obedience, and sincerity of heart, and Lucy Dalton, the blue-eyed, light-haired daughter of her father's coachman, but who had been brought up as her playmate and companion in study, and had now verged into her companion as a lady. As different in character as in appearance from Mary, Lucy Dalton is selfish and unprincipled. A series of painful errors, and mistakes have their origin in the *gaucherie* of a nephew, a young naval lieutenant, Dick Herbert, who, favoured by his cousin, the heiress, pays most attention to Lucy Dalton, merely that it may not be said that he took advantage of his uncle's hospitality to win the affections of his daughter, while the designing and unprincipled Lucy makes an instrument of him in a plot woven

by herself and "the Attractive Man" to effect the marriage of the latter with Mary, while she is promised a more equivocal social position with regard to the same personage.

There is some admirable by-play in the manner in which Lexington and his Clara are brought to understand one another, and in the character of a philosophic aunt of the former, who gives a most strange but very true and acute *travestie* of what the theories of the author of the "Natural History of Creation" would be, if carried to their extreme by an uneducated person.

Mary, Dick Herbert, and the excellent old father, are all saved from the approaching catastrophe of a marriage by the accidental intervention of Mrs. Squabs, a servant of the before-mentioned philosophic old aunt. The parties are in London, Mrs. Squabs having just arrived to announce Mr. Lexington's succession to the whole of the deceased old lady's fortune.

While this was going on at the lower part of the principal drawing-room, and at no great distance from the door, Mr. Clementson being seated on a chair close beside Mrs. Squabs, and Lexington opposite to her, Mr. Vidal was making a vast deal of love to Mary in the smaller room, which, in the ordinary London fashion, opened from it with folding doors.

But though the door was wide, and the room not large, the group in the principal apartment were quite concealed from Mary and her adorer, as they stood looking, as it seemed, upon the miniature garden behind the house.

But Mary began to get tired of standing there; she had probably examined with sufficient accuracy all that was to be seen in the dusky garden, and it is possible she might have also felt that her retreat, which was caused by a disinclination to intrude herself on the interview between Mr. Lexington and the person who had asked for him, had afforded as much opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with her lover as the laws of decorum could permit.

Just, therefore, as Mrs. Squabs had reached the conclusion of her narrative, Miss Clementson said,

"I can let you see now, Mr. Vidal, the camco you were speaking of yesterday. It is in the next room; I brought it down on purpose to show it to you."

Mr. Vidal thanked her with his usual perfection of elegant tenderness, and side by side they walked out into the other room.

Scarcely had they entered it, scarcely had the strikingly, well-dressed, and graceful figure of Vidal become visible to the trio at the bottom of the larger room, than Mrs. Martha Squabs sprang from her chair with a degree of agility, which at her age was really extraordinary, and which nothing but strong emotion could have lent her, and rushing forward, placed herself immediately opposite to my hero, so as to oblige both him and Mary to stand still; while raising her hands and eyes towards Heaven, she exclaimed, with mingled rapture and astonishment, "Luko Squabs! my darling! long-lost nephew! Is it possible, my dear, dear Luke? Do I indeed again embrace thee?" and the delighted old woman threw her arms around his neck, and nestling her large crape bonnet under his chin, sobbed with uncontrolable emotion upon his bosom.

There is a tide in the affairs of men.

At that mysterious and sinister moment the star of Vidal fell for ever!

With the exception of this *dénouement*, there is not so much extravagance of caricature in this novel as generally belongs to Mrs. Trollope's works. It is more subdued, and, if possible, more natural. The same perfect ease and freedom of style, the same quick and humorous perception of character comes out more harmoniously and more pleasingly from

the absence of the grotesque, and "The Attractive Man" must, from its homely qualifications, exquisite sketches of society, and well-sustained interest, take a high stand among its author's productions.

THIERS'S HISTORY.*

THE clear, lucid style of this history, the abundance of authentic and hitherto unexplained materials, and the great ability and political experience of its author, render it undoubtedly one of the most important productions of our time. At the same time it is so disfigured by its anti-Anglican prejudices, that there is scarcely any thing that has as yet appeared relating to the position of the two countries, during a long period of war and vexation, that has not been misrepresented. This will render it impossible that any edition can be lastingly popular in this country, unless accompanied by such a full commentary as the Wellington, Nelson, and Malmesbury dispatches, and other valuable resources, now at the command of the historian would readily afford. The fifth volume of the excellent translation by Mr. Campbell brings the narrative to the proclamation of Napoleon as Emperor.

EVENINGS AT HADDON HALL.†

EVENINGS AT HADDON HALL! The very title conjures up all kinds of old memories of baronial mansions, stately terraces, magnificent rooms hung with aristocratical family portraits, wooded and deer-haunted parks, avenues of "patrician trees," with the startling traditions that hover about them, and the whole pomp and circumstance of feudal grandeur:

Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

It has been asserted, that in this venerable and romantic seat of the Duke of Rutland, Mrs. Radcliffe acquired that love of castles and other ancestral buildings which makes so prominent a feature in her fictions. This, however, is unluckily not true; but it cannot be doubted though erroneous, it will continue as one of the associations connected with Haddon Hall. A pleasant rumour can with difficulty be destroyed even by proof of its fallacy.

The volume we have mentioned, is in every respect worthy of the intention which gave it birth. Rarely has a more superb book issued from the press. The plates from Mr. Cattermole's drawings bring before us the rich interiors of ancient edifices, and give presentments of some of those stirring and picturesque scenes, which, in these non-poetical days, can be no more beheld in actual life. And the stories which either illustrate the engravings, or are illustrated by them, are produced by writers whose names would be considered titles to fame. But though, with the most delicate tact of the editress, an air of mystery is thrown over the

* History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon. By M. A. Thiers. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq. Vol. V. Henry Colburn.

† Evenings at Haddon Hall. Edited by the Baroness Calabrella, with illustrations on Steel by George Cattermole. 1 vol. Henry Colburn.

greater part of these contributions, the peculiar talent shown in them, and certain evidences of style and general treatment, may, to the judicious reader, identify the pens that traced them. The accomplished editress has supplied those links in the general design which connect the separate narrations, and exemplify the characters of those who relate them. A perfect air of unity is thus given to the whole. Nothing can be more admirable than the manner in which these parts of the work are executed by the Baroness Calabrella. Infinite grace, combined with dramatic effect, and highly picturesque description, are their characteristics. Among several exquisite productions of the writers who have assisted her, we were much struck by a vigorous and animated romance called, "Love to the Rescue."

Books of this class are remarkable features in modern literature, and have arisen, in the first place, from the love of ancient, historical, and social recollections in the minds of writers; and in the second, from the spirit of existing publishers, who lavish their capital in embellishing their volumes with engravings of high art, by which, without stirring out of our rooms, one may contemplate famous localities. In this branch of publication, how inferior were the Tonsons, the Lintots, and the Dodsleys! That Mr. Colburn will be rewarded for the "contempt for assets" which he has shown in this work, can hardly be doubted; but, in any case, he will have the satisfaction of giving to the world what Marlowe called,

Infinite riches in a little room—

a casket of which the possession will be coveted now and for years to come.

PARROT'S JOURNEY TO ARARAT.*

ARARAT is a mighty name. The traditions of mediæval antiquity, followed by the tacit admission of modern civilisation, are divided against the Chaldean, Syriac, and Arab traditions, in regarding it as the Ararat of the Old Testament. But neither the native Armenians, Turks, Persians, nor Kurds, know the mountain by any other name than that of Massis and Agri Tagh. The latter nations, with those previously mentioned, with the exception of the Armenians, generally refer the great historical event recorded in the most ancient of books, to those lofty and snow-clad mountains which overlook the plains of Assyria, Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and Chaldea.

Consisting, correctly speaking, of two summits—the great Ararat and the less Ararat,—this renowned mountain towers up on the southern borders of a plain of about thirty-five miles in breadth, and of a length of which seventy miles may be taken in with the eye! In such a situation, the impression made by Ararat upon the mind of every one who has any sensibility for the stupendous works of the Creator, is wonderful and overpowering; and many a traveller of genius and taste has em-

* The World surveyed in the Nineteenth Century; or Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions (undertaken chiefly by command of Foreign Governments. Translated, and where necessary abridged, by W. D. Cooley. Vol. I. Journey to Ararat. By Dr. Friedrich Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Dorpat, &c. 1 vol. Longman and Co.

ployed both the powers of the pen and of the pencil in attempts to portray this impression.

Add to this that the ascent of Mount Ararat has been traditionally handed down as impossible. Its steep icy head has been supposed to be inaccessible both to man and beast. The mountain had been partly ascended in 1834, by a Russian traveller, M. Autonomoff, and its summit was nearly reached by the unfortunate Colonel Stoddart, but it still remained for the scientific curiosity, stimulated by the struggle with difficulty and danger, of Doctor Parrot, to achieve the long-reputed impossibility.

This learned and enterprising traveller, taking advantage of the temporary extension of the Russian empire to the regions of the Araxes, started in company with several scientific companions, and an imperial *feldjäger*, charged with all necessary instruments, from the chair at Dorpat, to ascend the sacred mountain. The party proceeded by the plain of the Kalmuks through the Caucasus to Tiflis. From this point an interesting excursion was made into the province of Kakheti, close to the country of the Lesghi, and lastly, Ararat itself was reached by the far-famed monastery of Achmiadzin—the seat of the Patriarch of the Holy Synod, and of the dignitaries of the Armenian church.

Doctor Parrot passes in interesting review the previous descriptions and drawings made of Ararat by preceding travellers, from Chardin to Sir W. Ouseley. As usual, the French are the most superficial and hasty. Tournefort proclaimed the mountain to be "one of the most dismal and disagreeable sights on the face of the earth;" while the Baron F. de Beaujour speaks of its head as always crowned with snow touching the heavens, while its double summit is blackened by volcanic fire—an incongruity which did not strike the rhapsodical writer. On the other hand, although Porter is said to have overstepped the bounds of nature as far as regards the abruptness of the acclivities, the three views given by Ouseley are pronounced to be the best graphic representations of the mountains till then existing. It is to be regretted that the still more elaborate sketches of Doctor Parrot were not given in this work upon a more adequate scale.

The party made three attempts to ascend the mountain before success attended upon their zeal and perseverance. The history of their ascents cannot be extracted into our pages, an omission the less to be regretted, as it is desirable that all interested in scientific enterprise and learned travel, should be in possession of the work. The most disagreeable part of the transaction was that, after the accomplishment of the ascent, amidst so many difficulties, doubts were thrown upon its reality: whereas, as the editor justly remarks, there seems no ground whatever for questioning the veracity of Parrot and of his companions, nor indeed can we see upon what precedent it ought ever to be attempted to disprove a positive fact upon mere hypothetical data.

This "Journey to Mount Ararat" forms the first volume of a most important series, now publishing by Messrs. Longman and Co., and to which we wish every possible success. It almost makes us jealous to find that the scientific researches of foreigners should find ready publishers in this country, when a native meets with difficulties insuperable, except to persons of fortune, to lay any thing but a "popular" narrative before the public. Some mistaken notions concerning the Nestorians,

who are confounded with what the author calls Yedsdihs, have been introduced into the work upon the authority of a Colonel Gaspar Drouville; and as the course of true love never yet ran smooth, we observe that in the map attached to the work by Arrowsmith (and which is worth the price of the book itself, even as a companion to the wars in Circassia), the river of Buhtan is made to flow into that of Bitlis or the Kharzansu, before its junction with the Tigris; whereas the former river has now been traced from Til, the point of junction with the Tigris, to the parallel of Sa'rt, without such a junction having been observed.

STRUGGLES FOR FAME.*

THIS admirable novel shall speak for itself. It opens with a truly Hogarthian scene, a waggon, a wayside inn, and a fiddling publican. We are at once introduced to the little heroine, Barbara, a child of tender years, under a tawdry protector, Mrs. Fagg. The death and subsequent robbery of this child-lifter causes the transfer of Barbara and of her pilfering road-side companions, to the charge of Justice Tender, in whose characteristic home we become acquainted with Cæsar Crumpsure and Priscilla Snig, the former the justice's clerk, the latter his stingy house-keeper, but an ardent lover of the said clerk, whose mode of administering justice, his selfishness, and want of principle, go hand-in-hand with the full blown tenderness, hypocrisy, and plundering propensities of Miss Snig.

Notwithstanding the strong predilections of Justice Tender for the child, this precious pair succeed in getting it put out to board at eighteen-pence a-week with the amiable Miss Kites, who educate with blows, and nourish with narcotic syrups. One of the Miss Kites, accompanied by a Mr. Twigster, come to fetch the child away. "The child's terror on seeing Miss Kite's hag-like face was instant and indescribable," but the lady lifted it forcibly, and stifled its sobs by wrapping a shawl round its head. Crumpsure was there, but, "He slunk from that shrill cry of helpless sorrow; he knew they were the cries of helpless truth appealing up to Heaven: and that such cries are heard and answered in the fitting hour."

We are next introduced to the Miss Kites' boarding-house, a picture which, if as the author says it was written some time back, certainly anticipated others most closely analogous, and since sketched by one of the most popular authors of the day. Nearly at the same time a visit is paid to the home of Mr. Twigster.

It was certainly an uncomely place: the unplastered walls, the damp brick floor, the few bars that held the glowing fire, the saucepan, the frying-pan, the rude litter of straw, that probably formed Mr. Twigster's bed, the dark lantern, the coarse outer coat, the chained mastiff, with its bleared and watchful eyes, the broken tub, with its litter of bull-dog puppies, the last dying speech of Bill Scragg pasted on the wall, the gin-bottle, and the pile of dirty pipes.

This qualified gentleman, enticed by what he had seen at the justice's, effects a midnight robbery at a house which, between the thieves indoors

and those from without, is certainly placed in a sore predicament. At Miss Kite's, two or three overdoses of syrup causes the establishment to be broken up, and the ladies to be sent to the House of Correction, while poor Barbara, bruised and maimed, falls into the hands of two natural phenomena, a kind-hearted parish beadle, and a sympathising parish doctor.

Barbara is removed to the mansion of a maiden lady, Catherine Haydon. The doctor effects her introduction, the good old beadle the translation.

At length night came; after Barbara had had a very nice tea, and the beadle had washed his face, so that it might shine very much, and put on his best coat, and Mrs. Sprigg had wrapped the child up carefully in her own red cloak, and placed her safe in the beadle's arms, the journey was commenced.

After brushing the lint off his coat, taking a pinch of snuff, and coughing thrice, Mr. Sprigg found himself bold enough to ring the bell. They were soon admitted into the warm kitchen, where the fat cook, the housekeeper, and the lean housemaid, were already assembled to see the child. Mr. Sprigg was soon summoned to the parlour, and Barbara was left in the charge of the housekeeper. The beadle rubbed his shoes till they were quite hot, put his finger and thumb to his forelock as he had taught the charity boys to do, and keeping very close to the parlour-door, related further particulars of Barbara's history.

Little Barbara is very happy at Miss Haydon's, where she becomes the pet also of uncle Trimstick, another worthy, whose pulse is his chronometer, who takes a pill and a basin of gruel every night, and gives powders to every body. This sunshine of existence is clouded by an introduction to the dying Clara and the wayward Walter Forrester, followed by poor little Barbara's abduction by Twigster and Miss Kite, who have escaped from prison to become strolling vagabonds. From this sad life she is relieved for a moment but only to pass into the hands of Trout, a barrel-organ player who goes about with two dancing girls, the "divine 'Manda" and the "inimitable Harribella." From this delectable company she passes into better hands—the book shop of old Adam Leafdale—a servant at Justice Tender's, when Barbara was first introduced to these strange vicissitudes of her young life.

Here, attended upon by a devoted boy, dwarfish and awry, with unwieldy head, old countenance, and large and powerful hands, Barbara dives into the treasures of literature and learning, and becomes struck with what the dwarf, Jock, proclaims to be the "*sun's music*," in other words, she turns poet. The curate of Normanston takes the child, now waxing into womanhood, under his tuition, and while at Mr. Sumner's Barbara adds love to her budding genius and sentiment, the object being a young gentleman of the name of Trafford.

True to the school which the author has adopted, and the great founder of which was Fielding, and the most successful follower Marryat, the scene becomes now so crowded with living and breathing characters—all excellent in their way—and that are brought before us under such various aspects and modifications, that it is impossible to give a notion of a tithe of them. There are three Misses Pyefinch, daughters of a deceased surgeon, who occupied a trim red brick house, and eked out a scanty income by letting their two best rooms, furnished, to the half-pay navy captain, Dogget; and by curtailing his chops, his rum, and his coals (his tobacco they

let alone), managed to pay for sundry writing and music lessons that they thought proper to bestow upon an orphan niece. "They were proud, poor, illiterate, envious adders within the fair bosom of Normanston." Then we have Mrs. Burnham, a high-bred lady—aspiring to a name in literature—hating things vulgar, denouncing all poor persons that read or write, conceiving learning to be a heritage unmeet for the vulgar, and seconded in these bygone notions by a persecuting vicar Winnington. Poverty, for Barbara's sake, visits the curate and Adam Leafdale, and calumny and detraction sharpen the edge of affliction. They sink under the trial. But the naval captain, with his miniature "Blazer" and clouds of Virginia, and the musical Brascord, keep up the sunshine of the tale. New characters are brought on the stage, among which figure the Lord Delone and the Lady Julia, William Caxton, the book-worm, Mr. Roheiny and Mr. Gilpin, each better than the other, while the old characters, Justice Tender, Crumpsure, Snig, Forrester, and Purland, are made to their play their parts over and again through a long tale, which will bear comparison for its living characters and rapid events, with some of the best productions of he whom Byron styled "the prose Homer of human nature." Barbara at length finds a mother and a father, but weds not her first love, Trafford. Her home is in the manor of Heronswood. It is her own, with an ample fortune, the gift of Heronswood, now Lord Delone. Her whole delight is in her books, the pleasures of authorship, and the society of the friends that remain to her. Captain Dogget lives within a bow-shot of the manor-house, sailing on Heronswood mere a commodious Blazer, while Jock, the poor mis-shapen worshipper of the sun's music, is the honest keeper of the books. These, with Pipple, Purland, and Trimstick, make up an astonishing company.

Miss Snig lives on Barbara's bounty in the suburbs of L—, sipping Geneva, and thinking of Mr. Crumpsure in his admirable character of a lover, as acted before his final exit upon the top of Newgate.

There is some mystification in the preface to this novel, and in the name attached to it, which we shall not attempt to unravel. We have given a sufficient idea of its contents to show that if written by a lady, like many a pencil sketch, it has been touched up by a *master's* hand.

LUSITANIAN SKETCHES.*

A BOOK of travels, a guide book, sketches of places and persons, and a summary of the political, social, and religious state of the Portuguese, all in one. A more agreeable and instructive book of its kind, cannot be easily imagined. Witness the unintentional taking of Vigo by a *coup de main*. A large party from the steamer, mostly composed of naval men going out to join their ship in the Mediterranean, landed in a boat by themselves late in the evening:

Being anxious to see as much as possible of the place, the moment they reached the shore they rushed along the quay in the way sailors *will* run when emancipated from their ship. It happened that a party of raw recruits had

* Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq. Author of "The Circassian Chief," "The Prime Minister," &c. 2 vols. J. W. Parker.

just been marched into the place, one of whom, a half-clad being in a tattered blue surtout and chako, was doing duty as sentinel near the landing-place. He gave the challenge. "*Rendez vous*," shouted in joke one of the party, as they hurried onward. The poor fellow appeared to know two words of French—these were the fatal ones. Frightened out of his wits, he did not exactly obey the order, but, throwing down his musket, he rushed into the town, shouting that the enemy were upon them.

The Douro, its boats, and the "heroic and ever-unconquered city of Oporto," are described with a particularity that leaves nothing to be desired, except it were a run among the vine-clad hills, and a few inhalations of orange-scented gales. Granite being the foundation on which the city stands, every edifice has the windows and door-frames of carved stone, and the lowest cottage is formed to endure for ages. Against the walls, or under arches, are arabesque fountains, a relic of the Moors left on a genial soil, for everywhere an architectural respect for the blessing of water is an emblem of a sunny climate. In Oporto society is said to have attained its most polished form, and perfection of manner to have resulted. This is very high praise, given by Lord Porchester as well as Mr. Kingston. Even among the peasantry love-making is a most refined affair. Superstition is rife, but not without some sceptical shrewdness, finding a home in an occasional priest-ridden intellect.

A certain person who had been guilty of piracy, and various other objectionable acts, by which he had amassed a large fortune, was told, during his last illness by his confessor, one of their order, that he must leave his property to their convent, or he would most assuredly have to sojourn for a very long period in purgatory. Though unwilling to undergo so disagreeable an alternative, he did not immediately comply with the advice the friar so disinterestedly gave him, but took the first opportunity of informing his son what he was about to do, and that he should be obliged to leave his children destitute, or take a long spell in that place of torment. To his son's expostulations, he answered, "Think, my son, of the burning flames, and the wicked characters with whom I must associate for thousands and thousands of years, if I do not pay for a sufficient number of masses."

"And think, my father, of the poverty and misery," I and your other dear children must endure if you give your property to those lazy friars," responded the affectionate son, pressing tenderly the hand of his dying parent. "Think of that, my beloved father: besides, what is it after all? *You know you will soon get accustomed to it!*"

The travelling department is full of descriptive humour and graphic incidents. Horses given to rolling in mud and water to the manifest inconvenience of both rider and saddle, trees that grow little girls, pious pigs, incongruous processions, and strange festivals in honour of saints. Guimaraens with its cathedral—a pencil as well as a pen sketch—is a first excursion after the hydrosulphureous baths of Vizella. Within this building are preserved certain treasures (*thesouros*) of our Lady, and much unholy cacchination was produced among the attendant friars by a young lady not profoundly versed in Portuguese, requesting to be shown *os tesouros de Nossa Senhora*, "our Lady's scissors!" Guimaraens has also a palace, a castle, an ancient and curious chapel, and a tree with a legend attached to it.

Braga, with its cathedral, numerous shrines and pilgrim site of Bom Jesus comes next, and is quitted for the pass of Salamonde, the line of Soult's retreat before the British. Throughout the work, there are many curious references to the Peninsular campaign in its local illustrations,

and even Napier's admirable work receives a few geographical corrections. This excursion is followed by chapters on monasticism, a too fertile subject for the pen in any sketches of the actual condition of society in Portugal; by sketches of people and society in Oporto; a ride from Oporto to Vigo; the public institutions of Oporto, and traits and traditions of the north of Portugal. Most of the tours in the work indeed belong to the northern provinces, and are comprised in the country between the Minho and the Mondego. The most extensive journey is that made from Oporto, by Sardao and Busaco, to Coimbra, thence across the Serra d' Estrella to Almeida, and onwards to Salamanca, returning by the valley of the Douro. This journey comprises a mass of curious matter, descriptive, scenic, humorous, historical, and antiquarian. The work closes with a description of the wine districts on the Alto Douro, some curious disclosures concerning the port wine trade and manufacture, and excellent advice upon obtaining good port.

Mr. Kingston is a hearty traveller in its true sense.

After all (he says) which man enjoys the happiest old age, he who has jogged and bumped through life on a mule's back, to attain gold which he cannot enjoy, or he who can look back on the joyous scenes of his youth, when he has galloped across the pampas of South America, or the steppes of Tartary, climbed the dizzy precipices of the Alps, or bounded over the dancing bosom of the ocean? Give me the retrospect of the latter—the delight of a traveller's existence.

And so say we, taking "the bumping of the mule" as an allegorical figure for all modes of obtaining gold,

This cursed steel, and more accursed gold,

as the bard of Sulmo sang. Those, however, who cannot tear themselves from the seductive toil of search for dross, cannot better refresh their minds, and shake off the rust of prejudice than by perusing these entertaining and lively sketches of a country where, the author says, our name was once honoured, but in which our own silly prejudices, as chiefly exhibited in newspapers, have done much towards destroying that *prêtige* which was so gloriously obtained by the blood of our countrymen.

THE FOSTER-BROTHER.*

AN old and familiar favourite of the public introduces this novel, as the production of one of his sons, Thornton Hunt: who he intimates is no novice in literary composition, having written anonymously for several years with the approbation of the best judges in the metropolis. As a first attempt in extended fiction, as the production of a young man, and as especially introduced to critical readers, any opinion upon the merits of such a work, ought therefore, however kindly the intention, to be sincere, for the author's own sake. We agree perfectly with the editor, that among the best things are the hearty male characters. Luigo il Grasso, or the fat Louis, comes like a gleam of sunshine upon a till then cloudy and dismal Venetian landscape, and Carlo Zeno, is a *beau idéal* of those heroes who lent lustre in their time, alike to the annals of Venice and of Genoa. Edward the Englishman, is an unnecessary nationality, which the more experienced author of the "*Mosaistes*" would have

* *The Foster-Brother: a Tale of the Chiozza.* Edited by Leigh Hunt. Newby.

known how to avoid. The descriptions, both of scenes and persons, are graphic and elaborately sketched, and there is throughout truthfulness of action and much vivid passion. The mechanical construction of the work has also been carefully attended to, the elaboration of sentences has been diligently looked after, and a point of great excellence attained in the interest being perfectly and continuously sustained without recourse being had to change of scenes or actors in the successive chapters.

But it is impossible, notwithstanding the claim to anonymous experience, and the care and elaboration which has been so evidently bestowed upon the work, under the superintendence of an experienced father, not to see in it the production of a young person and of a novice in the art. Mr. Thornton Hunt writes as if he were overwhelmed by the magnitude of his thoughts, or dazzled by the imaginary literary eminence to which he has raised himself. The extreme simplicity, freedom of style, and purity and correctness of expression which characterise the great masters in fiction, are utterly wanting. He is ever wandering in the regions of high-flown sentiment, turgid language, imaginary life, and unreal historical invention; instead of ably making these—language, sentiment, life, and history—the accessories to amusement and instruction; a morning of love, a day of political struggles and chivalrous fights, and a night of horrors, present a succession of events and scenes which are here rather dressed up in the masquerade attire of a distempered fancy, than possessed of that desirable propriety and perfection which belongs to the experienced pen and a well-trained intellect and heart. A friendly critic has observed of the work that it bears the marks “of being the best that at the time the author could do,” to which we may add that it also bears promises of his being able to do much better things.

THE LEVITE.*

ANOTHER novel built out of the materials furnished by the struggles of King Charles against the parliamentary party, and decorated with such profusion of fancy and invention, as to become, like some old maid, prodigal of ornament, or overdressed city madam, eclipsed by the very accessories to its perfection; or like some old mansion, all oriels and dormers, carved gables, painted domes, and jostling weathercocks and glories, buried in its own multitude of barbaric sculptures and crowded freaks of masonic decoration.

The scene opens in a suburb of Amsterdam, where we are introduced to Leah, the more than Rebecca of the story, and her parent of the mysterious race, Josiah Abrahams, to whom at the onset a letter is brought, signed with the initials C. R. In the next chapter we are on the deck of a boat of royalists, where we become acquainted with the state of parties at the time when this historical novel is supposed to commence. It was the moment of the seizure of Hull by Sir John Hotham, at the bidding of the self-instituted duteous and loyal parliament.

Events and characters succeed one another with rapidity. Cavaliers and puritans are the strings upon which to play in an account of the royal struggles and parliamentary insolences. The author sides with the

* *The Levite; or, Scenes Two Hundred Years Ago.* By Elizabeth Murphy. 3 vols. Ollivier.

patriots, whose grim faces and puritanical impudence have been so often and so variously depicted—always, however, leaving the same impression—whether their faults and peculiarities are brought into bold relief by an inimical pen, or are sketched with the more gentle hand of favoritism and sympathy. Publicans expounding the text after their master, and troopers wielding the sword of the Lord and Gideon, communicate no pleasing reminiscences of the piety of those who ravaged the houses of God, and annihilated the religious art and antiquity of the country. Not even the sentimentalism of Hampden, prominently brought before us in a death-bed scene, or the patriotism of the other great leaders of the party, relieve that sense of sublime mockery which pervades, except in Sir Walter Scott's case, most of the novels which, following in his wake, have occupied themselves with that eventful and romantic epoch, and from which, we certainly cannot except "Whitehall," "Hampton Court," or "the Levite."

This last novel, however, like its predecessors, has its favourable peculiarities, which must render it interesting to a large class of readers. Such more particularly are the details given of those occurrences in the civil war which attach themselves to the neighbourhood of London, more especially Brentford, Kew, Chelsea, and other familiar localities, and as a specimen at once of the author's style and matter, we extract an episode in the battle of Brentford.

When the battle was about half over, who should come riding up, facing each other, but Sergeant Smith and Captain Daniels.

"Oh! oh!" cried the latter, "how did you get out of the comfortable lodging we gave thee last night? Come on, you article—you promised me a breakfast!—allow me to give you one."

So saying, these two deadly enemies dashed at each other, losing every other thought but of their mutual hatred. They had met at the foot of the bridge which crossed the Brent. Smith was getting the worst of the contest, for he was driven backwards by Daniels, overturning friend and foe; and revenge was all they cared for. But now they came to an opening leading to the water. Smith was driven forward by his desperate antagonist to the edge of the Thames; wounded and confused, the sergeant dashed into the water, trusting to his well-trained steed to carry him across.

"Ah! ah!" cried Daniels, "my destiny!" And darting spurs into his horse, he forced the unwilling animal into the stream. It was a rash act, and the sequel proved it so.

Smith's horse at first resisted, but soon submitted to control, and swam steadily to the opposite shore. Not so the steed of Daniels; tired, chafed, and unaccustomed to the water, it became unmanageable, yet its infuriated rider urged it on impetuously. The cruel and crafty Smith waited till the strength of both rider and horse were nearly exhausted, when, turning slowly in his saddle, he discharged his pistol at his pursuer. The ball striking the horse on the chest, he reared for an instant, and then sunk slowly into the tide, crimsoned with his own and his master's blood. Daniels disengaged himself from the animal, and began to strike out for the shore. With the laugh of a triumphant demon, Smith levelled another pistol, and this time the ball passed through the head of his antagonist. But the sergeant's triumph was of no long duration; for Isram, who had watched the fray from the Brentford shore, fired a pistol with such certain aim, as instantly to deprive Sergeant Smith of life; and the despairing cry of Daniels was drowned in the death yell of his murderer.

The Thames is too wide in actual times opposite to the Brent for such a feat, but few things were impossible during the parliamentary wars.

The reader will not fail to perceive from this extract that many scenes of local interest, among which may also be mentioned Sir Peter Lely's and Sir Henry Capel's houses, the old elm and hostelry at Kew, Surbiton Common, and many others to which a sad renown has been given by these civil conflicts, are introduced into this tale, which is in many respects well calculated to afford amusement for a few of the forthcoming long evenings.

POETRY OF THE MONTH*

THE first on our list is the posthumous work of a clergyman lately deceased. In the early part of the sixteenth century an Augustinian friar, Fray Luis de Leon, suffered imprisonment by the Inquisition for a free commentary on the Song of Solomon. Such days are now gone by, and while (by strange coincidence of name) Il Padre Evasio Leone gave a metrical version graced with all the beauty and flexibility of the Italian language, the anonymous English author, admitting with most learned divines the dramatic character of the poem, and paraphrasing after St. Bernard and St. Gregory, has produced at once a metrical and spiritual version of the same poem, which presents it to us in a very curious and poetic aspect, at the same time that it is tinged with that holy purity and imaginative delicacy which is so often characteristic of an intelligence about to quit its grosser elements. The other two small volumes contain the usual quantity of unequal verse; the anonymous bard of Greenwich and he of Islington, might indeed be reminded of what the modest bard of Avon wrote of himself:

Must it be so? And must I ravel out
My weaved up follies?

MR. EDWARD KENEALY,†

OUR old friend and estimable contributor, Mr. Edward Kenealy, is, we perceive, a competitor for one of the appointments opened to men of talent and ability, by the foundation of colleges of education in the sister country. Mr. Kenealy's abilities as a scholar, and his taste and genius as a literary man are too well known to need any laudation from us. In languages he is a kind of Mithridates, being versed, we believe, in no less than ten, living and dead. Sir William Jones appears, indeed, to have been his model, and while himself teaching others, he has never ceased to store his own mind and intellect. Although of the Romish persuasion, he has always been a steady adherent to the present ministry, and has sided with ourselves in his general political views. It is not to be expected that the new college appointments will be made

* A Metrical Version of the Song of Solomon, and other Poems. By a late Graduate of Oxford. 1 vol.

Stray Thoughts, in Prose and Verse. By G. J. Hytche. 1 vol.

Songs, Ballads, &c. 1 vol.

† The Inaugural Address to the Members of the Temperance Institute; delivered on Monday, Sept. 1, at the opening of the first Session, 1845-6. By the Vice-president. Pamphlet. Cork. G. Nash.

mere particular partisanships of any kind, but Mr. Kenealy's claims are of a higher order, and the subject is also one well deserving of consideration. It will not do for any government to neglect the talent and literature of a country so circumstanced as Ireland is—a prey for needy demagogues. The treatment of Maginn was sufficient to enable the arch-agitator to warn all his literary countrymen, that they would be treated in the same way if they stuck to England. Carleton is a similar example of the neglect of one who has stood by this country. He has now been obliged to go over and write for the repeal party. It is surely worth while avoiding these calamitous alternations.

MISCELLANEOUS.*

THE sixth volume of Messrs. Smith and Elder's new and uniform edition of the works of the justly popular James, contains the stirring historical novel of "Henry of Guise; or, the States of Blois." It is one of the author's most interesting productions.—Mr. Thornton's able and popular "History of the British Empire in India" has reached a sixth and concluding volume. As this volume contains a summary of recent events, the wars in Afghanistan and in Scinde, with the campaign of Gwalior, it possesses the highest possible actual interest, as well as more permanent historical value.—The new volume of Mrs. Bray's novels is devoted to the charming legendary story of "Warleigh."—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's admirable Letter on the Water-Cure, not only excited an unwonted sensation in the fashionable world, but affected to a far intenser degree that profession which is next in irritability to the poetic. Almost every medical publication indeed in the country contained a commentary upon an epistle of such incomparable sincerity and power, and as a set off to this onslaught, a member of the profession itself, Doctor Balbirnie has sent us a work far more enthusiastic in its advocacy of the Water-Cure than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's communication.—Out of the light and cheap literature of the day, we would select "The Illustrated Family Journal" for favourable notice. Its illustrations are tasteful and beautiful, and its literature amusing and of an unexceptionable character.—"The Bromley Magazine" is edited by the aspiring youths of an academy, and contains some articles of promise, others concerning which it would be difficult to say as much.

* The Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. Revised and corrected by the Author. Vol. VI., Henry of Guise. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The History of the British Empire in India. By Edward Thornton, Esq. Vol. VI. 8vo. W. H. Allen and Co.

The Novels and Romances of Anna Eliza Bray, in 10 vols. Vol. VI., Warleigh, a Legend of Devon. Longman and Co.

The Philosophy of the Water-Cure: a development of the true Principles of Health and Longevity. By John Balbirnie, M.A., M.D., &c. 1 vol. 12mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

The Illustrated Family Journal, publishing by Joseph Clayton, 320, Strand.

The Bromley Magazine, Nos. I. to VII. James Gilbert.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE PRIVATEER'S-MAN.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

The Liverpool Ladies are very civil to me—I am admitted into good Society—Introduced to Captain Levee—Again sail to Senegal—Overhear a Conspiracy to seize the Ship by the Crew of a Slaver, but am enabled to defeat it—Am thanked and rewarded by the Owner—Take a Trip to London with Captain Levee—Stopped by Highwaymen on the Road—Put up at a Tavern—Dissipated Town Life—Remove to a genteel Boarding-House—Meet with a Government Spy—Return to Liverpool.

As the captain reported me to be a very attentive and good officer, although I was then but twenty-three years of age, and as I had been previously on good terms and useful to the owners, I was kindly received by them, and paid much more attention to, than my situation on board might warrant. My captivity among the Negroes, and the narrative I gave of my adventures, were also a source of much interest. I was at first questioned by the gentlemen of Liverpool, and afterwards one of the merchants' ladies, who had heard something of my adventures, and found out that I was a young and personable man, with better manners than are usually to be found before the mast, invited me one evening to a tea-party, that I might amuse her friends with my adventures. They were most curious about the Negro queen, Whyna, inquiring into every particular as to her personal appearance and dress, and trying to find out, like women always do, if there was any thing of an intrigue between us. They shook their little fingers at me when I solemnly declared that there was not, and one or two of them cajoled me aside to obtain my acknowledgment of what they really believed to be the truth, although I would not confess it.

When they had tired themselves with asking questions about the Negro queen, they then began to ask about myself, and how it happened that I was not such a bear, and coarse in my manners and address as the other seamen. To this I could give no other reply but that I had been educated when a child. They would fain know who were my father and mother, and in what station of life it had pleased God to place them; but I hardly need say, my dear madam, to you who are so well acquainted with my birth and parentage, that I would not disgrace my family by acknowledging that one of their sons was in a situation so unworthy; not that

I thought at that time, nor do I think now, that I was so much to blame in preferring independence in a humble position, to the life that induced me to take the step which I did; but as I could not state who my family were without also stating why I had quitted them, I preserved silence, as I did not think that I had any right to communicate family secrets to strangers. The consequences of my first introduction to genteel society were very agreeable, I received many more invitations from the company assembled, notwithstanding that my sailor's attire but ill-corresponded with the powdered wigs and silk waistcoats of the gentlemen, or the hoops and furbelows of satin which set off the charms of the ladies.

At first I did not care so much, but as I grew more at my ease, I felt ashamed of my dress, and the more so as the young foplings would put their glasses to their eyes, and look at me as if I were a monster. But supported as I was by the fair sex, I cared little for them. The ladies vowed that I was charming, and paid me much courtesy; indeed my vanity more than once made me suspect that I was something more than a mere favourite with one or two of them, one especially, a buxom young person, and very coquettish, who told me as we were looking out of the bay window of the withdrawing-room, that since I could be so secret with respect to what took place between the Negress queen and myself, I must be sure to command the good will and favour of the ladies, who always admired discretion in so young and so handsome a man. But I was not to be seduced by this flattery, for somehow or another I had ever before me the French lady, and her conduct to me; and I had almost a dislike, or I should rather say, I had imbibed an indifference for the sex.

This admission into good society did, however, have one effect upon me; it made me more particular in my dress, and all my wages were employed in the decoration of my person. At that time you may recollect, madam, there were but two styles of dress among the seamen; one was that worn by those who sailed in the northern seas, and the other by those who navigated in the tropical countries, both suitable to the climates. The first was the jacket, woollen frock, breeches, and petticoat of canvass over all, with worsted stockings, shoes, and buckles, and usually a cap of skin upon the head; the other a light short jacket, with hanging buttons, red sash, trousers, and neat shoes and buckles, with a small embroidered cap, with falling crown or a hat and feather. It was this last which I had always worn, having been continually in warm climates, and my hair was dressed in its natural ringlets instead of a wig, which I was never partial to, although very common among seamen; my ears were pierced, and I wore long gold earrings, as well as gilt buckles in my shoes; and by degrees, I not only improved my dress so as to make it very handsome in materials, but my manners were also very much altered for the better.

I had been at Liverpool about two months, waiting for the ship to unload and take in cargo for another voyage, when a privateer, belonging to the same owners, came into port with four prizes of considerable value; and the day afterwards I was invited by the lady of the house to meet the captain who commanded the privateer. He was a very different looking person from Captain Weatherall, who was a stout, strong-limbed man, with a weather-beaten countenance. He, on the contrary, was a young man of about twenty-six, very slight in person, with a dark complexion, hair and eyes jet black. I should have called him a very handsome Jew—for he bore that cast of countenance, and I afterwards discovered that he was of

that origin, although I cannot say that he ever followed the observances of that remarkable people. He was handsomely dressed, wearing his hair slightly powdered, a laced coat and waistcoat, blue sash and trousers, with silver-mounted pistols and dagger in his belt, and a smart hanger by his side. He had several diamond rings on his finger, and carried a small clouded cane. Altogether, I had never fallen in with so smart and prepossessing a personage, and should have taken him for one of the gentlemen commanding the king's ships, rather than the captain of a Liverpool privateer. He talked well and fluently, and with an air of command and decision, taking the lead in the company, although it might have been considered that he was not by any means the principal person in it. The owners, during the evening, informed me that he was a first-rate officer, of great personal courage, and that he had made a great deal of money, which he squandered away almost as fast as he received it.

With this person, whose name was Captain Levee (an alteration, I suspect, from Levi), I was much pleased, and as I found that he did not appear to despise my acquaintance, I took much pains to please him, and we were becoming very intimate when our ship was ready to sail. I now found that I was promoted to the office of first mate, which gave me great satisfaction.

We sailed with an assorted cargo, but very light, and nothing of consequence occurred during our passage out. We made good traffic on the coast as we ran down it, receiving ivory, gold dust, and wax, in exchange for our printed cottons and hardware. After being six weeks on the coast we put into Senegal to dispose of the remainder of our cargo; which we soon did to the governor, who gave us a fair exchange, although by no means so profitable a barter as what we had made on the coast; but that we did not expect for what might be called the refuse of our cargo. The captain was much pleased, as he knew the owners would be satisfied with him, and, moreover, he had himself a venture in the cargo; and we had just received the remainder of the ivory from the governor's slaves, and had only to get on board a sufficiency of provisions and water for our homeward voyage, when a circumstance took place which I must now relate.

Our crew consisted of the captain, and myself, as first mate, the second mate, and twelve scamen, four of which were those who had been taken prisoners with me, and had been released, as I have related, in our previous voyage. These four men were very much attached to me, I believe chiefly from my kindness to them when I was a slave to the queen Whyna, as I always procured for them every thing which I could, and had them plentifully supplied with provisions from the king's table, through the exertions of my mistress. The second mate and other eight men we had shipped at Liverpool. They were fine stout fellows, but appeared to be loose characters, but that we did not discover till after we had sailed. During the time that we laid at Senegal there was a low black brig, employed in the slave trade, which had made the bay at the same time that we did; and to their great surprise, for she was considered a very fast sailer, she was beaten at all points by our ship, which was considered the fastest vessel out of Liverpool. The crew of the slaver were numerous, and as bloodthirsty a set of looking fellows as ever I fell in with. Their boat was continually alongside of our vessel, and I per-

ceived that their visits were made to the eight men whom we had shipped at Liverpool, and that they did not appear inclined to be at all intimate with the rest of the crew. This roused my suspicions although I said nothing; but I watched them very closely. One forenoon, as I was standing at the foot of the companion-ladder, concealed by the booby-hatch from the sight of those on deck, I heard our men talking over the side, and at last, as I remained concealed that I might overhear the conversation, one of the slaver's men from the boat said, "To-night, at eight o'clock we will come to arrange the whole business." The boat then shoved off and pulled for shore.

Now it was the custom of the captain to go on shore every evening to drink sangarce and smoke with the governor, and very often I went with him, leaving the ship in charge of the second mate. It had been my intention, and I had stated as much to the second mate, to go this evening, as it was the last but one that we should remain at Senegal; but from what I overheard I made up my mind that I would not go. About an hour before sunset, I complained of headach and sickness, and sat down under the awning over the after part of the quarter-deck. When the captain came up to go on shore, he asked me if I was ready, but I made no answer, only put my hand to my head.

The captain supposing that I was about to be attacked with the fever of the country was much concerned, and desired the second mate to help him to take me down to the state room, and then went on shore; the boat being, as usual, pulled by the four men who were prisoners with me, and whom the captain found he could trust on shore better than the others belonging to the crew, who would indulge in liquor whenever they had an opportunity. I remained in my bed place till it was nearly eight o'clock, and then crept softly up the companion hatch to ascertain who was on deck. The men were all below in the fore peak at their suppers, and as I had before observed that their conferences were held on the fore-castle, I went forward and covered myself up with a part of the main-topsail, which the men had been repairing during the day, from which position I could hear all that passed, whether they went down into the fore peak or remained to converse on the fore-castle. About ten minutes afterwards I heard the boat grate against the ship's side, and the men of the slaver mount on the deck.

"All right?" inquired one of the slavers.

"Yes," replied our second mate; "skipper and his men are on shore, and the first mate taken with the fever."

"All the better," replied another; "one less to handle. And now, my lads, let's to business, and have every thing settled to-night, so that we may not be seen together any more till the work is done."

They then commenced a consultation, by which I found it was arranged that our ship was to be boarded and taken possession of as soon as she was a few miles out of the bay, for they dared not attack us while we were at anchor close to the fort; but the second mate and eight men belonging to us were to pretend to make resistance until beaten down below, and that when the vessel was in their power, the captain, I, and the other four men who were on shore in the boat were to be silenced for ever. After which there came on a discussion as to what was to be done with the cargo, which was very valuable, and how the money was to be shared out when the cargo was sold. Then they settled who were to be officers on

board of the ship, which there is no doubt they intended to make a pirate vessel. I also discovered that if they succeeded, it was their intention to kill their own captain and such men of the slaver who would not join them, and scuttle their own vessel, which was a very old one. The consultation ended by a solemn and most villanous oath being administered to every man as to secrecy and fidelity, after which the men of the slaver went into their boat and pulled to their own vessel. The second mate and our men remained on deck about a quarter of an hour, and then all descended by the ladder to the fore peak, and turned into their hammocks.

As soon as I thought I could do so with safety, I came out of my lurking-place, and retreated to the state room. It was fortunate that I did, for a minute afterwards I heard a man on deck, and the second mate came down the companion hatch, and inquired whether I wanted any thing. I told him no; that I was very ill, and only hoped to be able to go to sleep, and asked him if the captain had returned. He replied that he had not, and then went away. As soon as I was left to myself I began to consider what would be best to be done. I knew the captain to be a very timorous man, and I was afraid to trust him with the secret, as I thought he would be certain to let the men know by his conduct that they were discovered, and their plans known. The four men who were prisoners with me I knew that I could confide in. This was the Monday night, and we proposed sailing on the Thursday. Now we had no means of defence on board except one small gun, which was honey-combed and nearly useless. It did very well to make a signal with, but had it been loaded with ball, I believe it would have burst immediately. It is true that we had muskets and cutlasses, but what use would they have been against such a force as would be opposed, and two-thirds of our men mutineers. Of course we must have been immediately overpowered.

That the slavers intended to take possession of their own vessel before they took ours, I had no doubt. It is true that we outsailed them when we had a breeze, but the bay was usually becalmed, and it was not till a vessel had got well into the offing that she obtained a breeze, and there was no doubt but that they would take the opportunity of boarding us when we were moving slowly through the water, and a boat might easily come up with us. The slaver had stated his intention of sailing immediately to procure her cargo elsewhere, and if she got under weigh at the same time that we did, no suspicion would be created. To apply for protection to the governor would be useless—he could not protect us after we were clear of the bay. Indeed if it were known that we had so done it would probably only precipitate the affair, and we should be taken possession of while at anchor, for the shot from the fort would hardly reach us. It was, therefore, only by stratagem that we could escape from the clutches of these miscreants. Again, allowing that we were to get clear of the slavers, we were still in an awkward position, for supposing the captain to be of any use, we should still only be six men against nine, and we might be overpowered by our own crew, who were determined and powerful men.

All night I laid on my bed reflecting upon what ought to be done, and at last I made up my mind.

The next morning I went on deck, complaining very much, but stating

that the fever had left me. The long boat was sent on shore for more water, and I took care that the second mate and the eight men should be those selected for the service. As soon as they had shoved off, I called the other four men on the fore-castle, and told them what I had overheard. They were very much astonished, for they had had no idea that there was any thing of the kind going forward. I imparted to them all my plans, and they agreed to support me in every thing—indeed, they were all brave men, and would have, if I had acceded to it, attempted to master and overpower the second mate and the others, and make sail in the night; but this I would not permit, as there was a great risk. They perfectly agreed with me that it was no use acquainting the captain, and that all we had to do was to get rid of these men, and carry the vessel home how we could. How that was to be done was the point at issue. One thing was certain, that it was necessary to leave the bay that night, or it would be too late. Fortunately, there was always a breeze during the night, and the nights were dark, for there was no moon till three o'clock in the morning, by which time we could have gained the offing, and then we might laugh at the slaver, as we were lighter in our heels. The boat came off with the water about noon, and the men went to dinner. The captain had agreed to dine with the governor, and I had been asked to accompany him. It was to be our farewell dinner, as we were to sail the next morning. I had been cogitating a long while to find out how to get rid of these fellows, when at last I determined that I would go on shore with the captain, and propose a plan to the governor. His knowledge of what was about to be attempted could do no harm, and I thought he would help us; so I went into the boat, and when we landed I told the men what I intended to do. As soon as I arrived at the governor's, I took an opportunity, while the captain was reading a book, to request a few moments' conversation, and I then informed the governor of the conspiracy which was afloat, and when I had so done, I pointed out to him the propriety of saying nothing to the captain until all was safe, and proposed my plan to him, which he immediately acceded to. When he returned to where the captain was still reading, he told him that he had a quantity of gold-dust and other valuables, which he wished to send to England by his ship; but that he did not wish to do it openly, as it was supposed that he did not traffic, and that if the captain would send his long-boat on shore after dark, he would send all the articles on board, with instructions to whom they were to be consigned on our arrival. The captain of course consented. We bade the governor farewell about half-an-hour before dark, and returned on board. After I had been a few minutes on deck, I sent for the second mate, and told him as a secret what the governor had proposed to do, and that he would be required to land after dark for the goods, telling him that there was a very large quantity of gold-dust, and that he must be very careful. I knew that this intelligence would please him, as it would add to their plunder when they seized the vessel; and I told him that as we sailed at daylight, he must lose no time, but be on board again as soon as he could, that we might hoist in the long-boat. About eight o'clock in the evening, the boat, with him and the eight men, went on shore. The governor had promised to detain them, and ply them with liquor, till we had time to get safe off. As soon as they were out of sight and hearing, we pre-

pared every thing for getting under weigh. The captain had gone to his cabin, but was not in bed. I went down to him, and told him I should remain up till the boat returned, and see that all was right; and that in the meantime I would get every thing ready for weighing the next morning, and that he might just as well go to bed now, and I would call him to relieve me at daylight. To this arrangement he consented; and in half-an-hour I perceived that his candle was out, and that he had retired. Being now so dark that we could not perceive the slaver, which laid about three cables' length from us, it was fairly to be argued that she could not see us; I therefore went forward and slipped the cable without noise, and sent men up aloft to loose the sails. There was a light breeze, sufficient to carry us about two knots through the water, and we knew that it would rather increase than diminish. In half-an-hour, weak-handed as we were, we were under sail, every thing being done without a word being spoken, and with the utmost precaution. You may imagine how rejoiced we all were when we found that we had manœuvred so well; notwithstanding, we kept a sharp look-out, to see if the slaver had perceived our motions and had followed us; and the fear of such being the case kept us under alarm till near daylight, when the breeze blew strong, and we felt that we had nothing more to dread. As the day broke, we found that we were four or five leagues from the anchorage, and could not see the lower masts of the slaver, which still remained where we had left her.

Satisfied that we were secure, I then went down to the captain, and, as he laid in bed, made him acquainted with all that had passed. He appeared as if awakened from a dream, rose without making any reply, and hastened on deck. When he found out that we were under weigh, and so far from the land, he exclaimed:—

"It must all be true; but how shall we be able to take the ship home with so few hands?"

I replied, that I had no fears on that score, and that I would answer for bringing the vessel safe to Liverpool.

"But," he said, at last, "how is it that I was not informed of all this? I might have made some arrangements with the men."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "but if you had attempted to do so, the vessel would have been taken immediately."

"But why was I not acquainted with it, I want to know," he said, again.

I had by this time made up my mind to the answer I should give him, so I said: "Because it would have placed a serious responsibility on your shoulders if, as captain of this vessel, you had sailed to England with such a valuable cargo and so few hands. The governor and I, therefore, thought it better that you should not be placed in such an awkward position, and therefore we considered it right not to say a word to you about it. Now, if any thing goes wrong, it will be my fault, and not yours, and the owners cannot blame you." When I had said this, the captain was silent for a minute or two, and then said:—

"Well, I believe it is all for the best, and I thank you and the governor too."

Having got over this little difficulty, I did not care. We made all sail, and steered homewards; and after a rapid passage, during which we were

on deck day and night, we arrived very much fatigued at Liverpool. Of course, the captain communicated what had occurred to the owner, who immediately sent for me, and having heard my version of the story, expressed his acknowledgment for the preservation of the vessel; and to prove his sincerity, he presented me with fifty guineas for myself, and ten for each of the men. The cargo was soon landed, and I was again at liberty. I found Captain Levee in port; he had just returned from another cruise, and had taken a rich prize. He met me with the same cordiality as before, and having asked me for a recital of what had occurred at Senegal, of which he had heard something from the owners, as soon as I had finished, he said:—

"You are a lad after my own heart, and I wish we were sailing together. I want a first lieutenant like you, and if you will go with me, say the word, and it will be hard but I will have you."

I replied that I was not very anxious to be in a privateer again; and this brought on a discourse upon what occurred when I was in the *Revenge* with Captain Weatherall.

"Well," he said at last, "all this makes me more anxious to have you. I like fair fighting, and hate buccaneering like yourself; however, we will talk of it another time. I am about to start for London. What do you say, will you join me, and we will have some sport? With plenty of money, you may do any thing in London."

"Yes," I replied, "but I have not plenty of money."

"That shall make no difference; money is of no use but to spend it, that I know of," replied Captain Levee. "I have plenty for both of us, and my purse is at your service; help yourself as you please, without counting, for I shall be your enemy if you offer to return it. That's settled; the horses are all ready, and we will start on Wednesday. How will you dress? I think it might be better to alter your costume, now you are going to London. You'll make a pretty fellow, dress how you will."

"Before I give you an answer to all your kind proposals, I must speak to the owner, Captain Levee."

"Of course, you must; shall we go there now?"

"Willingly," I replied. And we accordingly set off.

Captain Levee introduced the subject as soon as we arrived at the counting-house, stating that he wanted me to be first lieutenant of the privateer, and that I was going to London with him, if he had no objection.

"As for going to London with you for five or six weeks, Captain Levee, there can be no objection to that," replied the owner; "but as for being your first lieutenant, that is another question. I have a vessel now fitting out, and intended to offer the command of it to Mr. Elrington. I do so now at once, and he must decide whether he prefers being under your orders to commanding a vessel of his own."

"I will decide that for him," replied Captain Levee. "He must command his own vessel; it would be no friendship on my part to stand in the way of his advancement. I only hope, if she is a privateer, that we may cruise together."

"I cannot reply to that latter question," replied the owner. "Her destination is uncertain; but the command of her is now offered to Mr. Elrington, if he will accept of it, before his trip to the metropolis."

I replied that I should with pleasure, and returned the owner many thanks for his kindness ; and, after a few minutes' more conversation, we took our leave.

"Now I should advise you," said Captain Levee, as we walked towards his lodgings, "to dress as a captain of a vessel of war, much in the style that I do. You are a captain, and have a right so to do. Come with me, and let me fit you out."

I agreed with Captain Levee that I could not do better ; so we went and ordered my suits of clothes, and purchased the other articles which I required. Captain Levee would have paid for them, but I had money sufficient, and would not permit him ; indeed with my pay and present of fifty guineas I had upwards of seventy guineas in my purse, and did not disburse more than fifty in my accoutrements, although my pistols and hanger were very handsome.

We did not start until three days after the time proposed, when I found at daylight two stout well-bred horses at the door ; one for Captain Levee, and the other for me. We were attended by two serving men belonging to the crew of the privateer commanded by Captain Levee, powerful, fierce-looking and determined men, armed to the teeth, and mounted upon strong jades. One carried the valise of Captain Levee, which was heavy with gold. The other had charge of mine, which was much lighter, as you may suppose. We travelled for three days without any interruption, making about thirty miles a day, and stopping at the hostleries to sleep every night. On the fourth day we had a slight affair, for as we were mounting a hill towards the evening we found our passage barred by five fellows with crape masks, who told us to stand and deliver.

"We will," replied Captain Levee, firing his pistol and reining up his horse at the same time. The ball struck the man, who fell back on the crupper, while the others rushed forward. My pistols were all ready, and I fired at the one who spurred his horse upon me, but the horse rearing up saved his master, the ball passing through the head of the animal, who fell dead, holding his rider a prisoner by the thigh, which was underneath his body. Our two men had come forward and ranged alongside of us at the first attack, but now that two had fallen, the others finding themselves in a minority, after exchanging shots, turned their horses' heads and galloped away. We would have pursued them, but Captain Levee said it was better not, as there might be more of the gang near, and by pursuing them we should separate and be cut off in detail.

"What shall we do with these fellows ?" asked our men of Captain Levee.

"Leave them to get off how they can," replied Captain Levee. "I will not be stopped on my journey by such a matter as this. I dare say they don't deserve hanging more than half the people we meet. Let us push on and get into quarters for the night. After all, Mr. Elrington," said Captain Levee to me, as we were setting off, "it's only a little land privateering, and we must not be too hard upon them."

I confess, madam, when I recalled all that I had witnessed on board of the *Revenge*, that I agreed with Captain Levee, that these highwaymen were not worse than ourselves.

No other adventure occurred during our journey, and when we arrived in London we directed our horses' steps to a fashionable tavern in St.

Paul's, and took possession of apartments, and as Captain Levee was well known, we were cordially greeted and well attended. The tavern was in great repute, and resorted to by all the wits and gay men of the day, and I soon found myself on intimate terms with a numerous set of dashing blades, full of life and jollity, and spending their money like princes; but it was a life of sad intemperance, and my head ached every morning from the excess of the night before, and in our excursions in the evenings we were continually in broils and disturbances, and many a broken head, nay, sometimes a severe wound, was given and received. After the first fortnight, I felt weary of this continual dissipation, and as I was dressing a sword cut which Captain Levee had received in an affray, I one morning told him so.

"I agree with you," he replied, "that it is all very foolish, and discreditable, but if we live with the gay and pretty fellows we must do as they do. Besides, how could I get rid of my money, which burns in my pocket, if I did not spend as much in one day as would suffice for three weeks?"

"Still I would rather dress a wound gained in an honourable contest with the enemy than one received in a night brawl, and I would rather see you commanding your men in action than reeling with other drunkards in search of a quarrel in the streets."

"I feel that it is beneath me, and I'm sure that it's beneath you. You are a Mentor without a beard," replied Captain Levee. "But still it requires no beard to discover that I have made an ass of myself. Now, what do you say, shall we take lodgings and live more respectably, for while in this tavern we never shall be able to do so?"

"I should prefer it, to tell you the honest truth," I replied, "for I have no pleasure in our present life."

"Be it so, then," he replied. "I will tell them that I take lodgings that I may be near to a fair lady. That will be a good and sufficient excuse."

The next day we secured lodgings to our satisfaction, and removed into them, leaving our horses and men at the tavern. We boarded with the family, and as there were others who did the same, we had a very pleasant society, especially as there were many of the other sex among the boarders. The first day that we sat down to dinner I found myself by the side of a young man of pleasing manners, although with much of the coxcomb in his apparel. His dress was very gay and very expensive, and he wore a diamond-hilted sword and diamond buckles—at least so they appeared to me, as I was not sufficient connoisseur to distinguish the brilliant from the paste. He was very affable and talkative, and before dinner was over gave me the history of many of the people present.

"Who is that dame in the blue stomacher?" I inquired.

"You mean the prettiest of the two, I suppose," he replied, "that one with the patches under the eye. She is a widow, having just buried an old man of sixty, to whom she was sacrificed by her mother. But although the old fellow was as rich as a Jew, he found such fault with the lady's conduct that he left all his money away from her. This is not generally known, and she takes care to conceal it, for she is anxious to make another match, and she will succeed if her funds, which are not *very* great, enable her to carry on the game a little longer. I was nearly taken in myself, but an intimacy with her cousin, who hates her, gave me

a knowledge of the truth. She still keeps her carriage, and appears to be rolling in wealth, but she has sold her diamonds and wears paste. And that plain young person on the other side of her has money, and knows the value of it. She requires rent roll for rent roll, and instead of referring you to her father and mother, the little minx refers you to her lawyer and men of business. Ugly as she is, I would have sacrificed myself, but she treated me in that way, and upon my soul I was not very sorry for it, for she is dear at any price, and I have since rejoiced at my want of success."

"Who is that elderly gentleman with such snow-white hair?" I inquired.

"That," replied my companion, "nobody exactly knows, but I have my idea. I think," said he, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that he is a Catholic priest, or a Jesuit, perhaps, and a partisan of the house of Stuart. I have my reasons for supposing so, and this I am sure of, which is, that he is closely watched by the emissaries of government."

You may remember, madam, how at that time the country was disturbed by the landing of the Pretender in the summer of the year before, and the great successes which he had met with, and that the Duke of Cumberland had returned from the army in the Low Countries, and had marched to Scotland.

"Has there been any intelligence from Scotland, relative to the movements of the armies?" I inquired.

"We have heard that the Pretender had abandoned the siege of Fort William, but nothing more; and how far the report is true, it is hard to say. You military men must naturally have a war one way or the other," said my companion, in a careless manner.

"As to the fighting part of the question," I replied, "I should feel it a matter of great indifference which side I fought for, as the claim of both parties are a matter of mere opinion."

"Indeed," he said; "and what may be your opinion?"

"I have none. I think the claims of both parties equal. The house of Stuart lost the throne of England on account of its religion—that of Hanover has been called to the throne for the same cause. The adherents of both are numerous at the present moment; and it does not follow because the house of Hanover has the strongest party, that the house of Stuart should not uphold its cause while there is a chance of success."

"That is true, but if you were to be obliged to take one side or the other, which would it be by preference?"

"Certainly I would support the Protestant religion in preference to the Catholic. I am a Protestant, and that is reason enough."

"I agree with you," replied my companion. "Is your brave friend of the same opinion?"

"I really never put the question to him, but I think I may safely answer that he is."

It was fortunate, madam, that I replied as I did, for I afterwards discovered that this precious gossiping young man, with his rings and ribbons, was no other than a government spy, on the look out for malcontents. Certainly his disguise was good, for I never should have imagined it from his foppish exterior and mincing manners.

We passed our time much more to my satisfaction now than we did before, escorting the ladies to the theatre and to Ranelagh, and the free-

dom with which Captain Levee (and I may say I also) spent his money, soon gave us a passport to good society. About a fortnight afterwards, the news arrived of the battle of Culloden, and great rejoicings were made. My foppish friend remarked to me:

"Yes, now that the hopes of the Pretender are blasted, and the Hanoverian succession secured, there are plenty who pretend to rejoice, and be excessively loyal; who, if the truth were known, ought to be quartered as traitors."

And I must observe, that the day before the news of the battle, the old gentleman with snow-white hair was arrested and sent to the Tower, and he afterwards suffered for high treason.

But letters from the owner, saying that the presence of both of us was immediately required, broke off this pleasant London party. Indeed, the bag of gold was running very low, and this, combined with the owner's letter, occasioned our breaking up three days afterwards. We took leave of the company at the lodgings, and there was a tender parting with one or two buxom young women; after which we again mounted our steeds and set off for Liverpool, where we arrived without any adventure worthy of narration.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

I am put in command of the Sparrow Hawk—Am directed to take four Jacobite Gentlemen secretly on board—Run with them to Bordeaux—Land them in safety—Dine with the Governor—Meet with the Widow of the French Gentleman I had unfortunately killed—Am insulted by her Second Husband—Agree to fight with him—Sail down the River and prepare for Action.

On our arrival, Captain Levee and I, as soon as we had got rid of the dust of travel, called upon the owner, who informed us that all the alterations in Captain Levee's vessel, which was a large lugger of fourteen guns, and a hundred and twenty men, were complete, and that my vessel was also ready for me, and manned; but that I had better go on board and see if any thing else was required, or if there was any alteration that I would propose. Captain Levee and I immediately went down to the wharf, alongside of which my vessel laid, that we might examine her now that she was fitted out as a vessel of war.

She had been a schooner in the Spanish trade, and had been captured by Captain Levee, who had taken her out from under a battery as she laid at anchor, having just made her port from a voyage from South America, being at that time laden with copper and cochineal—a most valuable prize she had proved—and as she was found to be a surprising fast sailer, the owner had resolved to fit her out as a privateer.

She was not a large vessel, being of about a hundred and sixty tons, but she was very beautifully built. She was now armed with eight brass guns, of a calibre of six pounds each, four howitzers aft, and two cohorns on the taffrail.

"You have a very sweet little craft here, Elrington," said Captain Levee, after he had walked all over her, and examined her below and aloft. "She will sail better than before, I should think, for she then had a very full cargo, and now her top hamper is a mere nothing. Did the owner say how many men you had?"

"Fifty-four is, I believe, to be our full complement," I replied, "and I should think quite enough."

"Yes, if they are good men and true. You may do a great deal with this vessel, for you see she draws so little water, that you may run in where I dare not venture. Come, we will now return to our lodgings, pack up, and each go on board of our vessels. We have had play enough, now to work again, and in good earnest."

"I was about to propose it myself," I replied, "for with a new vessel, officers and men not known to me, the sooner I am on board and with them the better. It will take some time to get every thing and every body in their places."

"Spoken like a man who understands his business," replied Captain Levee. "I wonder whether we shall be sent out together?"

"I can only say, that I hope so," I replied, "as I should profit much by your experience, and hope to prove to you that, if necessary, I shall not be a bad second."

And as I made this reply, we arrived at the house where we had lodged.

Captain Levee was a man, who, when once he had decided, was as rapid as lightning in execution. He sent for a dealer in horses, concluded a bargain with him in five minutes, paid his lodgings and all demands upon him, and before noon we were both on board of our respective vessels. But, previous to the seamen coming up for our boxes, I observed to him, "I should wish, Levee, that you would let me know, if it is only at a rough guess, what sum I may be indebted to you, as I may be fortunate, and if so, it will be but fair to repay you the money, although your kindness I cannot so easily return."

"I'll tell you exactly," said Levee. "If I take no prizes this cruise, and you do make money, why then we will, on our return, have another frolic somewhere, and you shall stand treat. That will make us all square if I am not fortunate, but if I am, I consider your pleasant company to have more than repaid me for any little expense I may have incurred."

"You are very kind to say that," I replied; "but I hope you will be fortunate, and not have to depend upon me."

"I hope so, too," he replied, laughing. "If we come back safe and sound, we will take a trip to Bath—I am anxious to see the place."

I mention this conversation, madam, that I may make you acquainted with the character of Captain Levee, and prove to you how worthy a man I had as a companion.

It required about ten days to complete my little schooner with every thing that I considered requisite, and the politeness of the owner was extremely gratifying. We were, however, but just complete, when the owner sent for me in a great hurry, and having taken me into a back room next to the counting-house, he locked the door, and said,

"Captain Elrington, I have been offered a large sum to do a service to some unfortunate people; but it is an affair which, for our own sakes, will demand the utmost secrecy: indeed, you will risk more than I shall; but at the same time I trust you will not refuse to perform the service, as I shall lose a considerable advantage. If you will undertake it, I shall not be ungrateful."

I replied that I was bound to him by many acts of kindness, and that he might confide in my gratitude.

"Well, then," he replied, lowering his voice, "the fact is this; four of the Jacobite party, who are hotly pursued, and for whose heads a large reward is offered, have contrived to escape to this port, and are here concealed by their friends, who have applied to me to land them at some port in France."

"I understand," I replied; "I will cheerfully execute the commission."

"I thank you, Captain Elrington; I expected no other answer from you. I would not put them on board of Captain Levee's vessel for many reasons; but at the same time, he knows that he is to sail to-morrow, and he shall wait for you and keep company with you till you have landed them; after which you may concert your own measures with him, and decide whether you cruise together or separate."

"Captain Levee will of course know that I have them on board?"

"Certainly; but it is to conceal these people from others in his ship, and not from him, that they are put on board of your vessel. At the same time, I confess I have my private reasons as well, which I do not wish to make known. You can sail to-morrow."

"I can sail to-night, if you wish," I replied.

"No; to-morrow night will be the time that I have fixed."

"At what time will they come on board?"

"I cannot reply to that till to-morrow. The fact is, that the government people are on a hot scent; and there is a vessel of war in the offing, I am told, ready to board any thing and every thing which comes out. Captain Levee will sail to-morrow morning, and will in all probability be examined by the government vessel, which is, I understand, a most rapid sailer."

"Will he submit to it?"

"Yes, he must; and I have given him positive orders not to make the least attempt to evade her or prevent a search. He will then run to Holyhead, and lay-to there for you to join him, and you will proceed together to the port which the people taken on board shall direct, for that is a part of the agreement they have made with me."

"Then of course I am to evade the king's vessel?"

"Certainly; and I have no doubt but that you will be able so to do. Your vessel is so fleet that there will be little difficulty: at all events, you will do your best: but recollect, that although you must make every attempt to escape, you must not make any attempt at resistance—indeed, that would be useless against a vessel of such force. Should you be in a position which might enable them to board you, you must find some safe hiding-place for them; for I hardly need say, that if taken with them on board, the vessel will be confiscated, and you will run some danger of your life. I have nothing more to say to you just now, except that you may give out that Captain Levee sails to-morrow, and that you are to follow him in ten days. Your powder is on board?"

"Yes; I got it on board as soon as we hauled out in the stream."

"Well, then, you will call here to-morrow morning about eleven o'clock, not before, and (I hardly need repeat it), but I again say—secrecy,—as you value your life."

As soon as I had left the owner, I went down to the wharf, stepped into the boat, and went on board Captain Levee's vessel, which I have

omitted to state was named the Arrow. I found him on board, and very busy getting ready for sea.

"So you are off to-morrow, Levee," said I, before all the people on the deck.

"Yes," he replied.

"I wish I was, too ; but I am to remain ten days longer I find."

"I was in hopes that we should have cruised together," replied Captain Levee ; "but we must do as our owner wishes. What detains you ? —I thought you were ready."

"I thought so too," I replied ; "but we find that the head of the mainmast is sprung, and we must have a new one. I have just come from the owner's, and must set to work at once, and get ready for shifting our mast. So, fare-you-well, if I do not see you before you sail."

"I am to see the owner to-night," replied Levee. "Shall we not meet then and take a parting glass ?"

"I fear not, but I will come if I can," I replied ; "if not, success to the Arrow !"

"And success to the Sparrow-Hawk !" replied Levee, "and God bless you, my good fellow."

I shook hands with my kind friend, and went over the side of the lugger into my boat, and then pulled for my own vessel. As soon as I got on board, I sent for the officers and men, and said to them,

"We are to shift our mainmast for one that is three feet longer, and must work hard, that we may be able to sail as soon as possible. I cannot allow any of you to go on shore till the work is finished ; when it is done, you will have leave as before till we sail."

That afternoon I sent down the topsail-yard and topmast, unbent the mainsail, main-topsail, and gaff—sent down the topmast and running-rigging on deck—cast loose the lanyards of the lower rigging, and quite dismantled the mainmast, so as to make it appear as if we were about to haul to the wharf and take it out. The men all remained on board, expecting that we should shift our berth the next day.

On the following morning I laid out a warp to the wharf, as if intending to haul in, and at the time appointed I went on shore to the owner, and told him what I had done.

"But," he said, "I find that you will have to sail this night as soon as it is dark. How will you get ready ?"

I replied that at nightfall I would immediately replace every thing, and in an hour would be ready for sea.

"If such be the case you have done well, Mr. Elrington, and I thank you for your zeal on my behalf, which I shall not forget. Every thing has been arranged, and you must come up here with some of your seamen as soon as you are ready to sail. Your men, or rather four of them, must remain in the house. The four gentlemen who are to be embarked will be dressed in seamen's attire, and will carry down the boxes and trunks as if they were your men taking your things on board. You will then remain a little distance from the wharf in the boat till your own men come down, and if there is no discovery you will take them on board with you ; if, on the contrary, there is any suspicion, and the officers of the government are on the watch, and stop your men, you will then push off with the passengers, slip your cable if it is necessary, and make all sail for

Holyhead, where you will fall in with the Arrow, which will be waiting there for you. Is the Arrow still in sight?"

"No," I replied, "she was out of sight more than an hour ago, and from our masthead we could see the top-gallant sails of the vessel of war bearing N.N.W."

"Keep a look out upon her, and see how she bears at dark," replied the owner, "for you must not fall in with her if possible. I think you had better return on board now, that you may keep your people quiet."

When I arrived on board the schooner I told my officers that I did not think that we should shift the mast as proposed, and that every thing must be got ready for refitting. I did not choose to say more, but I added that I was to go on shore in the evening to smoke a pipe with the owner, and then I should know for certain. I employed the men during the whole of the day in doing every thing in preparation which could be done without exciting suspicion, and as soon as it was dark I called the men aft and told them that I thought it was very likely, from the Arrow not having made her appearance, that we might be sent to join her immediately, and that I wished them to rig the mainmast and make every thing ready for an immediate start, promising them to serve out some liquor if they worked well. This was sufficient, and in little more than an hour the mast was secured, the rigging all complete, and the sails ready for bending. I then ordered the boat to be manned, and telling the officers that they were to bend the sails and have every thing ready for weighing on my return on board, which would be in an hour or thereabouts, I pulled on shore, and went up to the owner's, taking four men with me, and leaving three men in the boat. I ordered these three men to remain till the others came down with my trunks and effects, and not to leave the boat on any consideration.

When I arrived at the owner's I told him what I had done, and he commended my arrangements. In the back room I found four gentlemen dressed in seamen's clothing, and as there was no time to be lost, they immediately shouldered the trunks and valises; desiring my own men to remain with the owner to bring down any thing that he might wish to send on board, I left them in the counting-house. The gentlemen followed me with their loads down to the boat, and when I got there the men told me that some people had come down and asked whose boat it was, and why they were lying there, and that they had told the people that the captain had taken four men with him to bring down his things, and that they were waiting for him, so it was lucky that I said to my men what I did.

We hastened to put the trunks into the boat and to get in ourselves after we had received this intelligence, and then I shoved off from the wharf, and laid about a stone's throw distant for my other men. At last we heard them coming down, and shortly afterwards we perceived that they were stopped by other people and in altercation with them. I knew then, that the officers were on the alert and would discover the stratagem, and therefore desired my men and the gentlemen, who had each taken an oar in readiness, to give way and pull for the schooner. As we did so, the king's officers on search who had stopped my four men came down to the wharf and ordered us to come back, but we made no reply. As soon as we were alongside, we hoisted the things out of the boat, veered her

astern by a tow-rope, slipped the cable, and made sail. Fortunately it was very dark, and we were very alert in our movements. We could perceive lights at the wharf as we sailed out of the river, and it was clear that we had had a narrow escape; but I felt no alarm on account of the owner, as I knew that although they might suspect, they could prove nothing. When about three miles out we hove to, hoisted in the boat, and shaped our course.

All I had now to fear was the falling in with the ship of war in the offing, and I placed men to keep a sharp look-out in every direction, and told the officers that it was necessary that we should avoid her. When last seen, about an hour before dark, she was well to windward, and as the wind was from the northward, she would probably sail faster than we could, as a schooner does not sail so well free as on a wind. We had run out about four hours, and were steering our course for Holyhead, when suddenly we perceived the ship of war close to us, and to leeward. She had been lying with her mainsail to the mast, but she evidently had made us out, for she filled and set top-gallant sails.

I immediately hauled my wind, and as soon as she had way she tacked and followed in pursuit, being then right astern of us, about half a mile off. It was very dark, and I knew that as our sails were set, and we bore from her, it would be difficult for her to keep us in sight, as we only presented what we call the feather edge of our sails to her. I therefore steered on under all sail, and finding that the schooner weathered on her I kept her away a little, so as to retain the same bearings, and to leave her faster.

In an hour we could not make out the ship, and were therefore certain that she could not see us; so as I wanted to get clear of her and be at Holyhead as soon as possible, I lowered down all the sails and put my helm up, so as to cross her and run to leeward under bare poles, while she continued her windward chase. This stratagem answered, and we saw no more of her, for, two hours afterwards, we fell in with the *Arrow*, and hailing her we both made sail down the Bristol channel as fast as we could, and at daybreak there was no vessel in sight, and of course we had nothing more to fear from the Liverpool cruiser.

As we now sailed rapidly along in company, with the wind on our quarter, it was high time for me to look to my passengers who had remained on deck in perfect silence from the time that they had come on board. I therefore went up to them, and apologised for not having as yet paid them that attention that I should have wished to have done under other circumstances.

"Captain," replied the oldest of them, with a courteous salute, "you have paid us every attention; you have been extremely active in saving our lives, and we return you our sincere thanks."

"Yes, indeed," replied a young and handsome man who stood next him, "Mr. Elrington has saved us from the toils of our enemies; but now that we are in no fear from that quarter, I must tell him that we have hardly had a mouthful of food for twenty-four hours, and if he wishes to save our lives a second time, it will be by ordering a good breakfast to be prepared for us."

"Campbell speaks the truth, my dear sir," said the one who had first spoken. "We have lately gained the knowledge of what it is to hunger and thirst; and we all join in his request."

"You shall not wait long," I replied; "I will be up again in a moment or two." I went down into the cabin, and ordering my servant to put on the table a large piece of pressed Hamburg beef, a cold pie of various flesh and fowl combined, some bread and cheese, and some bottles of brandy and usquebaugh; I then went up again, and requested them all to descend. Hungry they certainly were, and it was incredible the quantity that they devoured. I should have imagined that they had not been fed for a week; and I thought that if they were to consume at that rate, my stock would never last out, and the sooner they were landed the better. As soon as they left off eating, and had finished two bottles of usquebaugh, I said to them: "Gentlemen, my orders are to land you at any port in France that you should prefer. Have you made up your minds as to which it shall be, for it will be necessary that we shape a course according to your decision."

"Mr. Elrington, on that point we would wish to advise with you. I hardly need say that our object is to escape, and that falling in with and being captured by a ship of war, and there are many out in pursuit of us and other unfortunate adherents to the house of Stuart, would be extremely disagreeable, as our heads and our bodies would certainly part company, if we were taken. Now, which port do you think we should be most likely to reach with least chance of interruption?"

"I think," I replied, "as you pay me the compliment to ask my opinion, that it would be better to run down the Bay of Biscay, and then put in the port of Bordeaux, or any other, where you could be landed in safety; and my reason is this: the Channel is full of cruisers looking after those of your party who are attempting to escape; and my vessel will be chased and searched. Now, although we might sail faster than any one vessel in the Channel, yet it is very possible that in running away from one, we may fall into the jaws of another. And besides, we are two privateers, and cruising off Bordeaux will excite no suspicion, as it is a favourite cruising ground, so that, if we were boarded, there would be little danger of discovery; but, of course, as long as I can prevent that, by taking to my heels, I shall not be boarded by any one. The only objection to what I propose is, that you will be confined longer in a vessel than you may like, or than you would be if you were to gain a nearer port."

"I agree with the captain of the vessel," said a grave-looking personage, who had not yet spoken, and whom I afterwards discovered to be a Catholic priest, "the staunchest adherent to the cause could not have given better advice, and I should recommend that it be followed."

The others were of the same opinion; and, in consequence, I edged the schooner down to the Arrow, and hailed Captain Levee, stating that we were to run to Bordeaux. After that I prepared for them sleeping accommodations as well as I could, and on my making apologies, they laughed, and told me such stories of their hardships during their escape, that I was not surprised at their not being difficult. I found out their names, by their addressing one another, to be Campbell, M'Intyre, Ferguson, and M'Donald; all of them very refined gentlemen, and of excellent discourse. They were very merry, and laughed at all that they had suffered; sang Jacobite songs, as they were termed, and certainly did not spare my locker of wine. The wind continued fair, and we met

with no interruption, and on the evening, at dusk, we made the mouth of the Garonne, and then hove to, with our heads off shore for the night. Captain Levee then came on board, and I introduced him to my passengers. To my surprise, after some conversation, he said,—

"I have now escorted Captain Elrington, according to the orders I received; and shall return to Liverpool as soon as possible; if, therefore, gentlemen, you have any letters to send to your friends announcing your safety, I shall be most happy to present them in any way you may suggest as most advisable."

That Captain Levee had some object in saying this, I was quite certain; and, therefore, I made no remark. The passengers thanked him for his proposal; and, being provided with writing materials, they all wrote to their friends, and put their letters into Captain Levee's hands, who then bade them farewell, and went on deck with me.

"Of course, you were not serious in what you said, Captain Levee?" I inquired, as we walked forward.

"No," he replied, "but I considered it prudent to make them believe so. Although Englishmen, they are enemies to our country, as far as they are enemies to our present government, and, of course, wish no harm to the French, who have so warmly supported them. Now, if they knew that I remained here waiting for your coming out of the river, they would say so, and I might lose the chance of a good prize, as nothing would sail, if they knew that the coast was not clear. Now, I shall part company with you in an hour, and make all sail for England, as they may suppose, but without fail, to-morrow night I shall be off here again, about five leagues from the port, with my sails furled; therefore, stay in the river as long as they will let you, as, while you are in port with the flag of truce, vessels may sail out."

"I understand you, and will do all I can to assist your views, Captain Levee. Now, we will go down again. I will give you a receipt for a coil of rope which you will send your boat for, and write a letter to the owners, after which you will wish me good bye, and make sail."

"Exactly," Captain Levee replied, who then ordered his boat to go for a coil of three inch, and bring it on board.

We then descended to the cabin, and I wrote a letter to the owner, and also a receipt for the coil of rope, which I delivered to Captain Levee. The boat soon returned from the lugger, the rope was taken on board, and then Captain Levee wished me farewell, and made his polite adieus to the gentlemen who followed him on deck, and waited there till he had hoisted in his boat and made all sail.

"How long will she be before she arrives at Liverpool with this wind?" inquired Mr. Campbell.

"She will carry her canvass night and day," I replied; "and, therefore, as she sails so fast, I should say in five or six days."

"Well, I am grateful that we have such an early and safe opportunity of communicating with our friends in England, we must have waited two months otherwise."

"Very true," replied the priest, "but Heaven has assisted our anxious wishes. Let us be grateful for all things."

My passengers watched the lugger until she was nearly out of sight. I dare say that their thoughts were, that those on board of her were

going to the country of their birth, from which they were exiles, probably for ever; they did not speak, but went down below, and retired to their beds. At daylight the next morning I ran the schooner in, and as soon as I was within three miles of the coast, I hoisted the white flag of truce, and stood for the mouth of the river Garonne. I perceived that the batteries were manned, but not a shot was fired, and we entered the river.

When we were a mile up the river, we were boarded by the French authorities, and my passengers, who had dressed themselves in their proper costume, informed the officer in the boat who they were, upon which he was very polite, and calling a pilot out of the boat, the schooner was taken charge of by him, and we very soon afterwards, having wind and tide in our favour, were anchored alongside of two large merchant vessels and a French privateer of sixteen guns, which I instantly recognised as an old antagonist off Hispaniola, in the action in which the *Revenge* was captured, and Captain Weatherall lost his life. However, I kept my knowledge to myself, as the French officer and the Jacobite gentleman were present. As soon as we had anchored, the passengers were requested to go into the boat, and the French officer and I to accompany them, that I might report myself to the governor, and we pulled away to the town, one of my boats following with the passengers' luggage.

On our landing, there was a great crowd assembled, and they looked very hard at me, as I was dressed in my laced coat and a cocked-up hat, also bound with broad gold lace. On our arrival in the presence of the governor, we were received with much urbanity; and as I had brought the Jacobite gentlemen in my schooner, it was presumed that I was favourable to the cause, and I was very politely treated. The governor invited us all to dine with him on that day. I made some excuse, saying, that I was anxious to return to Liverpool; that I might fit out for the coast of Africa, in which service I was to be employed by my owners; but the passengers insisted upon my staying a day or two, and the governor added to their solicitations, his own.

I therefore accepted, not only because I was glad to have an opportunity to see so celebrated a town, but because it would meet the views of Captain Levee. We took leave of the governor, and went to an hotel, and I then sent my boat on board for necessaries, and hired a handsome apartment in the hotel. I had not been there half an hour, when the priest came to me and said, "Captain, you are not aware of the rank and consequence of the three gentlemen whom you have been so successful in escorting to a place of safety. I am requested by them to make you a handsome remuneration for your kindness and skilful conduct on this occasion."

"Sir," I replied, "that must not be. I am most happy in having assisted in the escape of unfortunate gentlemen; and all the pleasure I feel at having so done would be destroyed if I were to accept of what you offer. It is useless to repeat it, and if you do, I shall consider it an insult, and immediately repair on board of my vessel. You will therefore tender my best thanks and my refusal, with ardent wishes for their future welfare."

"After what you have said, Captain Elrington, I will, of course, not resume the offer. I will tell my fellow-passengers what you have said,

and I am sure that they will, as I do, admire your high sense of honour."—The priest shook me by the hand, and then quitted my apartment. I did not see the other passengers till it was the hour to go to dine at the governor's, when they embraced me cordially, and the one calling himself Campbell, said, "Should you ever be in distress or a prisoner in this country, recollect you have a friend who is ready to serve you. Here is an address to a lady, to whom you must write, and say that you wish the assistance of your passenger to Bordeaux—that will be sufficient—I trust you may never require it."

We had a very pleasant dinner at the governor's, and among the people invited to meet us, I perceived the French captain of the privateer. I knew him immediately, although he did not recognise me. We had some conversation together, and he spoke about his cruizes in the West Indies, and asked me whether I knew Captain Weatherall. I said there was a Captain Weatherall who commanded the *Revenge* privateer, and who was killed when his vessel was taken.

"Exactly," said the captain; "he was a brave man, and fought nobly, and so did all his people—they fought like devils."

"Yes," I replied, "they fought as long as they could, but Captain Weatherall was very short-handed. He had but fifty-five men on board at the commencement of the action."

"More than that, I'm sure," replied the French captain.

"He had not, I assure you," I replied; "he had lost so many in an attack on shore, and had so many away in prizes."

Our conversation had attracted general notice, and a French army officer observed, "Monsieur speaks so positively, that one would imagine that he was actually on board."

"And so I was, sir," replied I, "and have my wounds to show for it. I knew this officer immediately I saw him, for I was close to Captain Weatherall at the time that this officer expostulated with him before the action; and I crossed my sword with him during the combat."

"You have convinced me that you were on board," replied the captain of the privateer, "by your mentioning the expostulations previous to the combat taking place. I am delighted to have met with so brave an enemy, for every man on board of that vessel was a hero."

The conversation was then general, and many particulars were asked; and I will do the French captain the justice to say, that he was very correct in all his statements, and neither vaunted his own success, nor did us less than justice.

The party then broke up to go to the theatre, and afterwards we repaired to the hotel. I remained there two days more, and on the last of these two days I had promised to sup with the French captain of the privateer, who had called upon me and behaved very politely. The following day after noon, when the tide served, I was to sail. Accordingly, after the theatre was over, I went with the French captain to his house, in company with two or three more. Supper was on the table when we arrived there, and we went into the room, waiting for the presence of the captain's lady, who had not gone to the theatre, and to whom I had not been introduced. After a few minutes she made her appearance, and as she entered the room, I was struck with her extreme beauty; although she was past the meridian of life. I thought I had seen her face before, and

as she came forward with her husband, it at once rushed into my mind that she was the widow of the French gentleman who had so gallantly fought his vessel, and who fell by my hand—the lady who was nursing her son at the King's Hospital at Jamaica, and who had been so inveterate against me. Our eyes met, and her cheeks flushed; she recognised me, and I coloured deeply as I bowed to her. She was taken with a faintness, and fell back. Fortunately, her husband received her in his arms.

"What is the matter, my love?" he said.

"Nothing; but I am taken with a vertigo," replied she; "it will go off directly." Make my excuses to the company, while I retire for a few minutes."

Her husband went out of the room, and after a minute or two came back, saying that madam was not well enough to return to the room, and begged that they would admit her excuse, and sit down to supper without her. Whether his wife had informed him of who I was, I know not; but nothing could exceed the civility of the French captain towards me during the supper. We did not, however, remain very late, as the lady of the house was indisposed.

I found out as I walked home with another French officer, that the captain of the privateer had fallen in with the French lady on her return from Jamaica, where her son died in the hospital, and had married her; and that, moreover, unlike most French husbands, he was most ardently attached to her.

I had breakfasted the next morning, and packed up my clothes preparatory to going on board, and was just returned from a visit of leave-taking with the governor, when who should walk up into my apartment but the French captain of the privateer, accompanied by three or four French officers of the army. I perceived by his looks when he entered that he was a little excited, but I met him cordially. He began a conversation about his action with Captain Weatherall, and instead of speaking handsomely as he had done before, he used expressions which I considered offensive, and I at once took him up by observing that being under a flag of truce, it was impossible for me to notice what he said.

"No," he replied; "but I wish we were once more on the high seas together, for I have a little debt of gratitude to pay off."

"Well," I replied, "you may have; and I should not be sorry to give you an opportunity, if it were possible."

"May I inquire whether you intend to go home as a cartel, and carry your flag of truce to Liverpool?"

"No, sir," I replied; "I shall haul down my flag of truce as soon as I am out of gun-shot of your batteries. I understand what you mean, sir. It is very true that your vessel carries nearly double the number of men and guns that mine does, but nevertheless I shall haul down my flag of truce, as I say I will."

"Not if I follow you down the river, I presume?" he said with a sort of sneer.

"Follow me, if you dare," I cried; "you will meet with your master, depend upon it."

"Sacre!" replied he, in a passion, "I will blow you out of the water; and if I take you I will hang you for a pirate."

"Not the last, certainly," I said coolly.

"Look you, sir," he cried, shutting his fist upon the palm of his other hand, "if I take you, I will hang you, and if you take me you may serve me in the same way. Is it a bargain, or are you a coward?"

"Gentlemen," I said to the officers present, "you must feel that your countryman is not behaving well. He has insulted me grossly. I will, however, consent to his terms on one condition, which is, that he will permit one of you, after he has sailed, to make known the conditions upon which we fight to his wife; and that one of you will pledge me his honour that he will impart these conditions as soon as we are gone."

"Agree to do so—pledge yourself to do so, Xavier," cried the French captain to one of the officers present.

"Since you wish it, certainly," he said.

"You pledge yourself to make the conditions known to madam, as soon as we have sailed."

"I do, upon the honour of an officer and a gentleman," replied he, "painful as it will be to me."

"Then, captain," I replied, "I agree to your conditions, and one or the other of us shall hang."

You may suppose, madam; that I must have been in a state of great irritation to have consented to such terms. I was so, and could not brook such insult in the presence of the French officers. Moreover, as you will observe in my conversation, I did not commit myself in any way. There was nothing dishonourable. I told him that I should haul down my flag of truce, and I also told him that he would meet with his master, which was true enough, as he would meet with the *Arrow*, commanded by Captain Levee, as well as with my vessel; while he thought that he would have to fight with my inferior vessel alone, and making sure of conquest, he purposely insulted me, to make me accept such conditions as would administer to the revenge of his wife, who had evidently worked him up to act in such a manner; and I accepted them, because I hoped the fate would be his if Captain Levee joined me, and if not, I was determined that I never would be taken alive.

After I had agreed to his conditions they all took a very ceremonious leave, and I bowed them out with great mock humility. I then bade farewell to my passengers, who lodged in the same hotel, and went down to my boat and pulled on board. As soon as the tide served, the pilot came on board and we got under weigh. I observed a great bustle and hurrying to and fro of boats on board of the French privateer, and we had not gone above two miles of the river, before I perceived the men were aloft and lowering her sails. I told my officers that I had received a challenge from the French privateer and had accepted it, and that we must get every thing ready for action. They were much astonished at this, as the disparity of force was so great, but they went cheerfully to their duty, as did the men, among whom the news was soon spread.

BAT THE PORTUGUESE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

I.

Bat is overtaken by a Calm, and utters his Complaint thereof.

WITH thirty men and four small guns, bold Bat the Portuguese,
Disguis'd as if a coaster, cruis'd in the Indian seas.
For awhile the rounded water no sail but theirs display'd,
So pass'd they time most sadly, nor a merry moment made.

"God's death!—How tedious 'tis to wait, watching the lower sky,
Nor morn, nor eve, nor day, nor night, a single sail espy!
The world might be deserted, and we pirates left alone
To spot the stagnant sea, and look on earth's dead skeleton.

"When will these cursed calms have done, and southern winds arise,
To bear from Maracaibo here some goodly Spanish prize?
We want no sea beneath us, like a lady's mirror made,
To show us our own beauty, or to teach the simpering trade.

"What care we for own faces? It becomes your pretty lass
To comb her like a mermaid sweet, and smile before her glass;
But such men as we are, comrades, want our mirror of the brine,
Wrinkled up, and starr'd, and crossed all o'er with many an ugly line

"We want to have the thing alive—to see the monster rise
Up from below our keel, and kiss the cherry-cheek'd young skies;
We want to see the giant waves hug close the lady clouds,
And hear the music of their loves playing amid the shrouds.

"Full three long days—like weeks—the abyss has seem'd a floor of plank,
And gasping, we, and gaping, like cast fishes on a bank.
If the weather doesn't alter, or the wind's mouth blow its breath,
I shall either tumble overboard, or drink myself to death!

"I had rather be a poodle to some lady in St. Kitt's,
Lie in the sun in flannel wrapp'd and gorge myself to fits—
Grow as fat as any maggot, until I could not walk,
Than lead a life like this at sea, with nought to do but talk.

"Well, I see it will not change yet. Just look at yonder moon!
With a face as round and peaceful as a solemn priest's in June,
Who sweats with only sitting still, and flushes to his crown
In the effort but to bend and put his load of body down.

"I clearly feel another thing, 'tis not about to blow,
We must kill the time somehow, lads, so set out the wine below,
And I'll tell you then the story of this Bat the Portuguese,
Whom you've chosen for your captain upon the Indian seas."

Oh, it was a jovial table the pirates spread that night.
And as they lik'd not mirrors, neither car'd they much for light.
For in truth theirs was a beauty of that most peculiar kind,
Which less is seen by men with eyes, than by the folks who're blind.

While the face remains the index of the heart and soul within,
The blind secure the privilege of knowing least of sin.
For some faces, like the title to a book of evil tone,
Betray those sins to him who sees, which else had been unknown.

That dark old fellow of the mill, that painter of the gloom,
Whose glory shone in shadows, should have seen that pirate's room.
His visionary pencil, dreamy, indistinct, and dark,
Had made a thing immortal from the scene upon that bark.

II.

Bat relates to his Companions a brief Story of his early Career, and how he came to be a Pirate.

"COMRADES! somehow, this world and I could never well agree—
Our loose ends would not meet and tie—we hated bitterly.
Some men are born 'by far too good to live beneath the sky,
In such a rascal world as this, and one of them am I.

"I wish'd to do the thing that's right, but found it would not do:
You cannot get your living and be downright honest too.
When on all sides one is cheated both by doctrines and by men,
What can one do in self-defence, but turn round and cheat again?

"Oh, no man better knows than I the lessons of my youth,
How I held all truth as sacred, and believ'd mankind all truth!
How I acted unto others as I would they should to me,
How I trusted but to be betray'd, and thus learn'd infamy.

"For one fault my friends forsook me, as though themselves had none!
You see that I *surviv'd* that loss. Thank God, such friends are gone!
The only cause for sorrow in that matter I shall own,
Is, that such consciences so pure and clean to me were ever known.

"Yet I hope they've caught no plague-spot, no contagion by a kiss;
May they all be no less angels in the other world than this;
'Twere in vain to hope for better, since here they're at their best.
Anointed be their heads with oil, and holy be their rest!

"That one fault, my lads, was tippling. Yet 'twould take a wiser head
Than theirs, to span the causes that unto this evil led.
If misery had done it, and despair, and disregard
Of self, as likely 'twas, why, lads, you'll think my case was hard.

"But I scorn to plead a moment before such judgments weak,
Such shallow souls, such poor cold hearts, as those of whom I speak.
The bats, the moles, the blind-worms, while thus purely censuring me
Had never in their life-dream dreamt of self deformity!

"But I have overrun my tale—it is a common sin—
I'll call my days of youthhood back, and once again begin.
It is a pleasant reckoning, too, the one I now ~~have~~ had made,
Though our brightest early home-thoughts cause the rudest heart to ache.

"In Portugal, my father was a grower of the vine,
He lov'd the juice fermented, as do most men in that line.
Why not? Pygmalion lov'd a girl that he in ivory cut;
My father, by the self-same rule, lov'd dearly his own butt.

"And I, his son Bartholomew, though people call'd me Bat,
Was as like my worthy father as a kitten to a cat.
Sons always should be dutiful, and dutiful was I,
So every day I soak'd my clay, and never let it dry.

"Yet, mark me, lads, I never soak'd my clay till it was soft,
But only just enough to keep my spirits up aloft.
The world seem'd like that paradise that first to man was giv'n;
I ne'er shall see another such before I get to heav'n.

"In due time, my tender father some trade would put me to,
But wisely first consulted me what best I'd like to do.

"'Dear dad,' said I, 'the truth to tell, I fancy I was made
Nor to preach in any pulpit, nor work at any trade.

"'I am not hypocrite enough to make a priest or monk;
To boast about my fastings, while, in fact, I stuff my trunk.
I would not be a doctor, taking fees each time I go,
For looking wiser than I am at what I do not know.

" 'Nor would I be a merchant, bound apprentice for my life
To an inky desk and ledger more despotic than my wife.
To calculate your decimals, your discounts, and your gains,
Till my eyes were blind with figures, and a living sum my brains.

" 'I would not give a copper for a life, as now I think,
All counting-house and day-book, clerks, and bills, and pen and ink;
Your interests and your balances, no interest have for me:
I'll balance with your merchants when I get away to sea!"

" So I chose a sailor's life, lads, and with Le Grand I went,
To take the Spanish plate-ships from the southern continent.
Le Grand got rich that voyage and return'd again to France,
While we landed at Tortuga to await another chance.

"The rest, you know. So now this toast I'll give, not meaning harm,
May it please the Lord right early to ruffle up this calm!
And may to-morrow's billows bear a Spanish sail in sight,
May our lives be at our fingers' ends, and conquest ours in fight!"

III.

*The Calm ends—A Sail appears at Mid-day—The Fight at Sunset—How the Dead
are put into the Deep, and where they go to.*

LONG ere daylight on the morrow the sea began to rise,
And the streamer on the topmast floated upwards to the skies.
"Thank God!" cried Bat, the captain, "this long calm is at an end:
Our mouths are ready open now for aught that He may send!"

And the waters roll'd in ridges like a world by giants plough'd,
While east and west the ridges seem'd to touch the bending cloud.
As dancing on a wavy stream the fisher sees his float,
So rose and fell with ev'ry swell that little pirate-boat.

At mid-day, when the upright sun look'd fierce and feverish down,
And pour'd his beams, like boiling oil, on ev'ry sailor's crown,
A pile of whiten'd sail was seen against a leaden sky,
"Down with your sheets," cried Bat, "and close along the water lie!"

So close upon the water crouch'd, the pirates silent lay,
Till that unsuspecting merchantman came up at close of day.
She carried twenty deep-mouth'd guns, and seventy men of might;
Said Bat, "An' they'd been seventy more, we'd lodgings change to night.

"Till in yon captain's berth I sleep, I ne'er again will sleep.
Sure, thirty wolves can worry such a flock of tame sea-sheep.
What say you, lads? you'll try your best.—Let man by man then swear
To sup aboard yon ship to-night, or sup not anywhere!"

They drew their swords and took the oath, then down upon her bore,
With a shout of fierce defiance, heard above her cannons roar,
A storm of shot, like winter's hail, met the bold pirate crew,
But not one shot they answer'd them until they closer drew.

Then furious was the onslaught, and ere long their mingled blood
Ran warmly down, and trickled off in veins along the flood;
The setting sun look'd angry on, the clouds blush'd fiery then,
While darkness hurried through the air to hide those frightful men.

Yet neither death, nor darkness, nor the wind, nor running wave,
Suffic'd to drive the pirates off, the merchantman to save.
After two long hours of slaughter, the furious Portuguese
Their death's-head flag triumphantly sent floating in the breeze.

They gather'd all the dead in heaps, and shotted them that night,
Then with a dull and dreary sound, they dropped them in upright.
The water there was fathomless, so, never, may we think,
Those coffinless and shroudless dead unto the bottom sink:

But when they reach'd a denser brine, they'd float in liquid night,
A sad and painful mockery of living men in light.
Their loose heads nodding idly with each movement of the stream,
They would jostle one another, yet of quarrel never dream!

Unless, perchance, as likely 'tis, in deeps beyond the lead,
There live strange things, to man unknown, created things of dread,
Which never to the thinner top, like man in air can rise,
Slow monsters that require no light, and grope withouten eyes.

Perhaps these entomb the sunken dead, who dive the dark abyss,
And with their clammy lips and cold, the bloated corpses kiss.
But whether so or whether not, oh, Virgin Mother blest!
Beseech the Lord to blot their sins and put their souls to rest. *

And mercy be for *their* poor lives, who now at random float
In darkness, with no compass, and no rudder to their boat.
For thus those pirates cruel have turn'd off the conquer'd crew,
And what, without all saints' good aid, can such poor lost ones do?

Eternal truth! Injustice hath a Great Avenger still:
He doth not walk along the world to man's eye visible,
He speaketh not to mortal ear, but silent and sublime,
He works remote in Providence, and tells his acts through Time.

IV.

Bat assassinates the Messenger of bad News—Is taken Prisoner, chained, and left to be hanged without Trial—Escapes in the Night, and threatens Retaliation.

"Oh, captain! bold Bartholomew! arise, and meet your foes;
'Tis pleasant work to take a prize, but bitter work to lose!
Three shadowy ships are close on us, we shine them through the mist;
The fog is thick, or we'd have seen them long ago, I wist.

"Now we shall pay for yesterday—" "God's curse on such a breath,"
Cried Bat, "Such coward knaves as you are only fit for death!"
Then ripping out his sword, he ran the sailor through the breast,
"And if all the rest were like you, I'd same way serve the rest!"

"Who talks to me of bitter work, to lose what we had ta'en?
'Tis only mongrels like to *that*, who lose again *that* gain;
And if any man but flinches a moment from the strife,
I'll either pistol him myself, or stab him with my knife.

"See you not we're too surrounded, and too close to hope to fly?
No chance there is but staying here, and fighting till we die;
For should the turn of fortune make them masters of the waves,
They'll either hang us on the coast, or sell us all for slaves."

Unequal, yet most obstinate, the struggle of that day;
Full half the pirates left last night, now dead and dying lay.
The Spuniards leap'd aboard in crowds, and took the rest alive.
"It can't be help'd," said Bat, "the best of men don't always thrive."

And as they lock'd two iron rings upon his ancles bare,
"I'd rather, friend," said he, "myself have ring'd your daughter fair!
Or were your wife a widow now, she might have done instead:
Pshaw, on such rings as these! they make it cold o' nights in bed."

Six days before the wind they flew, till in Campechy's bay,
The merchant ship recaptur'd, and the prison'd pirates lay.
The magistrates, and merchants, and the judges of the town,
To see this famous pirate, Bat the Portuguese, came down.

They bade him hope no mercy, since no mercy was his due:
Said he, "I'd scorn to beg my life an hour from such as you!
You are like a crowd of cowards before a lion's cage,
You think the bars of iron stand between you and his rage.

"But let me tell you, Spaniards, although now I'm in your pow'r,
I will make your best men tremble ere to-morrow at this hour.
If you'll free me now, I'll never touch a Spanish sail again;
If not, I'll free myself, and swear to sweep you off the main!"

"Let's take him at his word," said one, "I vote to let him go."
But all the others laugh'd aloud and wisely answer'd "Nol
A gibbet shall be built ere morn to hold him and his gang,
They'll need no further trial here than in a row to hang."

But 'tis not always they that laugh beforehand always win;
And often 'tis that wisdom deep most modestly peeps in:
For when they went to fetch bold Bat to hang the gibbet on,
They found he'd kill'd his sentinels and overboard had gone,

The woods they hunted through and through, yet found no pirate there,
Though Bat beheld them all the while, nor scarcely breath'd for fear;
He heard them curse their own wise heads, and silently laugh'd he,
To view the same wise faces from the hollow of a tree.

"I guess they'll rue their wisdom now," thought Bat, "and well they may;
But deeper still and deeper, shall they rue it many a day!
That vessel I'll again retake, where I in chains did lie,
And on the gibbet made for me, my judges wise shall die!"

V.

Bat makes his way to Golfo Trist—Meets with Men of his own Class—Is rigged out anew, and returns to Campeachy—How he succeeds there, and what becomes of him.

O, many a league of forest, and many a mile of swamp,
And barren, lifeless ocean-coast, sore-footed, Bat did tramp.
On roots, and fruits, and shell-fish rare, he liv'd a fortnight through,
When lo! the Cape of Golfo Trist—his home—appeared in view.

"Now shall I meet some men of mine, and they will join with me
Once more to rig and man a boat, and go again to sea.
Then shall those curs'd Campechians be quickly taught to know
That whoso makes a foe of me doth make a deadly foe!"

"I never show forgiveness for a personal affront,
Until I've shed the sinner's blood, or clear'd him of his blunt.
And what affront more villanous than putting me in rings?
This clapping men in prison oft a double trouble brings.

"Revenge but breeds revenge: whereas, were kindness more the plan,
There's many a half-made villain would become an honest man.
Hard hammering toughens iron, and it hardens soon the heart.
O, men! destroy your gibbets, and drive off the hangman's cart.

"The world would soon be purer were *your laws* more free from sin,—
Christ did not by damnations seek the bad from bad to win:
Yet you!—you term a thing a crime that cannot be a crime.
No wonder laws should fail their ends, or rogues grow worse by time!"

Thus the sturdy pirates reason'd;—all law for them was death;
So in turn fierce hate and murder they breath'd in every breath.
Yet Christians even now scarce know, this simple truth to use,—
It is not violence that cures, but Mercy that subdues.

When Bat reached Golfo Trist, although without or cap or shoe,
The pirates hail'd him like a lord, and rigg'd him out anew.
They freely gave him of their own, till better luck should fall,—
They drank his health in bumpers, and declar'd him king of all.

"Stow down your long palavers and your compliments so fine,"
Said Bat, "Let one seaworthy boat and twenty men be mine:
A gallant prize at anchor rides in old Campeachy's port;
I've ta'en and lost her once, but now will show them better sport."

"With ten men less in number than the crew I had at first,
I'll either bring her here to Trist, or die a dog accurs'd.
The fools! to think they might insult a gentleman like me,
And put my legs in irons, with a sure impunity!

"But let no time be lost, good lads, in getting start, and out;
My soul will burn like fire until I've put the dogs to rout.
And when I come again, you'll see, that by some magic slip,
I've chang'd yon clumsy craft of yours into a noble ship!"

Bat went upon his voyage, and he reached Campeachy Bay
By deep design, one midnight, when the ship in darkness lay.
Sounds of fermented merriment arose that ship within,—
Said Bat, "By Jove, their hour is come,—those jolly souls of six!

"They have not e'en a watch aboard, or else they're drunk or blind,—
Whoever thought, that hunted me, aboard this ship to find?
Good Lord! the knaves are singing now.—Well, we'll improve their notes,
We'll drink their wine ourselves, and pour the lamp oil down *their* throats."

'Twas strange enough! and strangely shows Chance hath a two-edg'd sword;
The judges who condemn'd bold Bat, that eve had din'd aboard:
And in the captain's cabin now they sang and drank galore,
While less they dream'd of Bat, than if they'd been asleep ashore.

As tigers that, soft-footed and unheard, creep on their prey,
The pirates climbed the side, and to the cabin made their way.
Bat, finding now the watch asleep, and drunk upon the deck,
Said, "For neglect of duty, first, I'll nick each villain's neck."

He drew his sabre silently, nor other word he spoke,
But put them both so fast asleep they never more awoke!
Hot blood ran down the cabin stairs,—the steward slipp'd and fell;
"Good God!" cried he, "what blood is this? what man aboard can tell?"

"I!" cried a voice of terror, not unknown upon those seas,
"You're prisoners all, ye dogs, once more to Bat the Portuguese!
If you make the least resistance, I'll slaughter you like sheep:
And know, my hand is in just now—I've settled two asleep!"

The Spaniards all surrender'd, praying hardly for their lives,
And groaning o'er their families, and blubb'ring for their wives.
"O, curse your wives and families,—they've naught to do with me,
Unless I had a score smart smocks a hundred miles at sea!

"What now I want is cash, ye dogs! So raise your ransom soon,
Or ev'ry one shall tortur'd be to-morrow morn, ere noon.
One thousand good doubloons I'll have to let you go ashore,
And if you raise it not that day, the next I'll make it more.

"One man may go as messenger, and when he brings the cash,
You're free: and I most glad shall be to sell such living trash.
But should he prove a traitor to the trust repos'd in him,
I'll lop your arms off first, and then we'll try how you can swim!"

The messenger departed on the dawning of the light,
And return'd again that morning with the golden treasure bright.
Thus those terror-stricken Spaniards obtained their liberty,
While Bat weigh'd anchor instantly, and stood away to sea.

And where is now the Providence that punishes the wrong?
Or where the Great Avenger with his arm unseen and strong?
Where is the Eye all sleepless that you say beholds this sin?
Lo! Heaven is peace: and nature's soul a perfect calm within.

O, mortal!—weak, unthinking, and as an earthworm blind,
Thou know'st what *has been* and what *is*, but seest not *what's behind*.
Thou believest in to-morrow though to-morrow be not come;
And judgment is as certain, though to-day his voice be dumb!

Long and weary were the watchings from the Cape of Golfo Trist;
Their optic-glasses long they strain'd through sunshine and through mist,
But never more on earth or sea that anxious pirate crew
Could gather any tidings of the lost Bartholomew.

THE TRAVELS AND OPINIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

How bless'd are we that are not simple men.

WINTER'S TALE.

CHAP. III.

Reflections on Duelling—Severity of the Salic Law—Self-justification—Treacherous Character of Napoleon—Interesting Anecdote of Louis Philippe—The Death-bed of Charles the Tenth—The King's Magnanimity to the Duke de Bordeaux—Designs of the Prince de Joinville—Jawley's Arrival—The Explanation—Portrait of Fitzwarene Jawley—Elegance of his Dress—His choice Language—Amended Phraseology—I send my Challenge—Walk on the Pier—State of the French Navy—Cruisers—How manned—Dress of the French Sailors—Their Wives—An Oriental Race—The Salon de Danse—English Ladies at Boulogne—Lightness of the Air—The Messenger—An Answer—I again meet Mr. Miller—The Rendezvous—Preparations for the Duel—My last Night at the Hôtel—I make my Will—Morning—The Meeting on the Heights—Sensations on the Occasion—I imitate the Duke of Wellington—French mode of fighting Duels—The Lottery—The Duel—My Despair.

HAVING boldly plunged into the *fortiter in modo*, I prepared myself with calmness and determination for the *suaviter in re*. It was much that I had dared, and I could not conceal from myself the possible consequences of the act. The edicts against duelling are severe in France, as the Salic law and the Droit d'Aubaine sufficiently testify; but I felt that, under existing circumstances, I could alike defy the frowning fangs of the rack or the grim terrors of the *lit de justice*. I was resolved to show no craven apprehension, but, like Wallace at the battle of Bannockburn, was prepared "to do or die."

In considering the cause of quarrel, my conscience justified me in the expression I had used in regard to the French idol, though it is true the word "humbug" fell from my lips in a moment of excitement. To those who are familiar with the history of the Emperor Napoleon, the truth and applicability of the epithet will not be denied. Was not his conduct that of a humbug when he poisoned the sick at Marengo? when with his own hand he stabbed the Duc d'Enghien at Versailles, did not that act declare the humbug? and, lastly, when he signed the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and with one stroke of the pen compelled the pope to resign the whole of his colonial possessions, could humbug be carried further?

The brief but emphatic phrase with which I had consigned the Prince de Joinville to an unearthly abode, was equally susceptible of justification. I entertain the highest respect for the present King of France, as an intelligent and worthy individual, whose character may be appreciated by the simple anecdote which I shall relate. It was communicated to me by a distant relation of the royal family, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, and I am not aware that it has ever before appeared in print.

When Charles X. was on his death-bed, he called to him his two nephews, the Duke de Bordeaux and the Duke d'Orleans.

"To which of you shall I leave my crown?" exclaimed the dying monarch.

"To the most worthy," replied Louis Philippe.

"Be it so," faintly gasped the last of the Bourbons; "take it—it is yours."

Louis Philippe stretched out his hand, but ere he could reach the jewelled orb, the Duke de Bordeaux seized it in his iron grasp, and drawing his scimitar, rushed out to rally the national guard!

That night the revolution broke out in Paris; for three days the battle raged on both sides; at length the usurper was defeated and brought in chains before the legitimate king. The Archbishop of Paris and Prince Talleyrand strongly advised the immediate execution of the tyrant.

"No!" replied Louis Philippe, "it does not become the King of France to remember the injuries of the Duke of Orleans!"

This little trait speaks volumes; but estimable as Louis Philippe is as a politician, and highly as he may be held by diplomatists as a *père de famille*, I cannot blind myself to the danger which threatens Europe when once the Prince de Joinville ascends the throne. It is but a few months since I read in the *Times* newspaper an extract from a speech delivered by the prince at a dinner given by his constituents at Algiers, in which he fully expressed his opinions.

"It is my intention," he said—and his audience cheered him while he spoke—"it is my intention, when I return to Versailles, to build a score or two of steamers, to arm them *en flûte* with carronades, to paint them black, and, favoured by the darkness of the night, to enter the river Thames, and burn to the ground the devoted towers of perfidious Westminster!"

After such an undisguised avowal, he who would trust the *Punica fides* of a Frenchman, be he prince or peasant, must be a bold but credulous man!

While these thoughts were revolving through my mind, I heard a stir in the corridor that led to my apartment, and presently a loud knocking at my door. It was one of the waiters of the hotel who came to announce a stranger. I dashed off a glass of Burgundy—of the kind called *première grande*—and in a firm yet not uncourteous tone desired that he might enter. I fully expected my foe, and prepared myself for the worst. A second time the portal expanded, but instead of the features of an enemy, I recognised the unmistakeable lineaments of the faithful Fitzwarenné Jawley!

I rushed into his arms, and bore him backwards against the wall.

"My good fellow!" he exclaimed, almost breathless from the concussion, and raising his hands to the level of his shoulders as he waved them with fluttering motion in his own inimitable manner; "my good fellow, what in Heaven's name is the matter? You assail me like a *vrai* John Bull!"

"It is time," I said, "to develop the many qualities of the national animal. I am a stricken individual!"

"Heart-stricken?" inquired Fitzwarenné, in accents of persiflage. "Have you already bent the knee to the *bona Dea*?"

"I have knelt to none," I replied, with energy, "not even to the pope. It is for daring to stand alone that I find myself in the predicament I mention."

"And what is that?" asked Fitzwarenné, "for I do not rightly comprehend you."

"I have quarrelled with my man," I answered; "I am yet but three days in France, and have already done that which must be decided by mortal arbitrement!"

And then, as briefly as the nature of my feelings would permit me, I narrated the circumstances that had occurred. Jawley was in amazement; he had evidently not given me credit for so much resolution.

"Green!" he exclaimed, with emphasis, "you have behaved like a man! Command my services on the occasion."

"Spoken like a true-hearted friend," I returned; "I expected no less. Read this," I added, putting into his hands the fair copy of the challenge which I had transcribed.

My friend sat down to peruse the document; while he is doing so I may as well give a hasty pen-and-ink sketch of his personal appearance.

Fitzwarenné Jawley is slight, and not too tall; to the sinewy roundness of the Parthian Apollo he adds the flexile grace of the Laocoon, which gives an air of Mercurial lightness to a figure formed by nature for the boudoir or the battle-field, the carpet or the camp; his eyes are of a sharply-chiselled blue; his nose is of the true antique *retroussé*; and, what he chiefly prides himself upon, the whiskers which fringe his classical features glow with a rich, ruddy hue, like the expiring beams of the orb of day when he sets within the Arctic circle. His costume is, on all occasions, extremely elegant, and, as he now appeared, was *recherché* to the last degree. A light-gray gossamer pantaloon of elastic doe-skin, from the "Monarch Mart" of Moses and Son; a vest of primrose cashmere from the same celebrated establishment; a registered *bleu-de-ciel paletot*, the manufacture of Nicolls, "such as is worn by crowned heads;" a bright crimson silk cravat, tied in a tasty bow; a white hat, yellow kids, and drab-coloured brodequins completed, what the French call, his "*vraisemblable*." When I have added that the tone of his voice is pitched rather high, while his words are chosen with a scrupulous delicacy in regard to effect, I have said as much as lies in my power to portray the external attributes of the friend to whom I confided the nature of my position.

He read the letter which lay before him with fixed attention; once or twice he smiled somewhat scornfully, but his features soon resumed their original serious expression.

"There is," he said, "a certain grave and plaintive simplicity in the leading phrase which comes near the right colour. But I cannot avoid feeling throughout the composition a want of relief, and an absence of that transparent clearness, failing which there exists little effect and not much individuality worth having."

I was at first rather puzzled by the ambiguity of this opinion, but presently recollecting that it was Fitzwarenné's custom to quote, in conversation, favourite passages from his own written criticisms, I contented myself by asking him what he meant.

"My meaning," he replied, "is this: I recognise your purpose, but the grammatical inaccuracies which, like ill-executed *fiorituri*, throw a gaudy blemish over the *statuesque* originality of the motive, may probably mar your design. I would particularly recommend you to change

the last word, lest, ^{an} adjectively combining it, your adversary should be in doubt as to your sex."

"The last word!" I exclaimed; "why, I found it in 'Tibbina.' '*Domestique*' means 'servant,' doesn't it?"

"No doubt of it," returned Fitzwarene, "but not in the language of courtesy; there is a harmony which attunes all things to their proper significance. If you do not wish to pass for an 'obedient housemaid' you will change the phrase."

"What to?" I asked rather shortly; for I had been pleased with my own composition.

"'*Votre serviteur obéissant*,' is the proper expression. It is necessary to be correct," added Jawley, "especially in France; for, when the dominant tone or mood has been once raised, particular research into details affords a pleasure far above gratified new-fangledness, and exalts idle dilettanteism into a philosophy of amateurship; intellect then exercises its chief educative powers, and knowledge attains its highest, most laudable, but seldom contemplated, object."

At any other moment I might have listened reverentially to these observations, but two circumstances prevented me just then from doing so; in the first place, I was chafed with the subject in hand; and in the next, I recollected that the last time they greeted my ears was when we walked, catalogue in hand, through the rooms of the British Institution, about a month previously.

"I have altered the conclusion as you suggest," I remarked; "is it necessary to change any thing else?"

"There are one or two minor points on which I am not altogether clear," replied Fitzwarene, "but I think it will serve. Where does this Frenchman live, and what is his name?"

"We must ascertain those facts at the office of the diligence. I have desired a porter there to inquire for me. Besides, as the evening is fine, and there are yet one or two hours of daylight, I should like to take a stroll through the town, and gaze—perhaps my last—upon the setting sun of Boulogne!"

We were speedily upon the *trottoir*, as the French call their streets, and our first inquiries were for my emissary. He had just returned from his search, and, after some trouble, had succeeded in his mission; at least, he had learnt the name and present address of my hostile fellow-traveller. He was called M. Auguste Mousseux, and was staying at a *pension* in the Grande Place. I therefore at once superscribed my letter, and desiring the same messenger to deliver it without loss of time, and wait for an answer, took the arm of Fitzwarene and turned in the direction of the Etablissement des Bains.

In the course of our walk along the quay I had some opportunity of examining the condition of the French navy, and the result was such as not to leave on my mind any serious apprehensions in the event of a war between England and France. There are no line-of-battle ships in the harbour of Boulogne, nor did I observe any frigates; but this deficiency is perhaps counterbalanced by the number of vessels of lighter construction which fill the port. They are of peculiar build,—the mast being small, and disproportioned to the size of the hull; but this, in action, must be a great advantage, as the former cannot so easily be shot away, and the depth of the hold is necessarily a great protection

to the crew in fighting the ship. I did not discover where the guns were placed : but this, no doubt, arose from what is called in France a *ruse de guerre* (so Jawley remarked), as the authorities would naturally be anxious to conceal these death-dealing instruments from the eyes of the numerous English who reside in Boulogne, through whom information might otherwise reach the English papers.

One peculiarity distinguished this locust fleet—if I may be allowed the expression, which was, that on each side of the vessel's bows was painted the mysterious letter B, accompanied by a particular number in figures, and these numbers ran very high, thus clearly proving that in numerical force the French navy is certainly formidable. It is the custom of the Boulogne flotilla to go out to cruise in the Downs every evening, in order to be ready to burn our ships should a telegraphic declaration of war be suddenly made, and we saw a great number under weigh, each manned by a small but gallant crew, consisting generally of about ten men and a boy,—the former being called *pecheurs* (or “sinners,” for they swear very much), and the latter a *mousse*,—a word that signifies “moss,” and indicates the adhesive qualities of these climbing youngsters.

The costume of the French sailors differ from that of our own : in lieu of the hardy pigtail, the glazed hat, the spotless Russia-duck, and the polished pump, I saw long gold earrings, scarlet nightcaps, thick woollen shirts, breeches of enormous dimensions, and jack-boots reaching to the middle of the thigh, admirable safeguards against the inclemency of the weather but calculated rather to impede the motions of the wearers when piped up from their hammocks to bend the to'-gallant-sails, or reef the ship's course. Be this as it may, they are a warlike-looking race of men, and the loud shouts which they utter whenever they perform any nautical manœuvre, are well calculated, in combination with their grim appearance, to strike terror into the hearts of their foes. I think I have already remarked that the French are a people in whom the natural affections are strongly developed, and this was apparent in the tender leave-takings which we witnessed between these wild tars and their desolate helpmates, who crowded to the pier to see them go forth, it might be to strife. These women, who are called *matelottes*, or “she-sailors,” are many of them extremely good-looking, and dress very picturesquely, blue jackets and scarlet petticoats predominating. As Jawley observed to me, they are no doubt of Oriental descent ; for, like the females of the East, they wear their dowries on their persons, in the shape of long earrings and gold crosses. They have the singular custom also of fastening baskets on their backs, in which, it is probable, they carry the offspring of their brave husbands, and thus save the expense of cradles, for economy is the basis of every French *ménage*.

From this rude but touching scene, we turned to one of a different character—the mingling of the gay and graceful in the *salon de danse* of the *Etablissement*. Here we found assembled all the *élite* of Boulogne, nine-tenths of whom were English, so that I absolutely found the French language of no service to me, and was compelled to converse in my native tongue. Indeed, I question very much if I should have been understood had I done otherwise, for on making at first a few casual remarks in French, those to whom I addressed myself stared and shook their heads, in a manner that clearly showed how ignorant they were.

This is to be deplored, but can hardly be otherwise where our countrymen congregate in such numbers. I have often heard it said in England that the schoolmaster was abroad, and it certainly is desirable that occasionally he should be so; or, if this be inconvenient, I would recommend that the French ushers in public schools should now and then be sent over to Boulogne to teach the language.

The English ladies in Boulogne are speedily inoculated with the French fondness for dancing, to which they superadd a kind of leap-year custom, to which I need not more specifically allude. This is perhaps more apparent in a ball-room than elsewhere, though I learnt from Jawley, who had been some days in the town, that it is not confined to that locality. He whispered to me that he had already had a great many "*yeux de mouton*" cast on him, during his promenades in the daytime, but that he had not yet decided to whom, after the fashion of the Turks, he should throw the stocking. To judge by the costume of the Boulogne gentlemen, they must be exceedingly addicted to the sports of the field, for shooting-jackets were in a decided majority; the moustache also is very prevalent, and the sumptuary laws against smoking are not now in force. I have always heard that the air of France is very light and exhilarating, and this must certainly be the case, for by the loudness of the gentlemen's voices, and the inequality of their gait, I could plainly detect its influence. I was informed, also, that brandy is cheap.

While I was speculating upon the new phase of life into which I had entered, I observed the messenger to whom I had intrusted my challenge, standing in the doorway of the principal *salon* of the *Etablissement*. He had brought an answer!

With a hand, I am ready to admit, not free from trepidation, and a brow somewhat flushed, I opened the missive. It was in English, but such English! It ran thus:—

"Sare,

"I have the honour of receive your letter. Permit me of you to reply in Engleesh, because the French that I would write you, should be not perhaps comprehended of you. To-morrow morning, at six hours, we go to put end to the little difference which we divide, and I wait you with the impatience of a French who has not any object what him touch so to the heart as him of to do his duty. Live the glory and the country. Allow the assurance of the perfect consideration with which I have the honour to be,

"Your servant obedient,

"AUGUSTE MOUSSEUX."

Pitying the man—no matter what his nation—who could thus commit himself on paper, I handed the letter, without comment, to Jawley. When he had read it, I said:

"Fitzwarene, this must be met as beseems the British character; and see, how opportunely arrives the Esculapian friend with whom I travelled this morning, and who promised his assistance, if necessary."

It was indeed he! A singular chance, which would hardly be believed if told in a romance, had led him also to the rooms of the *Etablissement*, and, to my astonishment, I found he was a regular subscriber. I went

straight up to him, and introduced Fitzwarenné. With a smiling aspect, Mr. Miller greeted us both as he accosted me.

"Well," he said—the first salutations over—"has any thing come of the fracas between you and the Frenchman this morning?"

"Sir," I replied, with the gravity befitting an occasion where so much was at stake, "the offer which you made me will not have been proffered in vain. To-morrow's sun will show whose blood is the redder—the Gaul's or mine!"

"So-ho! has it really come to this? I suppose, then, you sent him a challenge. These Frenchmen are peppery fellows. What is to be the order of the day?"

"At six o'clock to-morrow morning," I answered, "we meet on the ridge above, at the base of the imperial column, to fight to the entrance. May I reckon upon your presence in the event of——You know what I would say!"

"Perfectly; but had you not better come and breakfast with me. I live in the Teintelleries. Ah! what, too early, hey! No stomach for breakfast, perhaps! Well, I will be there, probes and scalpels, all right. Now, go home and make your will."

So saying, Mr. Miller gave me a hearty squeeze of the hand, bestowed a broad grin upon Fitzwarenné, and plunging into the vortex of idle revellers, left no trace of his passage across my disc save the echo of his parting words which still clung to my memory.

Affairs of a hostile nature are too common in Boulogne for a stranger to experience any difficulty in procuring the needful weapons, and, accordingly, I soon found a shop where pistols were sold, and bought a very handsome-looking pair, for I was resolved, as the thing must be done, to do it in the best manner. These I intrusted to Fitzwarenné, and bidding him adieu at the gate of my hotel, we shook hands, and parted till the following morning, when he promised to be with me by five o'clock. Several hours of that night were passed in occupations which the serious aspect of affairs demanded. Remembering the conduct of Socrates before he drank the hemlock, I wrote a Spartan letter to my mother, to be delivered by Fitzwarenné, in the event of my falling in the arms of victory. I cut off several locks of hair for distribution amongst my friends, and made certain testamentary dispositions, the particulars of which I need not at present mention. My last act, before I threw myself on that *pailleasse* which was shortly, perhaps, to be exchanged for the gory bed of honour, was to carve my name in large characters inside the door of my apartment, a memento and a beacon to future ages, by which to be remembered, like the Ephesian matron when she set fire to the Temple church.

I slept! Yes!—the Indian sleeps when stretched upon the wigwam; the felon finds repose when chained to the ignominious dock; the savage bull slumbers in peace on the eve of the fatal Hippodrome; and I too tasted the balmy beneficence of the Morphine divinity. Strange visions passed through the cellular tissue of my brain, as I there reclined. The events of the few preceding days were mingled confusedly with those of long-forgotten years; my dreams, like a kaleidoscope, presented a fragment of every hue, cohesive, as Jawley would have said, but presented under an aspect that had never before met my view. They assumed at last

a definite character, in which the duel I was about to fight was the all-engrossing feature. I fancied that I was too late for the appointment, and that all my efforts to dress and get ready were unavailing; I imagined myself a by-word amongst men, and a hissing and a reproach to posterity; in the struggle which I made to shake off the nightmare that oppressed me, I awoke, and found that the day had just broken. It was of no use to think of going to sleep again, and I tranquilly made my toilet, attiring myself neatly, but with scrupulous plainness, for, as I heard that the French are in the habit of rifling the dead bodies of their fallen foes, I resolved to leave as little as possible of the *spolium opium* to my remorseless antagonist, in the event of my being worsted in the combat.

Punctual as the dial, Fitzwarenné arrived at the appointed time, and, having placed in his hands a sealed packet containing my final directions, we sallied forth.

It was a calm, delicious morning, and though the sun had not yet risen above the hills which surround the town, his golden beams imparted colour and light to the heavens above. I thought what a morning it would have been to herald a picnic on the gipsy-crowned heights of Norwood or the fern-covered glades of Busby, and at the thought I heaved an involuntary sigh, for it struck me that instead of eating a pleasant breakfast, I was, as Mr. Hamlet, the jeweller, used to say, "shortly, perhaps, to be eaten;" and this was more than probable, for it is the invariable practice in France to inter the dead the moment life has departed. With a strong effort, however, I shook off these sombre apprehensions, and strode manfully onward with my friend to the place of rendezvous. Mr. Miller was already there, and near him, on the grass, was a small box, the contents of which I immediately divined. We greeted each other silently, and Fitzwarenné set down the case which he had till then carried beneath his cloak.

It wanted about ten minutes of six, and we looked round for the remaining actors in the tragic drama about to be performed. It was not long before they were descried emerging from behind the angle of a small wood that skirted the plain. I trust it will be thought no impeachment of my courage, if I confess that, when first I caught a glimpse of them, I experienced a singular sensation in the throat, as if I had unintentionally swallowed something much too large and hard for deglutition, accompanied by a certain palpitation beneath the left-hand pocket of my waistcoat. External symptoms of disquietude I trust there were none, and I rallied myself so rapidly as to be able to whistle, "God save the Queen," with a very tolerable approach to the tune, though I am not, in the usual acceptance of the term, a musician.

The Frenchmen drew nearer, and now we could perceive whom my adversary had chosen for his second. It was the young man in the green *paletot*, so that altogether it might be called a "*partie de famille*," for, with the substitution of Jawley for the middle-aged female—and the change was not very material—the travelling group of the preceding day was complete. As soon as they came upon the ground they saluted us with great formality, flourishing their casquettes as if they were going to jerk them to the top of the column; I adopted the plan pursued by the Duke of Wellington, of raising two fingers of my right hand to the level of my nose, and did not raise my hat. Whether the gesture were

unpleasing to them, as reminding them of our great commander, 'or whether they expected me to imitate them, I know not, but the air of politeness which they had assumed was suddenly changed to scowls and angry glances. I therefore coolly resumed the tune I had been practising, and favoured them with another bar of "God save the Queen."

He of the *paletot*, who, traitor-like, carried a green bag, then stepped forward, and addressed himself to Jawley in French.

My friend looked somewhat puzzled; but Mr. Miller interposing, interpreted what he said. It was to this effect, that, as the duel was to take place in France, it must be fought *à la Française*. Jawley inquired what that meant, and was informed that the issue was made to depend rather on chance than skill; that two pistols were to be placed in a bag, one of them loaded and the other not; that the combatants were to draw lots for choice; an interval of thirty paces to separate them; at a given signal we were to advance, and fire when we pleased, either discharging our weapons simultaneously, or reserving the shot till we came to closer quarters.

At my desire, Jawley asked Mr. Miller if this were the usual practice. He replied that it was not of uncommon occurrence, and of course I made no objection. I should have preferred the English method, for I had already taken up a position, with my back to the column, so that my flank might not be turned; but I at once waived every scruple with the monosyllables, "Be it so."

The thirty paces were measured by the seconds; fifteen in opposite directions from a common centre, and M. Auguste Mousseux and myself were placed at each extremity. The solemn ceremony of loading then took place, a little apart from the line on which we stood, and the pistols were returned to the bag. Two blades of grass, of unequal length, were picked, and the young man in the *paletot*, holding them in his closed hand, with only the points appearing, approached me. I drew my lot—my antagonist then did the same—he had got the longest, and with it the right of dipping his hand first into the bag.

This was a critical moment; and whether I stood on my head or my heels I hardly knew. I remember, however, to have heard Mr. Miller mutter something about having "gone too far," but I was not prepared to apply his words. My eye was fixed on my foe, and I could perceive that he grinned in anticipative triumph. He even made an attempt to double his fist at me; but as a Frenchman never knows how to do that, the attempt was abortive.

The bag was held before him, and he eagerly thrust his hand in; but not so speedily did he withdraw it; it was evident that he was trying to test the weight of the two pistols. At length he made his choice, and drew one forth; and as he did so, the sunbeams, glittering on the barrel, flashed in my eyes as if they were the last light I was destined to behold. In a few moments the remaining one was clutched in my cold but firm grasp.

The seconds withdrew on either side, Jawley taking up his post beside Mr. Miller; the former was evidently anxious on my account, for his hand shook as it pressed mine on his leaving me;—the latter whispered in an under tone, "Reserve your fire."

It may be asked, what were my thoughts at this moment? I can only say that the whole scene appeared so unreal, that it wrought upon

me the impression of a dream. I could not bring myself to believe that we were on the point of enacting a bloody tragedy!

There was little time for reflection. The signal was given, but there was a pause before either of us advanced. We poised our weapons and gazed intently on each other; we then, at the same instant, moved forward a few paces and paused again. The distance between us was materially diminished. It was evidently the Frenchman's belief that he had got the loaded pistol, for, as we moved on once more, I saw by the expression of his countenance that he was considering where he could best hit me;—we were about twelve paces asunder when, suddenly, he raised the muzzle towards my head:—quick as lightning there came a flash, a report, and a cloud of smoke. I was unharmed! He had taken the wrong weapon.

Mr. Miller and Jawley had both seen the murderous movement, and now cried out, "Give it him, Green!"—"Wing him, my boy!"

My arm was raised, but before I could well cover my antagonist he had faced about and was bolting from the field as fast as he could lay his legs to the ground, and his second followed his example.

I had no power to hold my hand, or should have refrained from firing, but my finger was on the trigger, the mark before me was too inviting, and the pistol went off.

The effect was instantaneous. Down went the Frenchman,—and down went his second. The same shot had floored them both!

I rushed wildly forward, followed by Jawley and Mr. Miller. To all appearance M. Auguste Mousseux was as dead as a herring; and I—I—was a second Cain and Abel!

SONNET FROM CAMOENS.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

WHEN now at length, Time's cycles at the full,
With conscious breast her sweet plaint pouring loud
The last lone dirge 'mid sylvan-bower'd abode,
The tuneful swan seeks not her fate to rule,
But in her sad notes shows as loath—the cool,
Calm wooded haunts of nature glad, that glow'd
So bright, to leave,—the long farewell she owed,
Still at each close repeats with deeper dole.
So I alas! dying—my love and fate,
Lady contemplate—with the woful end
Of ill-starr'd hopes. Vain cares, with gentler power
Waking my mourning lyre. No more elate,
But lowly 'neath those cold looks joyless wend,
Weeping false plighted vows in love's last hour.

THE ROSE'S FUNERAL.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH VON SALLET.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

With shady branches o'er me,
 On a bed of flow'ers I lay,
 And there I saw before me
 A wanton boy at play.

He pluck'd a rose, but weary
 Of its scent, he cast it down,
 Then skipp'd off, blithe and merry,
 The little heedless clown !

The chafers black came creeping,
 They pull'd the green cord right well,
 To waken all the sleeping,
 With the sound of the fun'ral bell.

The may-bells lightly flinging
 A soft, yet piercing sound,
 Told the news by their solemn ringing,
 To all the country round.

From every side then hurried
 *Magic forms—a motley throng,
 The rose was to be buried
 'Mid organ play and song.

The branches arching proudly,
 A fine cathedral made,
 And through the silence, loudly
 The brook its organ play'd.

The flow'rs came, sad clothes wearing,
 Their sister's loss to deplore,
 At the altar, as priest, appearing,
 The lily, her white robes wore.

She pray'd to Heaven turning,—
 I heard not that she pray'd ;
 But like sighs her fragrance burning,
 Her depth of grief betray'd.

I saw the butterflies haste them ;
 At the altar their place they took,
 Their bright choir-vestments grac'd them,
 Their wings with anguish shook.

The bees were swiftly coming,
 Across the fields they flew ;
 The flow'rs, while these were humming,
 Shed silent tears of dew.

* It is needless to remark that the metre goes by accent, not by number of syllables.—J. O.

The chafers were digging featly,
A grave, the moss beneath,
The bees began most sweetly,
Their song on the rose's death :

"She who was once our pleasure,
To all deep pain has giv'n,
Let the bells ring a fun'ral measure,
Let songs ascend to Heav'n.

"Let her lovely form, reposing
By the moss-grown earth be press'd,
There hue and fragrance losing,
It peacefully can rest.

"When the worms about it creeping,
Gnaw that fair form greedily—
Oh, still abstain from weeping,
For her soul—her soul is free.

"Ye knew the scent she bore once,
The immortal part is this,
And through the air 'twill soar once,
To realms of endless bliss.

"Where angels their hymns are singing
To the Great One, in the skies,
Will the soul, her bright way winging,
On spirit-pinions rise.

"She pass'd her life so purely,
She will roam through Heav'n above,
At last th' Almighty surely,
Will absorb her in His love.

"Thus closely with Him united,
She a part of Him will be,
We sing to her glory delighted,
We weep not, rose, for thee."

The song on the car was dying,
They let down the rose at last,
The flow'rs with fragrance sighing,
On her grave bright dew-drops cast.

Then the vi'let gently trembled,
"I have lov'd thee long," it said,
"In thy lifetime, my love I dissembled,
Of thy glorious pomp afraid.

"If my sighs ne'er reach'd thee, burning,
But the breeze dispersed them all.
I stand by thy grave freely mourning,
There tears of grief let fall."

How long did the vi'let languish,
Was it soon of life bereft?
I know not; fill'd with anguish,
The lonely wood I left.

B E A U C H A M P ;

OR,

THE ERROR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAP. X.

THE POACHER'S COTTAGE.

If you quit the high-road from Tarningham on the right-hand side by that little sandy path, just a hundred yards on the other side of the stone pump, equidistant from it and the mile-stone which marks on the hither side, five miles and a half from Tarningham, and walk straight on, it leads you over the moor, and through the midst of scenery very common in England, not much loved by ordinary rambles, but which for me and a few others has a peculiar and almost indescribable charm. The ground is broken, undulated, full of deep sand-pits and holes, frequently covered with gorge and heath, spotted occasionally with self-sown shrubs, a stunted hawthorn here and there, two or three melancholy firs, gathered together on the top of a mound, like a party of weary watchers trying to console each other by close companionship, while from time to time a few light birches, with their quivering leaves, and thin, graceful arms, and ragged coats of silver and brown, are seen hanging over the edge of a bank, or decorating the side of a hollow. If you dip down into one of the low dells, a sensation of hermit-like solitude comes upon you. You believe that there at least you may be,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot;

and you feel an irresistible desire to sit down at the foot of this shrub, or that, where the roots, like a well-governed state, serve to keep together in close union, the light and incoherent materials that sustain them, and there to commune with your own thoughts in the silent presence of Nature. If you mount one of the little hills, the scene and the sensation is very different. The solitude is as deep as striking; no living thing is to be seen, unless it be a wild curlew, with its thin arched wings, whirling away with a shrill cry in the enjoyment of its own loneliness; but there is an expansion, a grandeur, a strange sublimity in the extent of waste, with the long lines waving off in different hues like the billows of the ocean, first yellow sand, and green short turf, then a brown mass, where the sight loses its distinctness, then perhaps a gleam of water, then a blue line, deep as indigo, where the azure air and the black shade mingle together under some threatening cloud; then long undulations of purple, fainter and fainter, till who shall say where earth ends and sky begins. The bleakness, the stillness, the solitariness, the varied colouring, the vast extent, the very monotony of the forms mingle together in a whole that has not less grandeur in it than the highest mountain that ever raised its proud brow above its brother giants.

I have said you would have to go straight on, but what I said was quite untrue, and it is wonderful how many little falsehoods slip out of the innocent and unconscious pen, either in the haste of writing—which is very pardonable—or for the sake of a little graceful turn, a neat expression, or a pretty figure, which is not so small a fault. I do not believe there were ever ten sentences written by poet, historian, or romance-writer, in ancient or modern times, that had not some lie in them, direct or implied. I stand self-convicted. It is not true that you would have to go straight-forward, for if you did you would walk into a pond, and moreover, might never chance to get out again; for what between rushes and reeds, and weeds and water-lilies, to say nothing of sundry deep holes at the bottom, there is every risk that you would get your feet entangled, and plunge headforemost into a place where you could neither swim nor disengage yourself. No, the path does not go straight-forward. Of all man's circuitous ways, and every one who knows the human heart, is well aware that it is too fond of crooked paths ever to pursue a straight-forward course in any thing—of all man's circuitous ways, I say, there never was one more serpentine or meandering than that which leads from the high-road upon the moor. First it turns round that pond I have mentioned, then it glides about the base of a little hill, then it forces its way in a slanting direction, through a bank of sand, then it turns aside from a deep pit, then it respectfully passes at a little distance from a tumulus, where sleep the ashes of the forgotten brave; and even when it gets upon the flat green turf, it twists about like a great snake, giving sad indications of man's vagabond fancies that lead him hither and thither, without rhyme or reason, wherever he may be going, and whatever may be the object before him.

But after all, why should he not be thus led? why should he not follow these fancies? Life's but a walk over a moor, and the wild-flowers that grow upon our path are too few not to gather them when they come within sight, even though it cost us a step or two aside. It's all in the day's journey, and we shall get home at last.

Yet it is curious to consider all these various bends and turnings in any little foot-way such as that we are now following. There is very often a reason for that which seems to us to be the effects of mere caprice. Now why did the fellow who first beat this road with his wandering foot, turn away here to the right, when it is as evident as the sun at noonday (that's to say in fine weather), that his object was to pass straight between those two little hillocks before us? Oh, I see, the grass is very green there; there is either some little spring, or else the ground is soft and marshy in wet weather, and so he went round to avoid it. But if he did so, why did he not keep to the right of the hillock, that one with the hawthorn upon it, that is now in flower, scenting the solitary air with a perfume that no art could ever extract? Could it be to take a look at that wide view over the tall, magnificent trees of the park, with the wide-spread country beyond, and the little tower of Tarningham church, rising up between those tall silver poplars? Perhaps it might be so; for there is an inherent sense of the picturesque in the breast of most men, which, unlike any acquired taste, grows and refines, and becomes stronger and more overpowering the more it is indulged, and the more opportunities of indulgence that it has. It is perhaps the only thing of which it can be truly said that "increase of appetite grows

by that it feeds on." And it is a beautiful scene, too, which might well temper a little out of the way. As to the rest it is clear enough, that when he had got there—the first wanderer over the moor I mean—he was obliged to turn away to the right, in order to come into the proper direction again, so that here are four of his deviations completely accounted for, and indeed, dear reader, I cannot help thinking, that if we were once or twice in life to examine curiously the motives of our own actions, or even of others, taking care to be impartial in both cases, we should find cause to cast away our critical spirit, and to believe that there are very often good and rational reasons for a turn to the right or a turn to the left, which we have been inclined to blame, simply because we did not perceive what those reasons were. Oh, charity, charity, rightly understood in thy largest and holiest sense, what a beautiful thing thou art; and did men but practise thee, how often should we be spared the crime and folly of condemning unwisely and unjustly.

But to return to my path: upon my life, after having regained the direction, the fellow has followed it straight on for more than a quarter of a mile. It is wonderful, it is marvellous! I never saw such a thing before! But, nevertheless, it is true that there was nothing either to attract or drive him to one side or the other; and then, as if to make up for lost time, what zig-zags he takes afterwards! Round that clump of firs, under that bank, through between the birch-trees, here and there over the wildest part of the moor, till he passes close by the edge of that deep sand-pit, which must have rested a long time since it contributed any of its crumbling particles to strew the floor of the public-house, or sprinkle the passage of the cottage; for the bushes are growing thick down the slope, and there seems as if there had been a little kitchen-garden in the bottom, and a human habitation.

In the reign of that King George, under whose paternal sceptre flourished the English nation in the times whereof I am writing, there was a cottage in that sand-pit, a small lonely house, built of timber, laths, and mud, and containing two or three rooms. The materials, as I have shown, were poor, ease and comfort seemed far from it, yet there was something altogether not unpleasant in the idea of dwelling in that sheltered nook, with the dry sand and the green bushes round, and feeling, that let the wind rave as it would over the hill, let it bend down the birch-trees, and make the pines rustle and crack, and strike their branches against each other, the fury of the tempest could not reach one there—that let the rain pour down in ever such heavy torrents, as if the windows of Heaven were open, the thirsty ground would drink up the streams as they fell, as if its draught were insatiable. There were signs of taste, too, about the building, of a humble and natural kind. Over the door had been formed with some labour a little sort of trellised portico, of rough wood-work, like an arbour, and over this had been trained several plants of the wild-hop and wild-clematis, with one solitary creeping garden-rose. Sticks had been placed across the house, too, to afford a stay for these shrubs to spread themselves over the face of the cottage, if they had any strength to spare, when they had covered the little portico, and two or three wandering shoots, like truant children, were already sporting along the fragile path thus afforded them.

The interior of the house was less prepossessing than the outside; the mud-floor, hard beaten down and very equally flattened, was dry enough,

for the sand below it carried off all moisture; but in the walls of the rooms there was, alas! many a flaw through which sun or moon might shine, or the night-wind enter, and to say the truth, the inhabitants of the cottage were as much indebted to the banks of the pit for protection against such a cold visitant, as to the construction of their dwelling. The furniture was scanty and rude, seeming to have been made by a hand not altogether unaccustomed to the use of a carpenter's tools, but hastily and carelessly, so that in gazing round the sleeping-chamber, one was inclined to imagine that the common tent-bed that stood in one corner was the only article that had ever tenanted a shop. The great chest, the table, the two or three chairs, all spoke plainly the same artificer, and had that been all that the room contained, it would have looked very miserable indeed; but hanging from nails driven into the wall, were a number of very peculiar ornaments. There was a fox's head and a fox's brush, dried, and in good preservation; there was the gray skin of a badger, and the brown skin of an otter; birds of prey of various sizes and descriptions, the butcher-bird, the sparrow-hawk, and the buzzard, as well as several owls. Besides these zoological specimens, were hung up in the same manner a number of curious implements, the properties and applications of some of which were easy to divine, while others remained mysterious. There were two or three muzzles for dogs, which could be distinguished at once, but then by their side was a curious-looking contrivance, which appeared to be a Lilliputian wire-mousetrap, sewn on to some straps of leather. Then came a large coil of wire, a dog's collar, and a pair of greyhound-slips. Next appeared something difficult to describe, having two saw-like jaws of iron like a rat-trap, supported on semi-circular bars which were fixed into a wooden handle, having a spring on the outside, and a revolving plate within. It was evident that the jaws could be opened and kept open in case of need, and had I been a hare, a rabbit, or any other delicate-footed animal, I should not have liked to trust my ankle within their gripe. I could describe several other instruments both of leather and iron, which were similarly suspended from the wall; but as I really cannot tell the reader what was the use of any one of them, it would be but labour thrown away. However, there were other things, the intent and purport of which were quite self-evident. Two or three small cages, a landing-net, fishing-rods, a gun, powder-flasks, shot-belts, a casting-net, and a clap-net, and by the side of the window hung four small cages, containing singing-birds.

But who was he in the midst of all this strange assortment? Was he the owner of this wild, lonely dwelling? Oh no, it was a young man dressed as none could be dressed who frequented not very different scenes from those that lay around him. His clothes were not only those of a gentleman, but those of a gentleman who thought much of his own personal appearance—too much indeed to be perfectly gentlemanly. All that the tailor, the boot-maker, the hat-maker could do had been done to render the costume correct according to the fashion of the day; but there was a certain something which may be called a too-smartness about it all; the colours were too bright, the cut too decidedly fashionable, to be quite in good taste. Neither was the arrangement of the hues altogether harmonious. There are the same colours in a China-aster and a rose, but yet what a difference in the appearance of the two flowers; and the

same sort of difference, though not to the same extent, existed between the dress of the person before us, and that of the truly well-dressed man even of his own time. In most other respects his appearance was good ; he was tall, rather slightly formed than otherwise, and had none of that stiffness and rigidity which might have been anticipated from his apparel. Demeanour is almost always tinged more or less by character, and a wild, rash, vehement disposition will, as in his case, give a freedom to the movements which no drilling can altogether do away with. His features in themselves were not bad. There was a good high forehead, somewhat narrow indeed, a rather fine pair of eyes (if one could have seen them both), a little close together, a well-formed nose, and a mouth and chin not badly cut, though there was a good deal of animal in the one, and the other was somewhat too prominent. The whole countenance, however, was disfigured by a black silk shade which covered the right eye, and a fresh scar all the way down the same side of the nose, while from underneath the shade, which was not large enough for its purpose, peeped out sundry rainbow rings of blue and yellow, invading both the cheek and the temple.

By these marks the reader has already perceived that this gentleman has been presented to him before, but in a very different garb, which he had thought fit to assume for his own particular purposes on the preceding night, and now he sat in the cottage of Stephen Gimlet the poacher, judging it expedient to keep himself at a distance from the peopled haunts of man, during the bright and bustling day at least. At night he proposed to betake himself to the inn which had been mentioned in his conversation with the housekeeper ; but after his pleasant and hopeful conversation with his father, he had ridden straight to the dwelling of his companion, Wolf, where on the preceding day his portmantles had been left after they had arranged their plans ; and having stabled his horse in a shed at the back of the building, had passed the heavy hours of darkness partly in bitter meditations, and partly in conversation with his comrade. Sleep could hardly be said to have visited his eyelids, for though after he cast himself down to rest he had dozed from time to time, yet agitating thoughts continually returned and deprived him of all real repose.

At an early hour of the morning, and while it was still dark, Ste Gimlet had gone out, as was his wont, and rising with the first rays of the sun, Henry Wittingham employed himself in dressing with scrupulous care, and then filled up about half an hour more in making a black patch to hide his disfigured eye, out of an old silk handkerchief. When this was accomplished, wanting something or another to tie this covering in its right place, he looked round the room, but in vain. Leather straps, dog-collars, rat-traps, brass wire, would none of them do, and although near the nets there was lying a ball of whip-cord, he thought that such a decoration as a string made with that material would but ill accord with the rest of his habiliments. He therefore walked across the little passage to the next room, and lifted the coarse wooden latch of the door. He found the door locked, however, and muttering to himself, "D—n the fellow, did he think I would steal any thing ?" he was turning away, when a small sweet voice from within exclaimed, "I'm ready, daddy, I've got my stockings on."

"Oh, he's locked the child in, that's it," said Henry Wittingham

to himself, and then raising his voice, he said, "Your daddy's not come back, Charley, so lie still and be quiet."

Then returning to the next room, the brilliant thought struck him of cutting off the hem of the old silk handkerchief to make a string for the black patch, which task being accomplished, and all complete, he sat down and thought.

Oh, how many sorts of misery there are in the world! In giving to man his fine organisation, in raising him above the brute by delicate structure, by intellect, by imagination, and by infinitely extended hope and long persisting memory, nature, indeed, did afford him infinite sources of enjoyment, but at the same time laid him open on every side to the attack of evils. In perfect innocence, indeed, man and his whole race might find nearly perfect happiness. The Garden of Eden is but a type of the moral Paradise of a perfectly virtuous state; but the moment that Sin entered, the thorns and briars grew up to tear all feet; and the very capabilities of refined happiness became the defenceless points for pain and wretchedness to assail us. Infinite, indeed, are their attacks, and innumerable the forms that they assume; but of all the shapes of misery, what is to be more dreaded, what is more terrible than thought to a vicious mind? And there he sat in thought, with the morning sunshine streaming around him, calm, and pure, and tranquil. The light that gave deeper depth to the shadows of his own heart. What did he think of? Where did his meditations rest? On the happiness that was passed away, on the gay hours of childhood, on the sports of his boyish days, on the times when the world was young for him, and every thing was full of freshness and enjoyment? Or did he think of the blessing cast away, of wealth, and comfort, and ease, with no reasonable wish ungratified, no virtuous pleasure denied? Or did he look forward to the future with fear and anguish, and to the past with remorse and grief? Heaven only knows, but there he sat, with his head bent forward, his brow contracted, his teeth tight shut, his right arm fallen listlessly by his side, his left hand contracting and expanding involuntarily upon some fragments of silk on the table. He gazed forward through the window, from under his bent brows. He saw not the sunshine, but he felt it and loved it not; and ever and anon the dark shadows of strong emotion crossed his countenance like misty clouds swept over the face of the mountain. He sat long, and was at heart impatient for his companion's return; but so strong was the hold that thought had got upon him, he knew not how time went. He heard not even the child cry in the neighbouring room, when, wearied with waiting, it got terrified at the unusual length of his father's absence.

At length, however, the stout form of the poacher was seen descending the small steep path which led from the moor into the sand-pit. His step was slow and heavy, his air dull and discontented; but Harry Wittingham as soon as he beheld him started up and opened him the door of the cottage, exclaiming, "Well, Wolf, what news?"

"Neither the best in the world nor the worst," answered the man somewhat sullenly.

"And what have you got for breakfast?" inquired the young gentleman, "I am as hungry as the devil!"

"You must wait a bit though," answered Wolf, descending, "I must look after the boy first. Poor little man, I dare say he has cried his eyes

out, I've been so long—but if you're in a great hurry, you'd better light the fire, Master Harry, you'll find some wood in the corner there, and you can strike a light with the pistol flint."

Harry Wittingham did not look well pleased, and turning into the house again walked to the window, and affected to hum a tune, without undertaking the menial office that the other had assigned him. In the meanwhile, Wolf walked straight to the other door, unlocked it, and catching up the beautiful boy, who was sitting half dressed on a stool crying, he pressed him eagerly to his breast, and kissed him once or twice. There were strange and salutary thoughts passed through his brain at that moment. He asked himself what would have become of that child if he had been detained and taken to prison, as indeed had been very likely. Who would have let the boy out of that solitary room—who would have given him food—who would have nursed and tended him? And once or twice while he was finishing what the child's tiny hands had left undone, in attempting to dress himself, the father rubbed his brow, and thought heavily. Say what man will of the natural affections, they are the best ties to good conduct.

When he had done, he took the boy by the hand and led him into the other room, gave a glance to the fire-place, and then to Harry Wittingham as he stood at the window, and his brow gathered into a frown. He said nothing, however, lighted the fire himself, and taking the fish from his pocket proceeded to broil them. Then from the great chest he drew out a knife or two, a cut loaf of coarse bread, and two or three glasses, which he placed upon the table, and giving his child a large hunch of the bread, told him in a whisper, as if it were a mighty secret, that he should have a nice trout in a minute. To Harry Wittingham he said not a word, till at length the other turning round exclaimed, "Well, Wolf, you have not told me what news you bring."

"And you have not lighted the fire," said Ste Gimlet. "If you think, Master Wittingham, that you can live in a place like this and keep your hands clean, you are mistaken. You must shape your manners to your company, or give it up."

Harry Wittingham felt inclined to make an angry answer; but recollecting how much he was in his companion's power, prudence came to his aid, and he only replied, "Pooh, pooh, Wolf, I am not accustomed to lighting fires, and I do not know how to set about it."

"Faith you may have to learn some day," answered his comrade. "When I built all this house and made all these chairs and tables with my own hands, I knew as little about a trade I never thought to practise, as you about this."

"Ay, you have practised many a trade in your day," said Harry Wittingham, "and I never but one."

"Nor that a very good one," murmured Wolf to himself; but the storm thus passed away for the time, and the trout were broiled and put in a plate, from which the two men and the little boy made each a hearty meal.

The magistrate's son suffered their breakfast to pass over without making any further inquiry respecting the tidings which his companion had obtained in his morning's expedition; but after Ste Gimlet had produced a bottle of very fine white brandy, which certainly had not turned pale at the sight of a custom-house officer, and each had taken a glass mixed

with some of the cold water which formed the purer beverage of the child, the poacher vouchsafed the information unasked, relating to Harry Wittingham a great part of what had taken place between himself and Ned Hayward. What he did not relate he probably thought of no consequence, though men's opinions might perhaps differ upon that subject; but at all events Harry Wittingham gathered that he had been met and narrowly escaped being apprehended by a man, who had questioned him closely about the adventures of the night before and who was acquainted with his name, and the share he had had in a somewhat perilous and disgraceful enterprise.

Such tidings cast him into another fit of dark and gloomy thought, in which he remained for about five minutes without uttering a word; but then he gave a start, and looked up with a gleam of satisfaction on his face, as if some new and pleasant conclusion had suddenly presented itself to his mind.

"I'll tell you what, Ste," he said, "I've just thought of something. You must go down to Tarningham for me, and gather all the news you can about this fellow—find out who he is, and whether he is a London beak or not; and then when you have done all that—"

"I shall do none of it, Master Harry," answered the poacher, "I won't stir another step in this business—I don't like it, sir; it's not in my way. I undertook it just to please you for old companionship's sake, and because you told me the young lady would have no objection; and then when I was in it, I went through with it, though I saw well enough that she liked the thought of going as much as I should like to dance on a rope. But I will have no more to do with it now; it has done me enough harm already, and now I shall be watched ten times closer than ever, and lose my living—so go, I do not."

"Come, come, Wolf, there's a good fellow—this is all nonsense," said Harry Wittingham, in a coaxing tone.

But the man cut him short, repeating sternly that he would not go.

"Then, by —, I will go myself," exclaimed the young gentleman, with a blasphemous oath, "if you are afraid, I am not."

And starting up, he walked out of the cottage, took his way round to the shed at the back, trampling upon several of the flowers, which the poacher loved to cultivate, as he went; and in about a quarter of an hour he was seen riding up the little path towards the moor.

After he was gone, Ste Gimlet remained for some time in very thoughtful mood: now gazing idly at vacancy, now playing with the child's hair, or answering its infantine questions with an abstracted air. At length he muttered, "What's to be done now?" and then added aloud, "well, something must be done. Go out and play in the garden, Charley."

The child toddled out right gladly, and the poacher set himself down to mend his bird-net; but ever and anon he laid down the cunning meshes on his knee, and let his thoughts entangle themselves in links not less intricate.

"I'll try the other thing," he said, after a time, "this does not do. I should not care for myself, but it's the poor baby. Poor dear Mary, that always rested on her heart, what I should do with the boy when she was gone. Well, I'll try and do better. Perhaps she is looking down on us—who knows?"

And then he fell to his work again with a sigh. He employed himself with several things for two or three hours. He finished the net; he made a wicker-basket—it was the first he had ever attempted, but he did it better than might have been expected, and then he called the boy into his dinner, giving him a trout he had saved when he broiled the others; for his own part he contented himself with a lump of the bread. When that was done, he went and caught some small birds on the moor, just above the edge of the pit, where he could see the child playing below. When he had thus provided their light supper—for the luxury of tea was unknown in Ste Gimlet's cottage, he came back and sat down by the boy, and played with him fondly for several minutes, gazing at him from time to time with a melancholy earnestness, which mingled even with the smile of joy and pride that lighted his eyes, as some movement of childish grace called forth the beauties of his child. Nevertheless, from time to time, there was a sort of absent look, and twice he went up to the bank above and gazed out over the moor towards Tarningham. At length he went away far enough to climb to the top of the neighbouring barrow or tumulus, after having told the boy not to venture up the path. From the position in which he then stood, he had a fair view of the scene I have already described, and caught the windings of the high road down the hill more distinctly than from below.

"I shouldn't wonder if they had caught him," said Wolf to himself with a frown, and an anxious expression of countenance, "and then he will say it was my fault, and that I was afraid to go, and all that—Hang it! why should I care what he says or what he thinks!" And with this reflection he turned round and went back homeward. He found the boy at the top of the bank, however, and gave him a gentle shake, scolding him till the big drops began to gather in his large blue eyes.

Stephen Gimlet was not satisfied with himself, and scolding the child he found did not act as a diversion to his own self-reproaches. After he had set his son playing again, he walked about moodily for near a quarter of an hour, and then burst forth impetuously, saying,

"I can't stand this, I must go and see what's become of him—they'll know at the turnpike if he's passed, and the old woman won't blab. Here, Charley, boy, you must go and play in the house now—it's growing late, and I'm going away—I shan't be long, and you shall have the bird-cages to play with."

The boy seemed to be well accustomed to it, and trotted away to the house before his father, without any signs of reluctance. He was placed in the same room where he had been in the morning, some empty bird-cages and two or three other things were given him for his amusement, and locking the door of the chamber, the poacher walked away, saying with a sigh, "There can no harm happen this time, for I am going to do no wrong to any one."

Vain, however, are all such calculations. The faults and virtues of others as well as our own faults and virtues, enter into the strange composition of our fate, and affect us darkly and mysteriously in a manner which we can never foresee. If we reflected on the eve of action on the number of beings throughout all time, and throughout our whole race, who may be affected, nay, who must be affected by any deed that we are about to perform, how many men would never act at all from hesitation,

how many would still act rashly and heedlessly as they do now, from the impossibility of seeing the results. Happy is he who acts deliberately, wisely, and honestly, leaving the consequences with a clear conscience to Him who governs all aright.

The poacher had left his own door about a quarter of an hour, when two men took their way down into the sand-pit, the one on horseback, the other on foot. Harry Wittingham fastened his horse's bridle to the latch of the door, and going in with his companion looked round for Wolf, then crossing over to the other chamber, and finding it locked, he said,

"Stephen isn't here; there, take that up, and be off with it," and he pointed to his portmanteau in the corner where it lay.

The other man, who seemed a common farm-servant, or one of the inferior stable-men of an inn, got the portmanteau on his shoulder, and walked away with it, and Harry Wittingham remained for a minute or two with his hands behind his back looking out of the window. At the end of that time he said aloud: "Well, it's no use waiting for him, we should only have a row, I dare say, so I'll be off too."

Before he went, however, he looked round the place for a moment, with an expression of mockery and contempt. What was in his bosom, it would be difficult to say, for the heart of man is full of strange things. Perhaps he felt it unpleasant to be under an obligation to the owner of that poor tenement, even for a night's shelter, and strove to salve the wound of pride by reducing the obligation to the lowest point in his own estimation. He might think that the misery he saw around did not make it a very desirable resting-place, and that he had little to be thankful for in having been permitted to share a beggar's hut. His eyes, as he looked around, fell upon some embers of smouldering wood on the hearth, and that called to mind one of the many bad habits which he had lately acquired, and in which he had not yet indulged through the whole of that day. He accordingly put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out some cigars, then not very common in England. Next taking up with the tongs, a piece of the charred and still burning wood, he lighted one of the rolls of weed, cast down the ember, and threw the tongs back upon the hearth; after which, mounting his horse, he cantered away as blithely as if his heart had been innocent as a child's. .

The embers fell upon the earthen floor, where, under ordinary circumstances they could do no harm; but it so happened that Stephen Gimlet, when he had done mending the net, had cast down the hank of twine close by the table. A long end of the string had fallen toward the fireplace, and a moment or two after Henry Wittingham had quitted the cottage, the piece of charred wood itself became black, but a small spot of fire was seen close to it, and a thin filing curl of smoke arose. It went on smouldering for about five minutes, creeping forwards inch by inch, and then a gust of wind through the door, which he had left open, fanned it, and a flame broke out. Then it ran rapidly along, caught the hank of twine, which was in a blaze in a moment. It spared the netting-needle, which was of hard box-wood, and for an instant seemed to promise to go out of itself; but then the flame leaped up, and the meshes of the net which had been left partly on the table, partly on a chair, showed a spark here and there, flashed with the flame, and then, oh, how cagerly the greedy element commenced devouring all that it

could meet with ! Wherever there was a piece of wood-work it seized upon it ; the table, the chair, the poles of the net, the upright posts of the wall, the beams of the roof, the thatch itself, and then instantly a cloud of dull black smoke, mixed with sparks, rose up upon the moor, from the sand-pit. The heat became intense, the smoke penetrated into the other chamber, the sparks began to fall before the window, a red light spread around, and then the terrified screams of a child were heard.

About a quarter of an hour before, a gentleman had appeared upon the moor, from the side of Sir John Slingsby's park. He had come up the hill as if he were walking for a wager, for there was something in the resistance of the acclivity to his progress, which made the vigorous spirit of youth and health resolute to conquer it triumphantly. When the feat was done, however, and the hill passed as if it had been a piece of level ground, Ned Hayward slackened his pace and looked about him, enjoyed to the full all that the wide expanse had of grand and fine, breathed freer in the high air, and let the spirit of solitary grandeur sink into his heart. He had none of the affected love of the picturesque and the sublime, which make the folks who assume the poetical so ridiculous. He was rather inclined to check what people call fine feelings than not ; he was inclined to fancy himself, and to make other people fancy him a very commonplace sort of person, and he would not have gone into an ecstasy for the world, even at the very finest thing that the world ever produced ; but he could not help, for the life of him, feeling every thing that was beautiful and great, more than he altogether liked, so that, when in society, he passed it off with a touch of persiflage, putting that sort of shield over what he felt to be a vulnerable point. Now, however, when he happened to be alone, he let Nature have her way, and holding his riding-whip by both ends, walked here and walked there, gazing at the prospect where he could get a sight of it, and looking to the right and the left as if not to let any point of loveliness escape him. His eyes soon fell upon the little tumulus already mentioned, with the sentinel fir-trees keeping guard upon the top, and thinking that there must be a good look-out from that high position, he walked slowly up and gazed over the park towards Tarningham. Suddenly, however, his eyes were withdrawn, as a cloud of white smoke came rolling up out of the sand-pit.

"Ha, ha !" he said, "my friend Master Wolf lighting his fire I suppose."

But the smoke increased. Ned Hayward thought he saw some sparks rising over the bushes. A sudden sensation of apprehension crossed his mind, and he walked rapidly down the side of the hillock, and crossed the intervening space with a step quick in reality, though intended to appear leisurely ; but in a moment a cloud of deeper-coloured smoke, tinged with flame, burst up into the evening air, and he sprang forward at full speed. A few bounds brought him to the side of the pit, and as he reached it a scream met his ear. It was the easily recognised voice of childhood, in terror or in pain, and Ned Hayward hesitated not an instant. There was a path down a couple of hundred yards away to the left, but the scene before his eyes counselled no delay. There was the cottage, with the farther part of the thatch all in a blaze, the window of the room beneath it fallen in, and the flame rushing forth, a cloud of

smoke issuing from the door, and scream after scream proceeding from the nearer end of the building. His riding-whip was cast down at once, and grasping the stem of the birch tree rooted in the very edge, he swung himself over, thinking to drop upon a sloping part of the bank about ten feet below. The filmy roots of the shrub, however, had not sufficient room hold upon the sandy soil to sustain his weight; the tree bent, gave way, and came down over him with a part of the bank, so that he and his frail support rolled together to the bottom of the pit. He was up in an instant, however he might be hurt or he might not, he knew nothing about it, but the shrill cry of the child rang in his ear, and he darted forward to the cottage-door. It was full of fire, and dark with suffocating vapour, but in he rushed, scorching his hair, hands, his face, and his clothes, found the other door blackened, and in some places alight with the encroaching fire, tried to open it but failed, and then shouted aloud, "Keep back, keep back, and I will burst it open," and then, setting his foot against it, he cast it with a vigorous effort into the room. A momentary glance around showed him the child, who had crept as near to the window as possible, and, darting forward, Ned Hayward caught the boy up in his arms, and rushed out with him, covering his head with his arm, that none of the beams, which were beginning to fall, might strike him as they passed, then setting him down on the green turf when they were at a little distance, he asked eagerly, "Are there any more?"

The child, however, stupified with terror, gazed in his face and cried bitterly, but answered not. Seeing he could obtain no reply, Ned Hayward ran back to the cottage and tried to go in again, but it was now impossible; the whole way was blocked up with burning rafters, and large detached masses of the thatch, which had fallen in, and were now sending up vast showers of sparks, as the wind stirred them. He hurried to the window and looked in, and though the small panes were cracking with the heat, he forced it open, and shouted at the extreme pitch of his voice, to drown the rushing sound of the fire, "Is there any one within?"

There was no answer, and the moment after, the dry beams being burnt away, and the support at the other end gone, the whole thatch above gave way, and fell into the room, the flame above carried up into a spire as it descended.

The heat was now intolerable, and forced a retreat to a distance. Captain Hayward took the boy up in his arms and strove to soothe him, and gain some information from him. It was all in vain, however, and after a moment's thought, the gentleman said to himself, "I will carry him away to Tarningham House. Jack Slingsby will never refuse him food and shelter, I am sure, and in case there should be any one else in the place it is vain to hope that one could save them now. We can send up people to look for the bodies. But let us see what's at the back of the house." He accordingly walked round, still carrying the boy in his arms, but found nothing there, except a low detached shed, which seemed in security, as the wind blew the other way. A long trough and spout, indeed, between the shed and the cottage, seemed in a somewhat perilous position, and as it was likely that they might lead the fire to the building yet uninjured, Ned Hayward thought fit to remove them before he left the ground. This cost him some trouble, as they were rooted in the sand;

but when it was once accomplished he took up the boy again, sought his hat, and crossing the moor, entered the western gates of Sir John Slingsby's park without meeting any one from whom he could obtain information, or to whom he could communicate the event which had just occurred.

CHAP. XI.

A CHAPTER ON GHOSTS, AND A GHOST STORY.

THE events detailed in the last chapter, or at least that portion of them in which he himself had borne a share, were related by Ned Hayward to the party at Sir John Slingsby's after he had rejoined them at the dinner table, having done his best to remove the traces of his adventure from his personal appearance. The smoke and sand were washed away, the burnt and singed garments had been changed for others, and Ned Hayward still appeared a very good-looking fellow, not the less interesting perhaps in the eyes of the ladies there present for all that he had done and suffered. Nevertheless, the fine wavy curls of his brown hair, which had been burnt off, were not to be recovered in so short a time, and both his hands showed evident signs of having been injured by the fire. He was in high spirits, however, for the assurance that there could be nobody else in the cottage but the boy, unless it were Gimlet the poacher himself, of which there was no probability, had relieved the young gentleman's mind of a heavy weight, and he jested gaily with Sir John Slingsby, who vowed that with those hands of his he would not be able to throw a line for a fortnight; replied that he would undertake to catch the finest trout in the whole water before noon the next day.

"And now, my dear sir," he continued, turning to the clergyman, "as you seem to know something of this good gentleman, Gimlet, and his affairs, I wish you'd give me a little insight into his history."

"It is a sad and not uncommon one," answered Dr. Miles, gravely, "and I will tell it you some other time. My poor parishioners have a superstitious feeling about that pit, and that cottage, for a man was murdered there some years ago. You will find multitudes of people who will vouch for his ghost having been seen sitting on the bank above, and under a solitary birch tree."

"It won't sit there any more," answered Ned Hayward, laughing, "for the birch tree and I rolled down into the pit together, as I tried to drop down by its help, thinking it was quite strong enough to support me."

"Then I am afraid the ghost is gone altogether for the future," said Dr. Miles, in a tone of some regret.

"Afraid ! my dear doctor," exclaimed Miss Slingsby, "surely you do not want ghosts among your parishioners?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sir John Slingsby, with a merry, fat, overflowing chuckle, "Isabella means, my dear doctor, that you may make your flock as spiritual as you please, but not reduce them quite to spectres."

"No, papa, you are a wrong interpreter," rejoined his daughter, "I meant to say that of all men on earth, I should have thought Dr. Miles was the last to patronise a ghost."

"I don't know, my dear," replied the worthy clergyman, "a ghost is sometimes very serviceable in a parish. We are but children of a bigger growth, and a bugbear is as necessary sometimes for great babies as small ones, not that I ever used it or should use it; but the people's own imagination did that for me. I have heard, Sir John, that some men when they were lying out to shoot your deer, were scared away by one of them fancying he saw the ghost, and you saved two good haunches of venison, to say nothing of the pasty."

"By Jove, that was a jolly ghost indeed," answered Sir John Slingsby, "and I'll give him a crown the first time I meet him. Doctor, a glass of wine."

"If ghosts have such effects upon poachers," said Beauchamp, who had been speaking in a low tone to Miss Slingsby, "how happens it that this man, the father of the boy whom Captain Hayward brought hither, fixed his abode in the spirit's immediate neighbourhood?"

"Oh he is a sad unbelieving dog," said Dr. Miles; but then suddenly checking himself he added, "and yet I believe in that I do him injustice; there is some good in the man, and a great deal of imagination. Half his faults proceed from an ill-disciplined fancy; but the truth is, being a very fearless fellow, and of this imaginative disposition, I believe he would just as soon have a ghost for a next door neighbour as not. Therefore, I do not suppose that it was from any doubt of the reality of the apparition, but rather in defiance of it, that he set up his abode there; and perhaps he thought, too, that it might serve as a sort of safeguard to him, a protection against the intrusion of persons less bold than himself, at those hours when ghosts and he himself are wont to wander. He knew well that none of the country people would come near him then, for all the ignorant believe in apparitions more or less."

"Now, dear Dr. Miles, do tell me," cried Isabella Slingsby with a gay laugh, "whether some of the learned do not believe in them too. If it were put as a serious question to the Rev. Dr. Miles himself, whether he had not a little quiet belief at the bottom of his heart in the appearance of ghosts, what would he answer?"

"That he had never seen one, my dear," replied the clergyman, with a good-humoured smile, "but at the same time I must say that a belief in the occasional appearance of the spirits of the dead for particular purposes, is a part of our religion. I have no idea of a man calling himself a Christian and taking what parts of the Bible he likes, and rejecting or explaining away the rest. The fact of the re-appearance of dead people on this earth is more than once mentioned in Scripture, and therefore I believe that it has taken place. The purposes for which it was permitted in all the instances there noticed, were great and momentous, and it may very possibly be that since the Advent of Our Saviour, no such deviations from usual laws have been requisite. Of that, however, I can be no judge; but at all events my own reason tells me, that it is not probable a spirit should be allowed to revisit the glimpses of the moon for the purpose of making an old woman say her prayers, or frightening a village girl into fits."

"You are speaking alone of the apparition of the spirits of the dead," said Mr. Beauchamp, "did you ever hear of the appearance of the spirits of the living?"

"Not without their bodies, surely!" said Miss Clifford.

"Oh yes, my dear Mary," answered Dr. Miles, "such things are recorded, I can assure you, ay, and upon testimony so strong that is impossible to doubt that the witnesses believed what they related, whether the apparition was a delusion of their own fancy or not—indeed it is scarcely possible to suppose that it was a delusion, for in several instances the thing, whatever it was, made itself visible to several persons at once, and they all precisely agreed in the description of it."

"One of the most curious occurrences of the kind that ever I heard of," said Beauchamp, "was told me by a German gentleman to whom it happened. It was the case of a man seeing his own spirit, and although we are continually told we ought to know ourselves, few men have ever had such an opportunity of doing so as this gentleman."

"Oh do tell us the whole story, Mr. Beauchamp," cried Isabella, eagerly, "I must beg and entreat that you would not tantalise us with a mere glimpse of such a delightful vision, and then let fall the curtain again."

"My dear Bella, you are tantalising him," exclaimed her father. "Don't you see that you are preventing him from eating his dinner; at all events, we will have a glass of wine first; shall it be Hermitage, Mr. Beauchamp? I have some of 1808, the year before that rascal, Napoleon, mixed all the vintages together."

The wine was drunk, but immediately this was accomplished, Isabella renewed her attack, calling upon Mr. Beauchamp for the story, and in her eagerness laying one round taper finger upon his arm as he sat beside her, to impress more fully her commands upon him, as she said, "I must and will have the story, Mr. Beauchamp."

"Assuredly," he replied, in his usual quiet tone, "but first of all, I must premise one or two things, that you may give it all the weight it deserves. The gentleman who told it to me was, at the time of my acquaintance with him, a man of about seventy years of age, very simple in his manners, and, however excitable his fancy might have been in youth, he was at the time I speak of, as unimaginative a person as it is possible to conceive. He assured me most solemnly, as an old man upon the verge of eternity, that every word he spoke was truth, and now I will tell it as nearly in his own language as I can, and my memory is a very retentive one. You must remember; however, that it is he who is speaking, and not I; and fancy us sitting together, the old man and the young one, warming ourselves by a stove on a winter's night, in the fine old town of Nuremberg."

Beauchamp's Story.

"I am of an Italian family," said my friend, "but my father and my grandfather were both born in Germany; exceedingly good people in their way, but by no means very wealthy. My elder brother was being educated for a physician, and had just finished his course of study, when my father, having given me as good an education as he could in Nuremberg, thought fit to send me to Hamburg, that I might pursue my studies there, and take advantage of any opportunity that might occur for advancing myself in life. My stock of all kinds was exceedingly small when I set out; my purse contained the closely-estimated expenses of my journey, and the allowance made for my maintenance during six months, which did not admit the slightest idea of luxury of any kind.

I was grateful, however, for what was given, for I knew that my father could afford no more, and I had no hope of another 'heller' till my half year was out. I had my ordinary travelling dress, and my mother gave me six new shirts, which she had spun with her own hands; besides these, my portmanteau contained one complete black suit, two pair of shoes, and a pair of silver buckles, which my father took off his own feet and bestowed them upon me with his benediction. My elder brother always loved me, and was kind to me; and when my going was first talked of, he regretted deeply that he had nothing to give me; but my little preparations occupied a fortnight, and during that time good luck befriended him and me, and he treated and killed his first patient. Thus he obtained the means of making me a sumptuous present for my journey, which consisted of a straight-cut blue mantle, with a square collar. Let me dwell upon the mantle, for it is important. It was in the Nuremberg fashion, which had gone out of vogue over all Germany for at last thirty years, and when I first put it on, I felt very proud of it, thinking that I looked like one of the cavaliers in the great picture in the town-hall. However, there was not another mantle like it in all Germany, except in Nuremberg—sky-blue, falling three inches below the knee, with a square-cut collar. I will pass over my journey to Hamburg, till my arrival in a little common inn, in the old part of the town. Not having a pfennig to spare, I set out early the next morning to look out for a lodging, and saw several that would have suited myself very well, but which did not suit my finances. At length, seeing the wife of a grocer standing at the door, with a good-humoured countenance, in a narrow and dark street, containing some large, fine houses, which had seen the splendours of former times, I walked up to her and asked if she could recommend a lodging to a young man who was not over rich. After thinking for a moment, she pointed over the way, to a house with a decorated front, which had become as black as ink with age. The lower story was entirely occupied by an iron-warehouse; but she said that up above on the first floor I should find Widow Gentner, who let one room, and who had, she believed, no lodger at the time. I thanked her many times for her civility, and walking across the street to the point she indicated, I looked up at the cornices and other ornaments which were displayed upon the façade. Dirty they were beyond all doubt. A pair of stone ladies with baskets in their hands, which had probably been once as white as snow, now displayed long dripping lines of black upon their garments; their noses had disappeared, but the balls of the eyes were of the deepest brown, though above the centre appeared a white spot, which seemed to show the presence of cataract. The fruit in the baskets, however, consisted apparently of black cherries, and a dingy cornucopia, which stood by the side of each, vomited forth swarthy fruit and flowers of a very uninviting quality. I gazed in surprise and admiration, and asked myself if it ever would be my fate to live in so fine a mansion. Taking courage, however, I inquired at the ironmonger's which was the door of Widow Gentner, and of the three which opened into the lower part of the house, I was directed to the second. On the first floor I found a tidy little maid, who introduced me to the presence of her mistress, a quiet, dry old lady, who was seated in a room which had apparently formed part of a magnificent saloon—I say formed part, for it was evident that the size of the chamber had been much curtailed. On the

ceiling, which was of the most magnificent stucco work I ever saw, appeared various groups of angels and cherubs in high relief, as large as life, and seated amidst clouds and bunches of flowers as big as feather-beds. But that ceiling betrayed the dismemberment of the room; for all along the side where ran the wall behind the good lady were seen angels' legs without the heads and bodies, baskets of flowers cut in two, and cherubs with not above one-half of the members even, which sculptors have left them. This was soon explained: the widow informed me that she had divided her chamber into three, of which she reserved one for herself, another for her little maid, and let the third, which had a staircase to itself opening from the street. She had done so with a good wall, she said, to support the plafond, so that if I wanted to see the room she had to let, I must go down again with her and mount the other stairs, as there was no door of communication. I admired her prudence, and accompanied her at once to a small room, arrived at by a small staircase with its own street-door; and there I found on the ceiling above my head the lost legs and wings of the angels on the other side, besides a very solid pair of cherubims of my own. It contained a little narrow bed, a table, a scanty proportion of chairs and other things necessary for the existence of a student; and though an unpleasant feeling of solitude crept over me as I thought of inhabiting an apartment so entirely cut off from all human proximity, yet as the widow's rent was small, I closed the bargain at once, and soon was installed in my new abode. The good lady was very kind and attentive, and did all she could to make me comfortable, inquiring, amongst other things, what letters of introduction I had in Hamburg. I had but one which I considered of any value, which was addressed, with many of those flourishes which you know are common amongst us, to Mr. S., a famous man in his day, both as a philosopher and literary man, and who was also a man of sense of the world, and what is more than all, of a kind and benevolent heart. I went to deliver it that very day, and met with a most kind and friendly reception from a good-looking old gentleman, of perhaps sixty-three or four, who at once made me feel myself at home with him, treating me with that parental air which inspired both respect and confidence. He asked several questions about my journey, where I lodged, how I intended to employ my time, and last, what was the state of my finances. I told him all exactly as it was, and when I rose to depart, he laid his hand on my arm with the most benevolent air in the world, saying, 'You will dine with me to-morrow at twelve o'clock, and I shall expect to see you at dinner three days in the week as long as you stay. From eight to ten at night I am always at home, and whenever you have nothing else to do, come in and spend those hours with us. I will not pretend to say I was not quite well aware that the place thus granted me at his dinner-table was offered from a knowledge of the limited state of my finances; but pride in my case was out of the question, and I was exceedingly grateful for the act of kindness, which saved me a considerable sum in my housekeeping, and enabled me to indulge in a few little luxuries which I could not otherwise have commanded.'

"It was the autumn of the year when I arrived at Hamburg, but the time passed very pleasantly. All the day I was engaged in my studies; at twelve o'clock I dined, either at my own chamber or at worthy Mr. S.'s, and almost every evening was spent at his house, where he

failed not to regale me, either with a cup of fine coffee, or sometimes as a great treat, with a cup of tea, according to your English mode. In short, I became his nightly guest, and as the evenings grew dark and sometimes foggy, I bought a little lantern to light myself through the long and lonely streets which I had to pass from his house to my own. On these occasions, too, as the weather grew intensely cold, my blue cloak with the square collar proved a most serviceable friend, and every night at ten o'clock I might be seen in precisely the same attire, with my black suit, in great part covered by the azure mantle, and the small lantern in my hand, finding my way homeward to my solitary abode. *Ms. S.* lived in the fine new part of the town, where he had a handsome house, with two maid-servants and his coachman, but the latter slept at the stables. I lived, as I have before said, in the old part of the town, wellnigh a mile distant; thus, in coming and going, I got exercise at night, if I did not in the day, and I mark it particularly, that I used to enjoy my walk to his house and back, and used to look forward to it with pleasure during my hours of study, in order that you may see, that on the occasion of which I am about to speak, I was affected by no fantastical melancholy.

"At length, one night in the winter of 17—, after passing the evening at the house of *Mr. S.*, where I had taken nothing but a cup of coffee and a slice of brown bread-and-butter, I took leave of my friend, put on my blue mantle with a square collar, lighted my lantern at the house-maid's candle, and having safely shut the glass, set out on my walk home. It was about a quarter-past ten, and the night was clear and very dark; the sky, indeed, was full of stars, which looked peculiarly bright as I gazed up at them, between the tall houses, as if from the bottom of a well, and I felt a sort of exhilarating freshness in the air that raised my spirits rather than otherwise. I walked along to the end of the first street with a light step, turned into the second, and was just entering the third, when I saw a figure some thirty or forty paces before me, standing in a corner as if waiting for some one. Although the streets, in the good old days of *Hanburg*, were generally by that time of night quite deserted, yet there was nothing extraordinary in my meeting one or two persons as I went home, so that I took little or no notice of this figure, till I had advanced to within about twenty paces, when it turned itself full towards me, and at the same time the light of my lantern fell direct upon it. Guess my surprise when I saw a being, so exactly like myself, that I could have imagined I was looking in a glass. There were the black legs, the shoes and silver buckles, the blue mantle with the square-cut collar, and the little lantern with the handle at the back, held just as I held mine. I stopped suddenly, and rubbed my eyes with my left hand; but the figure immediately turned round and walked away before me. At the same time my heart beat violently, and a sort of strange dreamy sensation of horror came over me, like that which takes possession of one sometimes when labouring under the nightmare. An instant's reflection made me ashamed of what I felt, and saying to myself, 'I'll look a little closer at this gentleman,' I walked on, hurrying my pace. The figure, however, quickened its steps in the same proportion. I did not like to run, but I was always a quick walker, and I hastened as fast as ever I could; but it had no effect; the figure, without the least apparent effort, kept always at the same distance, and every moment I

felt the sort of superstitious dread which had taken possession of me increasing, and struggling against the efforts of resolution. Resolution conquered, however, and determined to see who this was that was so like me, without showing him too plainly that I was chasing him, I stopped at a corner where a street wound round, and entered again the one that I was pursuing at some distance, and then taking to my heels, I ran as hard as I could to get before my friend in the blue mantle. When I entered the other street again, though I must have gained two or three minutes at least, instead of seeing the figure coming from the side where I had left it, there it was, walking on deliberately in the direction I usually followed towards my own house. We were now within three streets of Widow Gentner's, and though they were all of them narrow enough, I generally took those which were most open. There was a lane, however, to the left, which, passing by the grocer's I have mentioned, cut off at least a quarter of the way, and as I was now overpowered by feelings I cannot describe, I resolved to take the shortest path, and run as hard as I could, in order to get home, and shut myself in before the figure in the blue mantle reached the spot. Off I set then down the narrow lane like lightning, but when I came to the grocer's corner, my horror was complete, on beholding the same figure walking along past the closed windows of the iron-shop, and I stopped with my heart beating as if it would have burst through my ribs. With eyes almost starting from my head, and the light of the lantern turned full upon it, I gazed at its proceedings, when behold, it walked quietly up to my door, stopped, turned round towards the house, put the right-hand in its pocket, and seemed feeling for my key. The key was produced, and stooping down, just as I should have done, after a little searching for the keyhole, the door was opened, the figure went in, and instantly the door closed again.

"If you had given me the empire of a world, I could not have made up my mind to go in after it, and setting off more like a madman than any thing else, I returned to the house of Mr. S., with the intention of telling him what had occurred. The bell was answered quickly enough by the housemaid, who gazed at my wild and scared appearance with some surprise. She told me, however, that the old gentlemen had gone to bed, and that she could not think of waking him on any account; and resolved not to go home, and yet not liking to walk the streets of Hamburg all night, I persuaded her with some difficulty to let me sit in the saloon till I could speak with Mr. S. in the morning. I will not detain you by describing how I passed the night; but when my friend came down the next day, I related to him all that occurred, with many excuses for the liberty I had taken. He listened gravely, and his first question naturally was, if I were quite sure I had gone straight homeward, without entering any of those places where strong drinks were sold. I assured him most solemnly that the only thing that had entered my lips that night was the cup of coffee which I had taken at his house.

" 'The maid can tell you,' I said, 'that I had not been absent more than three quarters of an hour when I returned.'

" 'Well, my young friend,' he replied, 'I believe you fully; very strange things occasionally happen to us in life, and this seems one. However, we will have some breakfast, and then go and inquire into it.'

" 'After breakfast we set out and walked to my house, I pointing out by the way, all the different spots connected with my tale. When we

reached the gloomy old mansion, with its decorated front, I was going direct to my own door, but Mr. S. said, 'Stay, we will first talk to your landlady for a minute.' And we accordingly walked up to the rooms of Widow Gentner by the other door and the other staircase. The widow was very proud of the visit of so distinguished a person in the town as Mr. S., and answered his questions with due respect. The first was a very common one in that part of Germany, namely, whether she had slept well that night. She assured him she had, perfectly well; and he then proceeded with a somewhat impressive air, to inquire if nothing had occurred to disturb her. She then suddenly seemed to recollect herself, and answered, 'Now you mention it, I recollect I was awake about eleven o'clock, I think, by a noise on the other side of the wall; but thinking that Mr. Z. had thrown over his table, or something of that kind, I turned on the other side, and went to sleep again.'

"No further information being to be obtained, we descended to the street, and taking out my keys, I opened the door, and we went in. My heart beat a little as we mounted the stairs, but resolving not to show any want of courage, I boldly unlocked the room-door and threw it open. The sight that presented itself made me pause on the threshold, for there on my bed, where I should have been lying at the very moment of its fall, was the whole ceiling of that part of the room, angels' legs, and cherubims' wings, flower-baskets, and every thing, and so great was the weight and the force with which it had come down, that it had broken the solid bedstead underneath it. As I do not suppose my head is formed of much more strong materials, it is probable that it would have been cracked as well as the bed, and I heartily thank God for my preservation. All my good old friend ventured to say, however, was, 'A most fortunate escape! Had you slept here last night, you would have been killed to a certainty.' Though a doctor of philosophy, he did not risk any speculations upon the strange apparition which I had beheld the night before; but invited me to take up my abode in his house till my room could be put in order, never afterwards mentioning the appearance of my double; and I have only to add that from that time to this, now between fifty and sixty years, I have never seen myself again except in a looking-glass."

"Such," continued Beauchamp, "is the story of my German friend, exactly as he told it to me. I must leave you to judge of it as you will, for unless you could see the old man, and know his perfect simplicity of character, and quiet matter-of-fact temper of mind, you could not take the same view of his history that I do." ●

"In short, Mr. Beauchamp, you are a believer in ghosts," said Sir John Slingsby, laughing; "well, for my part, I never saw any better spirit than a bottle of brandy, and hope never to see a worse."

"Take care you don't find yourself mistaken, Sir John," answered Dr. Miles, "for although it is rather difficult to meet with good spirits, the bad ones are much more easily conjured up."

"I am not afraid, doctor," answered Sir John, "and mind, I've only had three or four glasses of wine, so mine is not Dutch courage now; but let us talk of something else than ghosts and such things, or we shall all have the blue devils before we've done—a capital story, never-

theless, Beauchamp ; but this is a good story too, doctor, about my sister being stopped on the king's highway. Has she told you about it ?”

Dr. Miles merely nodded his head, and Sir John went on.

“I can't make out the game of that old rascal Wittingham, who seems devilish unwilling to catch the thieves, and had taken himself out of the way when Ned Hayward and I called this morning. The old linen-drapering scamp shall find that he can't treat Jack Slingsby in this way.”

“Indeed, my dear brother, I wish you would let the matter rest,” said Mrs. Clifford; “no harm was done, except frightening me very foolishly, and to pursue it further may, perhaps, lead to disagreeable consequences. The letter written beforehand, to bring me over by a report of your illness, shows that this was no ordinary affair.”

“A fig for the consequences,” cried Sir John Slingsby, “if it were to set half the town on fire, I would go on with it. Why, my dear Harriet, am not I a magistrate, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of ——? Such a conscientious woman as you are, would never have me neglect my solemn duties.” And Sir John chuckled with a low merry laugh, at the new view he chose to take of his responsibilities.

In such conversation the evening went on to its close, the subjects changing rapidly, for the worthy baronet was not one to adhere tenaciously to any particular line of thought, and Mrs. Clifford, but more particularly still her daughter, being anxious to quit the topic just started as soon as possible. Miss Clifford, indeed, seemed so much agitated and embarrassed, whilst the adventures of the preceding night were under discussion, that Ned Hayward, who was the kindest-hearted man alive, and not without tact, especially where women were concerned, came zealously to her relief, and engaged her in low and earnest conversation.

It was one of those cases in which two people without well knowing what they are about, go on puzzling each other, though both may be as frank as day. They talked of every simple subject which all the world might have heard discussed—music, painting, poetry; but yet the whole was carried on in so low a tone that to any one who did not know them it would have appeared that they were making love. Miss Clifford was puzzled, perplexed, to make out her companion's character, for she certainly expected nothing from a man familiarly called Ned Hayward, and more especially from a particular friend of her uncle's, but a gay, rattling, good-humoured scapegrace at the best; yet in order to gain her full attention, and withdraw her thoughts from a subject which he saw annoyed her, Captain Hayward put off for the time his usual careless, rapid manner, and spoke with so much feeling and good taste, and what is more, good sense also, upon all the many topics upon which their conversation ran—he showed her that he had read so much, and thought so much, and felt so much, that she became convinced before he had done, of the complete fallacy of all her preconceived notions of his disposition. Such a change of opinion is always very favourable to a man with a woman; for they are such generous creatures, those women, that if they find they have done one injustice, they are sure to go to the opposite extreme, and give us credit for more than is our due.

Ned Hayward's puzzle was of a different kind, but it proceeded from the same source, namely, an erroneous preconception. He saw that Mary Clifford was embarrassed, whenever the subject of the attack upon their carriage was mentioned, that she changed colour, not from red to white as would have been the case, had terror had aught to do with it, but from white to red, which is generally a change produced by other emotions. He therefore set it down as a certain fact, that the fair lady's heart was a little engaged in the transaction; and yet, as they went on talking in that same low voice, she twice returned to the subject herself, not without some degree of embarrassment it is true, but still as if she wished to say more, and Ned Hayward thought with some degree of pique, "Well, my pretty friend, I am not quite old enough to be made ~~an~~ fidant of yet."

At length, just as the dessert was being put upon the table, tiresome Sir John Slingsby harked back upon the subject, asking Mr. Beauchamp if he thought he could swear to any of the persons concerned; and taking advantage of a quick and somewhat loud conversation which went on between those two gentlemen and Dr. Miles, Miss Clifford suddenly broke through what she was talking of with her companion on the right, and said earnestly, but still almost in a whisper, "Captain Hayward, you rendered me a very great service last night, for which I shall ever feel grateful, and it will add immensely to the favour, if you can prevent my uncle from pursuing the matter in the manner he seems inclined to do. Particular circumstances, which I may some time have an opportunity of explaining, would render it most painful to me to have the scandalous outrage which was committed upon us last night dragged into a court of justice; indeed, I think it would half kill me, especially if I had to give evidence, as I suppose would be the case."

"I will do my best," answered Ned Hayward, "but you must not be angry or surprised, at any means I may take for that purpose. I could act better, indeed, if I knew the circumstances."

"All I can say at present," answered the young lady, in a low tone, "is, that this was not a case of robbery, as you all seem to suppose."

The colour mounted into her cheek as she spoke, and she added quickly, "I cannot reproach myself with any thing in the affair, Captain Hayward, although I have scrutinised my own conscience severely; but yet at the same time, even to have my name talked of in connexion with such a proceeding, and with such—such a person, would distress me more than I can describe. I will say more another time."

"In the meanwhile, I will do my best," replied the other, and even while he was speaking, the roll of wheels was heard driving up to the door, and a minute or two after, one of the servants entered, announcing that Mr. Wittingham was in the library.

"Let him stay, let him stay," said Sir John Slingsby, "he'll have an opportunity there of improving his mind. What, what do you say?" he continued, as the man whispered something over his shoulder, "we've neither secrets of state nor high treason here,—speak out."

"Please you, Sir John, two of Mr. Wittingham's men have brought up Stephen Gimlet, whom they call Wolf, with irons upon him. I have kept him in the hall."

"Hang it!" cried Ned Hayward, "my little boy's father. I hope he has not been doing any serious mischief!"

"I don't think it, I don't think it," said Dr. Miles, eagerly, "the man has a heart and a conscience, a little warped, it is true; but still sound—sound, I think—I will go and speak to him."

"Hang him, he steals my pheasants!" exclaimed Sir John Slingsby.

"Then why don't you put him to keep them, colonel?" asked Ned Hayward. "He would make a capital keeper, I am sure. Set a thief to catch a thief, Sir John."

"Not a bad idea, Ned," answered the baronet. "Stay, stay, doctor, he's not condemned yet, and so does not want the parson. We had better talk to old Wittingham first. We'll have him in and fuddle him. Give my compliments to Mr. Wittingham, Matthews, and beg him to ~~wait~~. You need not go, Harriet. He's quite a lady's man."

But Mrs. Clifford rose, not at all anxious to witness the process of fuddling a magistrate, and withdrew with her daughter and her niece.

CHAP. XII.

IN WHICH THE MAGISTRATE IS FUDDLED BY THE BARONET.

"Ah! Wittingham! Wittingham!" cried the baronet, stretching forth his hand without rising, as the servant introduced the worthy magistrate, "is that you, my old buck? If you haven't come in pudding-time, you have come in wine-time, and will get what so few men get in life,—your dessert. Sit down and pledge me, old fellow. What shall it be in? Here's port that was bottled when I came of age, so you may judge that it is good old stuff! Madeira that has made more voyages than Cook, Comet Claret of 1811, and a bottle of Burgundy that smells under my nose like oil of violets."

"Why, Sir John," replied Mr. Wittingham, taking the seat just left vacant by Mrs. Clifford, and very well pleased with so familiar a reception, when he expected quite the reverse; for to say the truth, although some circumstances had happened to make him resolve upon taking the bull by the horns, and visiting the old lion of Tarningham Park in his den, it was nevertheless with great pain and difficulty that he had screwed his courage to the sticking-point, "why, Sir John, I come upon business, and it is better to transact affairs of importance with a clear head."

"Pooh, nonsense!" exclaimed the baronet; "no man ever did business well without being half drunk. Look at my old friend Pitt, poor fellow! and Charley Fox, too, Sir William Scott, and Dundas, and all of them, not a set of jollier toppers in the world than they were, and are still—what are left of them. Well, here's health to the living and peace to the dead—Burgundy, eh?" and he filled a glass for Mr. Wittingham to the brim.

The worthy magistrate took it, and drinking Sir John Slingsby's toast was about to proceed to business, when the baronet again interrupted him, saying, "Let me introduce you to my friends, Wittingham; there's no fun in drinking with men you don't know. Dr. Miles you are acquainted, this is my friend Mr. Beauchamp, and this my friend, Captain Hayward. Gentlemen both, know, esteem, and admire Henry Wittingham, Esq., one of the ornaments of the bench of the county of —, one of the trustees of the turnpike roads, a very active magistrate, and a

very honest man. Sink the shop, Witty," he continued, in a friendly whisper to his companion, for Sir John seldom if ever allowed Mr. Wittingham to escape without some allusion to his previous occupations, which naturally made that gentleman hate him mortally. "But before we have another glass, my good friend, I must make you acquainted with these gentlemen's high qualities," proceeded the baronet. "Here's Ned Hayward, the most deadly shot in Europe, whether with pistol, rifle, or fowling-piece, nothing escapes him, from the human form divine down to a cock-sparrow. The best angler in England, too; would throw a fly into a tea-spoon at fifty yards distance. He has come down for an interminable number of months to catch my trout, kill my game, and drink my Claret. Then there is my friend Mr. Beauchamp, more sentiments ~~and~~ given, a very learned man and profound, loves poetry and solitary walks, and is somewhat for musing melancholy made; but is a good hand at a trigger, too, I can tell you—a light finger and a steady aim; ha! Beauchamp," and the baronet winked his eye and laughed.

Beauchamp smiled good-humouredly, and in order to change the course of the conversation, which was not exactly what suited him, he said that he had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Mr. Wittingham.

Ned Hayward however, somewhat to Beauchamp's surprise, seemed determined to encourage their host in his light and rattling talk, and taking the latter up where Sir John had left it, he said, "Oh dear yes, I dare say we shall have capital sport down here. The old work of the 51st, Sir John; clearing all the fences, galloping over all the turnips, riding down the young wheat, forgetting the limits of the manor, letting the beasts out of the pound, making a collection of knockers and bell-pulls, fighting the young men, and making love to the young women—Mr. Wittingham, the wine stands with you."

Mr. Wittingham filled his glass and drank, saying with a grave and somewhat alarmed air, "I don't think that would exactly do in this county, sir; the magistrates are rather strict here."

"The devil they are," said Ned Hayward, with a good deal of emphasis, the meaning of which Mr. Wittingham could not well help understanding; but the next moment the young gentleman went on: "but who cares a pin for magistrates, Mr. Wittingham? They're nothing but a parcel of old women."

"Halo, halo, Ned," cried Sir John, "you forget in whose presence you are speaking; reverence the bench, young man, reverence the bench; and if you can't do that, reverence the colonel."

"Oh, you're a great exception to the general rule," replied Captain Hayward, "but what I say is very true, nevertheless; and as I like to define my positions, I will give you a lexicographical description of the magistrates. They should be called in any dictionary, a body of men selected from the most ignorant of the people, for the mal-administration of good laws."

"Bravo, bravo," shouted Sir John Slingsby, roaring with laughter, and even Dr. Miles nodded his head with a grave smile, saying, "Too just a definition indeed."

Mr. Wittingham looked confounded, but Sir John passed him the bottle, and for relief he again fell to his glass and emptied it. Now to

men not quite sure of their position, there is nothing so completely overpowering as jest and merriment with a dash of sarcasm. In grave argument, where they have their own vanity for their backer, they will always venture to meet men both of superior abilities and superior station, whether in so doing they expose themselves or not; for in that case their notions are generally formed beforehand, and they are fully convinced that those notions are just; but in a combat of the wit, it requires to be a very ready man, and also to have all those habits of society which enable one to make the reply tart enough, with every semblance of courtesy. On the bench and in the justice-room Mr. Wittingham would often venture to spar with Sir John Slingsby, and sometimes with a good deal of success; ~~and~~ although the baronet had much greater natural abilities and information, yet he had so many foibles and failings, and occasionally such a degree of perversity, that from time to time his adversary would get hold of a weak point, and drive him into a corner. It always ended, however, by Sir John coming off triumphant; for when he found that argument failed him he had recourse to ridicule, and in two minutes would utterly confound his antagonist, and overwhelm him amidst peals of laughter.

In the present instance Mr. Wittingham found that Sir John was in one of his jocular moods, and scarcely dared to say a word lest he should bring some of his hard jests upon his head, especially when he had the strong support which Ned Hayward seemed capable of giving. He was therefore anxious to proceed to the business that brought him as speedily as possible; and giving up the defence of the magistracy after a momentary pause, he said, "Really, Sir John, as I must get home soon—"

"Not till you have finished your bottle, man," cried Sir John Slingsby, pushing the Burgundy to him; "whoever comes to see me after dinner, must fight me or drink a bottle with me; so here's to your health, Witty—a bumper, a bumper, and no heel-taps."

Now the glasses at Sir John Slingsby's table might well be called wine-glasses, for they seldom had any other liquor in them; but at the same time, in size they were not much less than those vessels which are named tumblers, I suppose from their being less given to tumbling than any other sort of glass. Mr. Wittingham had drank three already, besides the moderate portion which he had taken at his own dinner; but in order to get rid of the subject, he swallowed another of strong Burgundy, and then commenced again, saying, "Really, Sir John, we must go to business. We can sip your good wine while we are talking the affair over."

"Sip it!" exclaimed his host, "whoever heard of a man sipping such stuff as this? Nobody ever sips his wine but some lackadaisical, love-lorn swain, with a piece of Cheshire cheese before him, making verses all the time upon pouting lips and rounded hips, and sparkling eyes and fragrant sighs, and pearly teeth and balmy breath, and slender nose and cheek that glows, and all the O's! and all the I's! that ever were twisted into bad metre and bad sense; or else the reformed toper, who is afraid of exceeding the stint that his doctors have allowed him, and lingers out every drop with the memory of many a past carouse before his eyes. No, no, such wine as this is made to be swallowed at a mouthful, washing the lips with a flood of enjoyment, stimulating the tongue, spreading a glow over the palate, and cooling the tonsils and the throat only to

inflammé them again with fresh appetite for the following glass—sip it! why hang it, Wittingham, it is to insult a good bottle of wine, and I trust that you may be shot dead by a Champagne cork to teach you better manners.”

“Well, then,” cried Mr. Wittingham, stimulated to *répartee* by impatience, “I will say, Sir John, that we can swill your wine while we are talking of business.”

“Ay, that’s something like,” cried Sir John Slingsby, not at all discomposed, “you shall swill the wine, and I will drink it, that’ll suit us both. Beauchamp we will let off, because he’s puny, and Doctor Miles because he’s reverend; Ned Hayward will do us justice, glass for glass, I’ll answer for it. So another bumper, and then to business; ~~but~~ we’ll have lights, your worship, for it’s growing dusky,” and Sir John rose to ring the bell.

Scarcely, however, had he quitted his seat, when there was heard a loud report. One of the panes of glass in the window flew in shining splinters into the room, and a ball whistling through, passed close to the head of Mr. Wittingham, knocked off his wig, and lodged in the eye of a Cupid who was playing with his mother in a large picture on the other side of the room.

SLEEP.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

SWEET death of each day’s weary laden life!

Balm of hurt minds—care’s nurse,—heart soothing sleep!

Soft air the mourner’s couch thy calm watch keep.

No sigh—no murmur wake past thoughts of strife;

Nor Hope’s fond dream with troubled visions rife

Breathe o’er the folded lids *thy* still dews steep;

No memory’s scenes again to live—to weep—

The conscious bosom bare to fate’s sharp knife.

Oh, blest forgetfulness! thy votary’s prayer

In hour of fiercest pangs to thee ascends,

Thee the wish’d haven of his heart’s despair,

His genius of the stormy deep that sends

His shatter’d bark swift through life’s seas of care

To that far shore where his strange voyage ends.

THE PIMLICO AND PENTONVILLE DIRECT RAILWAY.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A SPECULATIVE SNIP

~~Mr. Estlin,~~

THE shares of the Pimlico and Pentonville Direct Electro-Hydraulic Railway were allotted a fortnight ago. Thirty thousand were to be issued. Applications were sent in for eleven hundred and nineteen thousand.

Nor was this mark of confidence on the part of the public at all surprising; the direction was so very influential. The chair was filled by Lieutenant Lord Thomas Towzle, of the Windsor Local Horse; Israel Tigg, brother to the well-known Montague Tigg, of the Anglo-Bengalee, was vice-chairman. The other members of the board were Issachar Crabs, Esq., late of the Berkeley Club, in Albemarle-street; the Hon. George Wigsby, a senior fellow of White's; Sir Plantagenet de Moleyns, Bart.; Emanuel Enamel, the money-lending jeweller of Piccadilly; the very Rev. the Dean of Kilcock; Viscount Rosherville, and Hyacinth Bodkin, Esq., M.P. for Burrishoole, with power to add to their number.

According to the plan of the railway, as exhibited in the company's office, a back-parlour in Moorgate-street, by a thick black line drawn smack across Mogg's sixpenny map of London, from Buckingham Palace to the Peacock at Islington, it was to bisect in its course the premises of my employers, Messrs. Galashiels and Co., the fashionable tailors of Old Bond-street.

This startling fact naturally caused the merits of the line to be much canvassed in our workshop, and several of us applied for shares. I wrote for five hundred, and was allotted ten, with the intimation that if I did not pay up the deposit of 2*l.* 10*s.* per share into the bank of Messrs. Omnium, Dibs, and Rhino, before the 25th of November, the said allotment would be cancelled.

The prospectus of the Royal Pimlico and Pentonville was most convincing. The traffic tables, which had been very carefully prepared, far exceeded those of any other railway; the consulting engineer, Mr. Brunel, was affirmed to have seen no engineering difficulties whatever; the parliamentary expenses were expected to be small, as there was no other competing line, but merely a householder's opposition to be encountered; and the directors announced with loyal triumph that her Majesty and Prince Albert had signified to the board, through Mr. Anson, their gracious intention of making use of the railway whenever they wished to patronise the legitimate drama at Sadler's Wells.

On the 24th of November I went into the city to see what was the feeling in Capel Court respecting Pims and Pens before I paid up my deposit. My broker informed me that little or nothing had been done in them, and that they were stigmatised in the market as rather an unhealthy scrip.

Upon hearing this, sir, I philosophically lighted my cigar with my letter of allotment, paid nothing at all into the hands of Messrs. Omnium and Co., and live in hopes of doing better with my Imperial North of Chinas, of which Mr. Wigsby, who is chairman of the West-End

Board, has promised to get me fifty, and seventeen per cent. on the paid up capital of the company is guaranteed by the Tartar dynasty, I think I may reasonably expect them to come out at three-fourths premium.

Last night at the Yorkshire Stingo I chanced to sit next to Sir Plantagenet de Moleyns, Bart. He is a very affable gent, and wished our governor to dress him, but Mr. Galashiels being of Scotch extraction, declined the honour, because he could not find his name in Burke's Baronetage, and Sir Plantagenet was averse to paying cash, and did not offer a reference. One of our customers, too, declared that Sir P. was the second son of a highly-respectable provision merchant of Tullamore, who had been known for the last fifty years to his townsmen by the name of Paddy Mullins.

I made bold to ask him what he thought of the prospects of the Royal Pimlico and Pentonville Direct Hydro-Electric Railway. Of course I did not tell him how shabbily I had behaved in writing for and obtaining shares, and the omitting to pay up the deposit.

Sir Plantagenet de Moleyns answered as frankly and kindly as could be: "That Pim and Pen concern is no go. The public has used us infernally ill. If it had come out at a premium, I should have netted a few thousands; as it is, I shall lose nothing, for I have nothing to lose, and mean to winter in Paris, where they want me to set the Ehrenbreitstein and Brest Direct Atmospheric a going. It pains me much to think that poor Tom Towzle, who is a man of the highest honour, will inevitably be let in for the whole of our preliminary expenses, for I fancy that all the direction, except Lord Tom and the Jews, are insolvent. He may thank me and Tigg, however, for saving him all engineering responsibilities, for we drew that black line across Mogg's map of London ourselves one Sunday morning in Tigg's rooms in Regent-street. I remember that we tossed up whether we should lay our railway between Pimlico and Pentonville, or Brixton and Kew. I proposed the former, on account of the palace patronage, and won the toss. It was fair enough to say that Mr. Brunel had seen no engineering difficulties whatever, for he never saw the line, or any body connected with it. That idea was Tigg's. He is a first-rate man of business."

I further inquired what would be done with the deposits already paid into Messrs. Omnium and Co.'s hands; and learnt with some satisfaction that the public had solved that difficulty by having all followed my example.

"I fancy, sir, that similar operations to those I have just described, have been and will be repeated very often during the last quarter of the year 1845; and if you think you can serve or entertain your readers by placing before them this simple passage in the life of a speculating tailor, you will add considerably to my social position at the Stingo, when it is known that I have the honour of being a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

SIMON SCRIMGEOUR,

Second cutter to Messrs. Galashiels and Tartan, inventors of the Cowes Coatoon, patronised by all the corpulent members of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. LIII.

MISS HARRINGTON knew very little of the environs of Rome. She had on one occasion driven far enough to indulge herself with a ramble among the arches of the magnificent aqueduct, but this had been her only distant excursion, and this she knew had not led her in a direction which it was at all likely Mr. Edward Roberts would follow on the present occasion; she therefore felt no particular eagerness to look out of the window in order to ascertain in what direction she was going, but listened patiently to the voice of common sense, which told her that go which way they would, they must seek the habitation of man, both for the purpose of changing horses and obtaining food.

Whenever this should happen, Bertha knew that she had one great advantage over her companion, namely, that she spoke Italian with great facility, it having been made one of her earliest studies, while she greatly doubted if he could make himself understood.

Another advantage of which she was likewise fully sensible, was that the enterprize she had before her was of much easier accomplishment than his, inasmuch as there was less difficulty in getting back to Rome, when only one stage from it, than in reaching Gretna Green from the same spot.

Notwithstanding her courageous patience, however, the stage did appear a very long one, and at one moment the lady so nearly raised herself sufficiently to look out of the window, that the gentleman made a corresponding movement on his side to get the cloak ready to throw over her if she did.

"Time and the hour," however, brought them to the place where the horses were to be changed, and Bertha very stoutly made up her mind that she would not go any further. When the carriage stopped therefore, she sat very particularly still, and once again began reading her letter. Edward looked at her, and at the window next her, and perceiving that both were just as they ought to be, set himself to perform the unavoidable business of paying the postilions. Had he been more in the habit of running away with ladies without consulting them upon the subject, he would probably have paid them before he set out, or it might have occurred to him that a courier would have been a very useful appendage; as it was, however, he was under the painful necessity of paying the boys himself, and thankful was he, as he let down the window for the purpose, that his companion seemed so little disposed to be troublesome.

Bertha was right in supposing that Mr. Edward Roberts was no great proficient in speaking the Italian language, but she was wrong if she thought that he could not do it at all. Had this been the case he probably would not have ventured upon attempting to carry through his enterprize without the assistance of a servant. But having only a scanty store of money, and a very great opinion of his own cleverness, he

learned by heart the rate of posting, the usual amount for the *buono mano*, and the value of the current coin, and thought that with the aid of his own peculiar sharp-wittedness, it would do very well.

When the boys drew near the window, Edward again sent a furtive glance into the corner, but Bertha was sitting in the most languid and quiescent attitude possible.

Edward then rehearsed the amount of their claim as distinctly as he could, and one of the lads uttered a few words in reply, to which Edward replied, "*Non so.*"

"He is asking you for more money," said Bertha, without moving an inch, and in too quiet a tone to be at all alarming.

"I have given them the right sum," replied Edward, seeming to ~~for-~~ get in the anxiety concerning this financial transaction, the rather peculiar circumstances under which he was travelling.

"Tell him that he must give you a crown more," said Bertha, in Italian to the post-boy, and giving him at the same time a good humoured little nod, which, while it propitiated the boy, was still further calculated by its air of smiling indifference to lull the suspicions of Edward.

Upon this hint the two post-boys began to be gaily clamorous, and when the disconcerted young man attempted to draw up the glass, the foremost of them put his hand upon it to prevent him.

"You must give it him," said Bertha, in the same easy tone, and then without changing her voice or her attitude, she said to the boys, much in the tone she might have used if remonstrating with them. "*Ecco amici!* He is a mean wretch who is running off with me against my will because I am very rich. Save me from him, and you shall have fifty Napoleons each."

"How? what?" they both exclaimed in the same breath with true Italian vivacity.

"They are getting into a passion," said Bertha, addressing Edward but still keeping herself immovably still in her corner, and then added in Italian, "come round and open the door on my side, I will be in your arms in an instant, and fifty Napoleons shall be yours!"

The first set of horses were taken off the carriage, and the second were not yet put on. The two lads passed under the pole in an instant, in another the door on Bertha's side was opened, and Bertha, according to promise, was in the arms of her deliverers.

Edward sprang out after her, but she clung with all her strength to the lad who had caught her, while his companion very manfully kept Edward at a distance.

"Is there no one who speaks French here?" he exclaimed, in the language he named, and which he really gabbled very fluently. "Is there nobody can understand me while I explain to them that this unhappy young lady is my sister and is insane? She has made her escape from her keepers, and I am now conveying her back to her wretched mother."

"Take me to the police," cried Bertha, firmly, "let them send for a physician to decide whether I am mad or not."

"It will be barbarous if you detain her," said Edward, in French, addressing himself to the most decent-looking person in the crowd that was already assembling round them, and who was the only one there who

appeared to understand him. "Think of the misery of her poor mother," he added, in a piteous voice, and again making an effort to seize her.

The man to whom she clung, resisted this attempt by giving Edward a pretty sharp blow on his head, upon which the decent-looking stranger interfered, saying in Italian that let which would be right, and which wrong, it was not fitting to beat a strange gentleman about in that way, and that he feared mischief might come of it; adding that the safest course would be not to interfere at all, but to let the gentleman take care of the lady, as he was doubtless the fit person to do so.

The frightened post-boy disengaged himself from Bertha's arms, and ~~slunk~~ away, for the speaker was one of the greatest men in the country, and steward moreover to a cardinal.

In another moment Bertha would have been in the undisputed power of the young villain who had carried her off, but in the instant that intervened between her being thrown off by the post-boy, and seized in the grasp of Edward, she espied an old man just emerging from a by-path into the high road, whose dress proclaimed him to be a priest.

With the speed of lightning she darted towards him, and dropping on her knees at his feet, she exclaimed, "Save me, my father, save me from the villany of that young man, who is carrying me off by force, in order to marry me against my will, and get possession of my fortune."

The venerable priest extended his hand to raise her, and then looked round him upon the crowd, who had already followed Bertha, as if for explanation of the words she had spoken.

"What does all this mean?" said the good man. "Where does this young lady come from?"

"From a mad-house, father," replied the man, to whom Edward had again and again repeated the same story. "This young gentleman is her brother, and only wants to take her back to her friends. Their mother, he says, will be in a desperate fright till she gets her back again, and it is likely enough she will."

"Reverend father, I am not mad," said Bertha, with the same admirable composure and presence of mind, which she had shown from the very first moment that she discovered her situation; "but even if that young man's story were true, it would not be proper for me to be dragged thus across the country without the decent care of a female attendant, and in the charge of a person so ignorant as not to be able to make himself understood by the post-boys that drive him."

"There is reason in that, at any rate, Father Mark," said one of the standers by, "nor does there seem to be any thing like madness in the manner in which the young lady says it."

"I do assure you I am not mad," said Bertha, in reply, and looking at the person who had spoken with a sort of friendly smile. "But if that is not true, I can tell you what is," she continued, in the same quiet tone, "my father is a very rich man, and I am his only child."

As all this was spoken in Italian, Edward understood not a word of it, and quite at a loss to guess what was going on, he could only repeat in French.

"Don't believe one single word of what she says; she is raving mad,

quite raving mad, as I am ready to swear before a magistrate. Take care that you don't believe her, for she is telling you nothing but lies."

"Do you understand Italian, young man?" said the priest, speaking in that language.

Edward stared at him but did not answer.

"Why do you not answer me?" said the priest in French, and in a tone that seemed to express displeasure at his silence.

"Do not be angry with me for that, good sir," replied Edward, with very much humility. "I did not answer, because I did not understand you."

"You mean to say that you do not understand Italian?" said Father Mark.

"No, sir, I do not understand a word of it," replied the confused Edward.

"Then if you do not know what this young lady says, how can you be sure that she is telling lies?" said the old man.

"Because she is the greatest liar that ever lived," replied Edward, colouring.

"Then she is a sad, wicked girl, young man," replied the priest, "and should be both punished and admonished. But, perhaps it may be a family failing, and as you are so very nearly related to her, it may not be quite safe to believe all you say. I am the curate of this parish, young gentleman, and as your sister, as you call her, has put herself under my protection, I will assist you, if you please, in taking her back to her friends. Here, boys, bring out your horses, we will all go on together."

Embarrassed greatly beyond the power of even attempting to extricate himself, Edward stood as still as if the old man's words had been a spell to fix him on the spot, and the nearest approach he made towards recovering himself, was the putting his hand to his forehead, to assist him in the act of deciding what he was to do next.

The idea of proceeding with his elopement, encumbered with the presence of a venerable priest, whom he was aware it would be difficult to persuade that he would do well to unite him in holy matrimony to the lady whom he had just offered to swear was his sister, was not to be dwelt upon for a moment. No! not even though he were to declare that they were both Roman Catholics, could he see any hope of turning this threatened companion to profit. Besides, the unfortunate youth, all bewildered as he was, felt convinced that if he persisted in going on, they should certainly not proceed a great many miles towards Scotland without some very troublesome remonstrances on the part of the old gentleman. Must he then abandon his enterprize? The figure of his princely creditor seemed to rise before him as he stood; and his excited fancy caused him to start, much as he might have done, had the kicking he so confidently anticipated, been already applied.

The horses approached—they were fastened to the carriage—the post-boys mounted—and a civil horseboy let down the steps of the vehicle for Bertha to mount. She immediately prepared to do so, merely saying to the priest as a preliminary, "You have promised, holy father, to come with me."

"I have, my daughter, and I will keep my word," said the good man,

who though old, and a priest, had something of drollery in his look and manner, as he said to the disconsolate Edward, "Now then, young gentleman, be pleased to tell us, in your best French, which way the boys are to drive, in order to reach the residence of the distressed lady, your mother, with as little delay as possible."

"Let them drive to the devil," said the heir of the Robertses, in very plain English, and then stepping into the carriage, because he felt it to be utterly impossible at that moment to dispose of his person in any other manner, he began letting down and drawing up the window with great violence.

Notwithstanding the strange, and by no means agreeable position in which she found herself, it was positively not without some difficulty that Bertha prevented herself from laughing; and when Father Mark, turning towards her, gravely inquired what orders the young gentleman had given, she could not resist the temptation of translating his words literally, adding, however, with becoming sedateness, that if the reverend father would have the kindness to take her instructions instead, she would recommend that they should immediately return to Rome.

"Be it so, my daughter," said Father Mark. "I believe that with all your madness, you will be the safer guide. To what part of Rome would you go, young lady? Is it true that you have a mother in Italy?"

This question effectually restored the gravity of poor Bertha, and for a moment, she too was at a loss as to what orders she should give. At length, however, she remembered, like a rational little creature as she was, that she had nothing to trust to, that could enable her to escape from what was still a very embarrassing situation, but her own common sense and prompt decision, and she therefore turned to the good father, with something in her look and voice, that spoke more plainly of her bereavement, than she had then leisure to do in words, and said,

"No, father, no; but I am not friendless. Here is the address of a relation, into whose hands I beg you will consign me," and as she spoke, she drew from her pocket the letter of Vincent, which contained the name of the hotel at which he was lodged.

"That is a much frequented hotel, young lady," said the priest, on hearing this address. "Have you been living there?"

"No," replied Bertha, colouring deeply as she remembered that all she knew of the place whither she desired to be taken, was that three young men of her acquaintance were lodging there.

"Then, wherefore, my child, should you wish to go to so very public a house of reception?" inquired Father Mark. "Why not return to the friends from whom you say this young man has violently withdrawn you?"

"Because they are *his* friends, and not *mine*," returned Bertha eagerly; "because his mother assisted in this wicked act, and that I know I should not be safe in her hands."

The good man began to feel the weight of the responsibility he was bringing upon himself. The story seemed alarmingly improbable, and he hesitated.

Bertha saw it, and would have trembled, like all previous heroines under similar circumstances, had she not been sustained by the strong matter-of-fact sort of persuasion, that young Mr. Edward Roberts would find it quite impossible to convert her into Mrs. Edward Roberts against

her will. She looked at Father Mark's vexed and harassed expression of countenance, nevertheless, with some anxiety, and said,

"If your kindness, holy father, will induce you to go back with me to Rome, the friend to whose care I wish you to consign me, will easily satisfy you as to his right to undertake the charge."

"It is a gentleman, then, my child, to whom you wish to go?" returned the old man, knitting his reverend brows. "Tell me what relation does he bear to you?"

"He is my cousin, father," replied Bertha, blushing violently.

"And of what age?" said the priest.

"I don't know," replied Bertha, without looking at him.

The two post-boys looked at each other and laughed. An extremely respectable-looking, middle-aged female, who, seeing the priest in the crowd, had ventured to join it, shook her head very expressively, and walked away, and other women, less decorous in their appearance and behaviour, whispered together and tittered.

"It is impossible, daughter, quite impossible," said Father Mark, making a step or two backwards, "that I should take charge of a young lady upon the high road in this way, and then take her to a public hotel, and place her in the hands of a cousin, who, for any thing I know, may be as young as herself, merely because she tells me that she should like to go to him. Upon my word," he added, looking round to the good people who had been so much more amused than edified by Bertha's proposal, "upon my word, though I am very sorry to say it, I think your proposal does look a little as if you were not in your right mind."

He was immediately answered by a buzz, made up of such words as "*si, si, sicuro*," and the like, all indicating the inclination of the parishioners, who were gathered round him, to agree with him in this opinion.

Edward, meanwhile, was not altogether idle. For the first minute or two after he had re-entered the carriage, he resigned himself to his position in hopeless despair of mending it, but the length of the discussion which followed suggested itself the idea that Miss Bertha might not have every thing her own way yet, and having noted the retreating movement of the priest, he sprang from the carriage again, and with great vehemence and volubility, repeated the statement he had before given, earnestly conjuring the puzzled old man to believe him, and adding, with a very ominous shake of the head, "That he knew not what he might bring upon himself by such unwarrantable interference."

"You are the strangest boy and girl that ever I chanced to meet with," said the priest. "Sure enough, it is likely a man, though he were ten times a curate, may get into a scrape if he meddles with what does not concern him, and worse still if he ventures to pass judgment upon matters that he does not understand. The young man talks of taking you to his mother, young lady, and whether she be his mother or yours, or, as he is ready to swear, the mother of both, it sounds at any rate like a more decent proposal than your own, which, truth to say, seems nothing better than desiring to be taken to a public hotel, and given over to the protection of a young cousin. For had he been an old one, you would have been sure to have said so."

"Let them go as they come, Father Mark," said the best dressed man of the whole circle that had gathered round them. "No blame, you know,

can follow that, for they are but heretics after all. But the blessed saints only know what may come of your taking away a beautiful young lady from one gentleman and handing her over to another."

"By Saint Antonio, signor, I am afraid you say true," returned the alarmed father. "If they were true, faithful, and believing servants of his Holiness," and here he crossed himself, "it would be quite a different matter. But as it is, I should be in great danger of doing more wrong than right by interfering."

And having thus spoken, he deliberately turned round and began to walk away.

"Stay, father!" cried Bertha, stepping rapidly but not vehemently after him, "as I have failed to make you understand the propriety of my being conveyed to the only relation I have in Rome, let me ask you if you are happy enough to know the holy Father Maurizio, of the Santa Consolazione?"

"Do I know him, my daughter?" returned Father Mark, suddenly turning back. "Instead of answering your question, let me ask you the same, do *you* know him?"

"Yes, father, I do. It is to the convent of the Santa Consolazione that I now implore you to take me," said Bertha, solemnly, "and he will thank you for the service, better than I can do it myself."

"You are known to the holy Father Maurizio, of the Santa Consolazione?" cried Father Mark, again. "That makes all the difference in the world, my daughter."

"Young man," he added, approaching Edward, who had placed himself at the side of Bertha, and seemed ready to seize upon her, "young man, if you will take my advice you will return to Rome by the public diligence, which will change horses here in about half an hour; and I will undertake to place this young lady in such protection as none of her friends can object to."

And so saying, he courteously presented his hand to the well-pleased Bertha, who, gratefully accepting it, mounted the carriage, and had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the venerable priest follow her, and settle himself in the place which the blooming Edward had occupied before. In another moment the door was closed upon them, the whips cracked, and they set off full gallop for Rome.

CHAP. LIV.

THE distance between the little village where the foregoing scenes took place, and the gates of Rome was not great, but long before it had been passed over by Bertha and her reverend companion, the most perfect and pleasant good intelligence was established between them.

Father Mark was a kind-hearted old man, and by no means deficient in intelligence; but it is difficult to find within half-a-dozen leagues of the Vatican any ecclesiastic of Father Mark's rank, whose first thoughts and movements upon any sudden emergency are not actuated by the same species of feeling which produced the often-quoted exclamation, "*What would Mrs. Grundy say to this?*"

The happy thought, however, which caused Bertha to name the well-known and highly-reverenced Father Maurice, as the person under whose care she desired to place herself, had furnished in her case the most satis-

factory reply ; it was quite impossible to doubt that Mrs. Grundy and all her household would be sure to approve whatever was done in so venerable a name, and the good Father Mark's spirits being soothed by it into a state of perfect tranquillity, he became equally able and willing to appreciate the truth of poor Bertha's painful narrative, and the good sense and presence of mind which had enabled her to exchange, the protection of Mr. Edward Roberts for that of so respectable an individual as himself.

Having thus satisfactorily rescued her from all the pains and perils incident to such an adventure as that of which our gallant young Englishman had made her the heroine, we may leave her for awhile in order to follow our more legitimate heroine, Mrs. Roberts, on her return to Rome after she had performed her part of it.

Had Luigi Mondorlo, Miss Harrington's valet-de-place, been of the party, the sudden transferring of that young lady's person from her own carriage to that of the bold Edward, would probably not have been so easily achieved; for in all the evil which this sagacious Italian had invented and propagated respecting her, there was not the slightest shade of ill will; on the contrary, he thought her one of the most charming *signorinas* he had ever seen in his life, and the fact of such transmission being against her will, which was made manifest by the melodramatic circumstance of the muffling mantle, would have been fully sufficient to have roused the Roman spirit of Luigi to attempt her rescue.

But with her coachman it was quite a different affair : with him she had literally never exchanged a single word. He was a taciturn personage, of no very prepossessing appearance, who had constantly received his orders from the lips, and his wages from the hands of Luigi, and who took little more part in the scene which followed when his carriage was met by that of Edward than an automaton might have done.

He evidently thought it was some gallant adventure, in which he had no concern, and it was only when Mrs. Roberts, very unnecessarily, displayed a piece of gold between her fingers, as she made a sign to him that he was to come down from his box, and close the carriage-door upon her, a ceremony which none of poor Bertha's already departed *cortège* had thought it necessary to perform, it was only then that he began to feel the slightest interest in the affair.

And even then, though he promptly obeyed the signal, performed the services required, and received his reward, he mounted his box again, and drove the lady back to her lodgings with precisely the same degree of indifference that he had driven her from them.

His month's wages had been paid him in advance ; he had already received an intimation from Luigi that his services would not be required when that term was over, and therefore the young lady's driving off with the young gentleman, either with or without her consent, was a circumstance much too unimportant to arouse any feeling whatever.

He was not in love with the young lady, and he was therefore not jealous of the young gentleman, so what *could* he find to interest him in the adventure?

The Roman people of the present day are marvellously little given to meddling with matters which do not concern them.

Mrs. Roberts looked radiantly triumphant as she mounted the stairs to

her drawing-room. She had been a little anxious about getting home before her daughters, because, proud as she was of her own share in the transaction, as well as of the glorious success which had attended it, she did not quite like that any body should know that it was *she*, who, in the first instance, had run off with the young lady. But all anxiety on this score was removed, the moment she perceived that it was a female who opened the door for her. Had the young ladies returned, the man-servant would have returned with them, and as next to attending the carriage, his most strenuously enjoined duty was to make himself visible the moment the door of their dwelling was unclosed, she instantly felt herself relieved from the only uneasy feeling that interfered with her perfect contentment. Her first act on entering her drawing-room was to throw herself into an arm-chair, clasp her hands, and piously exclaim, "Thank God, that's done!"

And then she got up, and looked in the glass to see that her curls were not deranged in consequence of the slight flick she had received from the corner of the cloak as it had been thrown over Bertha by the spirited hand of her dear son. But she found herself looking exceedingly well, and quite as a lady ought to do who was mother-in-law to an heiress. And then, feeling rather thirsty, she unlocked the cupboard, and presented herself with a small tumbler full of Ovietto, after taking which she felt greatly refreshed, and immediately set about doing all that was proper and right under the circumstances.

In the first place she went to the door of Bertha's room, and knocked at it repeatedly, quite loudly enough for the solitary maid-servant to hear her. She might, perhaps, have thought it judicious to address some inquiries to this grim-looking performer of all work, could she have managed to make herself understood in the same admirable manner that she had done in Paris, but this being beyond her power, she contented herself with making her reiterated knockings at the door of Bertha, audible to the whole house, and then she sought her dozing husband in the little room allotted to him, where she pretty well knew she should find him engaged in sleeping away the last tedious hour before dinner.

Nor was she disappointed; there he was, poor man, seated upon one rush-bottomed chair, with his heels on another, a silk pocket-handkerchief over his head, to keep off the attacks of the flies, his large fingers, with very dirty nails, interlaced upon his stomach, and though not quite asleep, as near to it as he could possibly contrive to get, his whole appearance being as little in accordance with the flashy finery of his race, as it is well possible to imagine.

"Roberts! Roberts!" vociferated his gayer half; "for Heaven's sake, don't lay up snoring there any longer, when there are such strange things going on in the house! Get up, I tell you, this very minute. What do you think has happened, my dear?"

"Happened!" replied the poor nervous gentleman, pulling the handkerchief off his head, and dropping his heels upon the ground, "happened, wife? There is nobody come for money, is there?"

Mrs. Roberts laughed aloud.

"Are you not grown into a perfect curmudgeon, Roberts?" said she, "you are for ever living in a fright about money, when you know very well, let the things go as much against us as they will, I have always taken care that nothing really bad should come of it."

"Then nothing particular *has* happened?" he returned. "Thank God!"

"Yes, you stupid man, but there *has* though, and something that I have long told you would happen, though nobody but a fairy could say exactly *when*. Your son, Mr. Roberts, *has* eloped with the daughter of Sir Christopher Harrington."

"The devil he *has*!" exclaimed the old gentleman, looking one third-frightened, and two-thirds pleased. "Well, I am sure I can't help it. Boys and girls will be making love if they are thrown together. Her family and friends chose to send her amongst us. It was no doing of mine. I couldn't help Edward being so handsome, you know."

"No, my dear," replied his wife, "of course you couldn't; but it will make a great noise, you may be sure of that. However, it can't do us any thing but good any way. I always observe that it turns out to the advantage of girls, when any accident calls all eyes upon them. Every body is wanting to dance with them, and to talk to them. It is just the sort of thing to get them on."

"God grant it, my dear," replied the affectionate father. "I am sure—"

But before he could finish the sentence, his two daughters entered the room, so gaily attired, and looking, as he thought, so very much like ladies of high fashion, that his long-depressed spirits became suddenly elevated, and he exclaimed,

"Well, my dear Sarah, I should not wonder after all, if every thing turned out just as you have said."

"There would be a great deal more cause to wonder, Mr. Roberts, if it did not prove so," she replied, "I know myself, sir, though sometimes, I am sorry to say, it is plain enough that you do not know me. However, we will not begin quarrelling about that now."

And then, with a very becoming degree of gravity, she informed her daughters of the event which had taken place.

"Eloped, has she?" said Agatha, with an expressive sneer. "I always suspected that there was something at the bottom of all her pretended disdain. Edward is a very handsome fellow, and as peculiarly elegant and fashionable, as she is the reverse. I dare say the reason of her constant ill-humour was that she was always jealous of him. I am not at all surprised at this termination of the affair."

"What a fellow Edward is, mamma!" exclaimed Maria, with an air of great exultation. "He always said, you know, that he could marry her whenever he pleased, and I am sure he has proved that his words were true."

Altogether, the Roberts family might fairly be said to have reconciled themselves to the event before their dinner was ended; and the three ladies were sitting in full talk together during the easy hour which always preceded the solemn business of the evening toilet, when the drawing-door was thrown open, and "Mr. Vincent" announced.

The party with which he had been associated when last they had met, was still, notwithstanding all that had passed since, too interesting for either of the young ladies to behold him without a visible start, and a change of complexion which showed plainly enough that Baden-Baden and its Balcony House were not forgotten.

Nor was Mrs. Roberts herself unmoved by the unexpected appearance

of Mr. Vincent. His relationship to the young lady of whom she had just disposed in a manner so little likely to be approved by her family, did certainly for a moment or two make her feel rather uncomfortable, and she rose up, and sat down again in a style which plainly showed that she did not feel quite at her ease.

It was Agatha, as might, indeed, have been reasonably expected, who was the first to recover her composure sufficiently to address their visitor.

"How do, Mr. Vincent?" said she, in her latest lisp, and with her newest finish of pretty negligence. "Where are your two friends fled to? Have you actually lost them altogether?"

"No, Miss Roberts," he replied, "they are still with me. We are all at the same hotel. They will both, I am sure, take an early opportunity of paying their compliments to you; but to two such ardent spirits, the first entering Rome has something so overpowering in it that every other feeling seems suspended till the first salaams have been made to its marble magnates. Had I not been peculiarly anxious, from accidental causes, to inquire for the health and welfare of my young cousin, Miss Harrington, I, too, might at this moment perhaps be standing to gaze at the effects of this fine moonlight night on the Coliseum. Permit me to beg, Mrs. Roberts, that she may be told I am here."

During the whole of this speech Mrs. Roberts had been very sensibly telling herself that it was no good to get frightened, and that there was nothing for it but to put a bold face upon the matter, she therefore endeavoured to look exceedingly facetious as she replied, "As to sending a message to your cousin Bertha, Mr. Vincent, it is not quite so easily done as said. I wash my hands of the whole business. Those who sent her into a family where there was so captivating a man as Edward, must answer for the mischief, if mischief it is; but the fact is, Mr. Vincent, that your cousin eloped with my son this very morning."

Mr. Vincent changed colour, but replied with a very respectable degree of composure and self-command, "I am happy, Mrs. Roberts, to have it in my power to assure you that an event which, if it *could* have taken place, you would have such serious reason to deplore, has not occurred. I have myself seen my cousin, Miss Harrington, driving very composedly about the streets of Rome this morning, but I lost sight of her carriage before I could overtake it. Pray tell me what can have suggested to you the idea of an elopement?"

"Why, where is she, sir? The thing is obvious," replied Mrs. Roberts, with rather a scornful smile. "We have seen plainly enough, all of us, how the thing was likely to end. The young lady has been passionately in love with my son for months, and I am sure I don't know how we were to prevent it. For a great while she managed to deceive us all completely, but since we have been in Rome, she has been less cautious, and it was impossible not to see what was going on."

Poor Vincent began to be dreadfully terrified. The vehemence of his cousin's love for Mr. Roberts, junior, did not indeed alarm him much; but the more audaciously Mrs. Roberts lied on this point, the more strongly he suspected that some most atrocious villany had been practised against the unfortunate and unprotected Bertha. For one short moment a feeling of indignant rage had nearly overpowered him, and had the proclaimer of Bertha's passionate love for Mr. Edward been a

male instead of a female, it is probable that not all his philosophy would have sufficed to prevent his forgetting the decorum befitting a gentleman. Even as it was, however, he was instantly conscious that the species of emotion which had rushed through his whole frame while listening to Mrs. Roberts's statement, must be as useless to poor Bertha as degrading to himself, and by a strong effort he succeeded in assuming an aspect of very dignified composure as he said, "In what manner, ma'am, were you made acquainted with this elopement? It must have taken place after I saw Miss Harrington leave St. Peter's this morning."

Mrs. Roberts would have been very much less embarrassed had the cousin of her intended daughter-in-law given way to the rage he had so powerfully struggled to subdue. She would vastly have preferred a box on the ear to the temperate question which he had now asked. In fact, it was a question by no means easy for her to answer.

In what manner had she become acquainted with the elopement?

If her own dear girls, if even poor dear drowsy Mr. Roberts himself, had asked the same question, she would have felt a good deal at a loss how to answer it. She did not mean to tell any body that in the first instance it was she herself who had eloped with the young lady; and if she had made an exception in favour of any one, it certainly would not have been Mr. Vincent. In short, that happened to her now which had never happened to her before. She remained silent, because she could not find a word to say.

Mr. Vincent repeated his question, and then Mrs. Roberts took out her pocket-handkerchief, and having wept behind its shelter for a minute or two, she said, "I do think, Mr. Vincent, that you are treating me in a most impertinent and extraordinary manner! What right, sir, have you to come here bullying me because a young lady has thought proper to fall in love with my son, and run away with him? All I know is, that I have seen a great deal going on that I would not have suffered for a single instant in my own girls, but Irish young ladies, I suppose, are brought up differently. However, as to my knowing about it, all I know is, that the young lady went out early this morning, and is not yet returned—I know also that Edward is nowhere to be found, and what can I, or any body else think, who has seen them together as I have done, but that they have eloped."

Mr. Vincent looked at her steadfastly for a moment, and then replied, "I, too, have seen them together, Mrs. Roberts; and I tell you plainly and sincerely, madam, that I do not believe my cousin has eloped with your son." That it may be his purpose, and yours also, that she should become his wife, is highly probable, and it must be my object to prevent you from succeeding in this."

Mrs. Roberts now found herself precisely in the position of a sharply-hunted animal, whose only resource is to turn and stand at bay; and her spirit was not of a quality to shrink from doing so.

"What excessive nonsense you are talking, Mr. Vincent," said she, in a tone of the very coolest defiance. "I really had conceived a much higher idea of your understanding than it appears to deserve. I should be excessively sorry to be guilty of the very least rudeness to any one connected with our dear Bertha, who, notwithstanding this little imprudence, I shall receive with all the affection of a mother—but I really must take the freedom of telling you that I think your language exceedingly

impertinent, and that the sooner you go out of my house the better I shall be pleased."

"It may be so, madam," replied Vincent, very quietly, "but I cannot release you from the annoyance of my presence till you have been pleased to communicate all you know respecting the movements of your son."

"Indeed, sir, I must say you are very troublesome," replied Mrs. Roberts, looking very proud and very scornful. "The connexion between our families can in no degree excuse it. Agatha, my dear, though this gentleman has degraded himself by being a tutor till he has quite forgotten what good manners are, I will not, for our dear Bertha's sake, actually turn him out of doors. But really you and Maria must immediately go and dress. The dear princess will never forgive us if we are too late; so go, dear loves, and get dressed, and I will follow the example as soon as Mr. Vincent will have the kindness to release me."

"Good gracious, mamma!" cried Maria, with much feeling, "there is nothing in the whole world that would vex me so much as our quarrelling with any of dear Bertha's relations. Why, my dear Mr. Vincent, should you think it necessary to quarrel with us because Edward and Bertha have fallen in love with each other? Is it not being very absurd?"

Vincent paused as if considering how he should reply. He was becoming more seriously alarmed every moment; and this amiable and conciliatory speech from the fair Maria was very far from lessening this painful feeling. It showed a sort of harmonious accord in the projects of the family that made him feel a sensation that almost approached to terror as he remembered how completely Bertha had been in their power. The having seen her but a few hours before was now his best source of hope; for let them have done what they would, it was impossible she could be at any great distance, and it was evident that his only chance of finding her lay in extracting all the information possible from those whom he doubted not knew all the circumstances connected with her disappearance. It was, therefore, with great civility that he assured Miss Maria of his not feeling the least wish to quarrel, but that he was very desirous of learning every particular relative to the unexpected circumstance to which she alluded.

But this restraint upon his feelings availed him little. Miss Maria had not the power of affording him any information, and her mother had not the will. So far, indeed, was she from uttering any thing calculated to throw light upon the mystery, she seemed to take peculiar pleasure in exaggerating every falsehood she thought most likely to torment him. She very shrewdly suspected the real state of poor Vincent's carefully concealed feelings towards his cousin, and ceased not to reduplicate her assurances that *nothing* could have turned "poor dear Bertha" from her passionate attachment to Edward. "In fact," she said, "nothing but *that* would ever have put the notion of marrying her into dear Edward's head."

It was just as she pronounced these words, and at the very moment when the patience of Vincent was about to give way before his vehement indignation, that the door of the room was suddenly opened, and the pale face of the discomfited Edward made visible.

CHAP. LV.

It is by no means improbable that the sight of Mr. Vincent might have caused a retrograde movement on the part of the young adventurer, had the powerfully excited feelings of his athletic parent permitted it; but any such measure was rendered impossible by her springing towards him with out-stretched arms, and seizing upon his two shoulders with a very effective gripe as she exclaimed, "In the name of Heaven, boy, what brings you back again?"

If ever a human being did or could look like a whipped cur, the unlucky Edward Roberts certainly displayed the resemblance at that moment: nor did the manner in which he was greeted by his devoted mother in any degree tend to lessen it. In the extremity of her astonishment and disappointment she seemed totally to overlook the presence of the stranger, and began her agonised interrogatories very much as if they had been alone.

The poor boy literally trembled from head to foot, yet, nevertheless, he endeavoured to bully his mother, bidding her mind her own business, and not meddle with what she did not understand.

"Not understand it, you villain!" she exclaimed, "not understand it? Who should understand it," she continued, shaking him violently, "if I don't?"

"For Heaven's sake, ma'am, let us be alone, if you please, before you attack my brother in this way," said Agatha. "If their carriage has broken down, or any thing of that sort has happened, it is no good for you to fly at him about it. Come with me, Edward, and tell me where you have left your young wife, and all about it."

This presence of mind on the part of Agatha produced an immediate and powerful effect on her mother and brother. The former relaxed her hold, and began to laugh at her own nervous vehemence, while the latter made a very manly struggle to overcome his dismay, and replied to his sister by saying lightly, nay, almost gaily, "Oh! you need not be uneasy about Bertha, my dear Agatha, I can satisfy you about her by a single word."

"But you must first satisfy me, if you please," said Vincent, seizing the youth by his arm as he was about to repass the door. "I quit you not till you tell me where you have concealed my cousin, Miss Harrington. Speak, sir, this instant,—where is she?"

"If you were to claw me ten times more like a bear than you do," replied Edward, "I could not content you. I'll be d—d if I know where she is. Gone to the devil I hope. Take your hand off, Mr. Vincent. It is cowardly to hold me because you think you are stronger than I am."

"Speak but as truly concerning my cousin," returned Vincent, removing his hand, "and you shall receive no further injury from me. Where have you taken her? Where have you left her?"

"It was she who left me," returned young Roberts, knitting his brows, and trying to look fierce.

"Mr. Roberts," said Vincent, "I am willing to believe that you have only committed a folly from which you were ready to desist as soon as you found that you had misunderstood the feelings of Miss Harrington.

Tell me where she is, and I pledge my word that neither you nor your family shall ever be troubled on the subject more."

"And I would tell you, sir, as soon as look at you, if I had the means to know," replied Edward, "but, as I hope to be saved, I no more know where she is than you do."

Of the truth of this assertion Vincent entertained not the slightest doubt. There are many persons who have a sort of instinct for knowing when truth is spoken to them, and he was one of them. He immediately acknowledged this conviction by saying, "I have no doubt, sir, that you are telling me the truth. Yet there must be circumstances concerning Miss Harrington's manner of leaving you which it would be important for me to know. Do not force me to insist upon your communicating these, but as a matter of courtesy tell me at once all you know about her."

Vincent had touched the right chord. The unlucky youth felt himself so bothered and bruised by all his recent adventures, that the civility with which Mr. Vincent now addressed him soothed him into a much more amiable tone of mind than he had been in for some days past, and he replied, courteously enough, "Upon my honour and word, Mr. Vincent, I have not the very least idea in the world where she is. It is no good going over the whole thing again from the beginning. I suppose I must have been mistaken in fancying that she liked me so much as I thought she did. Or it might be, you know, that when we were fairly off, she might have felt frightened about her father. But at any rate it is quite certain that after we had got one stage out of Rome she took it into her head that she had rather not go any further; but of course, you know, I was too much in love with her to turn round and drive her back again the moment she asked me, and so I told her. And then she told me that whether I liked it or not, she *would* go back; and while we were arguing the point, which was just as we were stopping to change horses, she put her head out of the carriage window and called to an old priest who was passing, and began jabbering away in Italian with him, a great deal faster than I could understand, but I found at last that she had begged him to take care of her back to Rome, and back to Rome she came; but where he has taken her I have no more notion than you have."

Here Mr. Edward Roberts ceased, and Mr. Vincent began to ponder his words. There was a good deal of what he had uttered that he did not believe, having pretty good reason to know, for instance, that it was quite impossible the young gentleman should ever have been deceived for an instant as to the real amount of Miss Harrington's affection for him; but he had nevertheless very perfect faith in his assurance of ignorance as to her present situation: and though this uncertainty rendered him very wretched, he derived considerable consolation from believing that the individual to whom she had intrusted herself was respectable, both from his age and profession. Again and again he made the now docile Edward recapitulate his statement; nor did he leave him, and his very gloomy looking mother and sisters, till he had convinced himself that no further information could possibly be obtained from them. And then he went back to his hotel in miserable uncertainty of what was best to be done for the recovery of the precious being whom he now felt he ought never to have lost sight of.

Before he reached his hotel he had made up his mind that he would set off post for the village at which young Roberts had told him they had changed horses, thinking it possible that he might there learn something of the priest who had been her companion ; but before horses could be put to Lord Lynberry's carriage, which he had no scruple of borrowing during the absence of its owner, he remembered that it was possible Bertha might have received his letter, containing his address, before her constrained departure from Rome, and if so, he felt persuaded, as he remembered all the proofs she had so innocently and frankly given of unbounded reliance upon him, that it was to him that she would have desired her reverend protector to restore her.

If these conjectures were well founded, the leaving Rome would be leaving her ; yet the remaining there in this lingering sort of uncertainty was more than he could bear, and after enduring a few more tormenting minutes of vacillation between the to go or not to go, he ordered the carriage to be put back, while he returned to the domicile of the Robertses, in order to ascertain, if possible, whether Bertha had received his letter or not.

He was rather startled, upon again entering their drawing-room, to perceive that though the party which occupied it was the same which he had left there about an hour before, their condition appeared to have undergone a very violent change. In one corner of the room Miss Maria was kneeling upon the floor in an agony of tears. On the sofa Miss Agatha was lying as if exhausted by great exertion, while the mother and son were standing near the middle of the room, having a table between them, and with an aspect and gestures which, joined to the raised tones he had caught as he approached, left no doubt on his mind of the disagreeable fact that they were in the act of quarrelling violently.

Under less pressing circumstances he would certainly have left the room without giving them time to perceive that he was in it ; but this was no moment for ceremony ; and hastily approaching Mrs. Roberts, without looking to the right or the left upon her disconsolate daughters, he said, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Roberts, nor will I detain you a moment if you can answer me this one question. Did my cousin Bertha receive a letter by the post before she left Rome ?"

"No—yes—I don't know," replied the unfortunate Mrs. Roberts, whose red face and distended eyes indicated too much agitation to render it worth-while to question her further : but Vincent was desperate, and appeared inclined to persevere in his inquiry, when Edward, who certainly desired no witness to what was going on between himself and his family, rendered any such perseverance needless by saying, shortly and distinctly, "Yes, Mr. Vincent, she did. She had the letter in her hand all the time we were together, and I don't believe she left off reading for a moment, so I can speak to that fact with certainty."

This prompt reply produced the desired effect. Mr. Vincent paused not to give another glance at the family group, but instantly left the room, and returned to his hotel, relieved at least from the misery of not knowing what line of conduct to decide upon. He not only decided upon remaining in Rome, but went to bed with a sort of feeling at his heart which made him very considerably less miserable than he had been before he entered the stormy drawing-room of the Robertses.

LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. XVIII.

THE BURNED SHEELING.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant these fourscore years.

Gloster. Away! Get thee away!—*KING LEAR.*

"WELL, Peter, after all, a runaway marriage is the thing."

"If ever the divil should persuade ye to slip your leg into the tangle off with ye to the Border," returned Captain Callaghan. "Lord! there's such fun in whisking off a woman! Helter skelter—hurry scurry—cursing innkeepers, blasting tollmen. If a chaise comes from a cross-road, fancying it's the father in pursuit—the lady fainting in the carriage—the maid groping for the smelling-bottle—you looking if the caps are on the marking-irons, and consulting John, upon the box, as to whether it would be better to shoot the off-side leader, or slip a bullet through the postilion. Then, when ye reach the public-house where you're to be made happy, finding the artist blind drunk in bed. He's wakened at last—the barmaid holds him up—he hiccups a benediction—a lame fiddler offers his congratulations, and away you drive to the inn, to make yourselves snug and merry. Down you sit—if it be after dinner—to a bottle of port, and the lady to write a penitential letter to her mother. Before you have bolted a pint of black-strap, or she has turned the second page, up rattles a post-chaise, and out comes an angry father. 'I am come for my daughter,' says he: after which remark you politely inquire, 'Don't you wish you may get her?' Then comes a grand trio: he hectors, you bluster, and she swoons. Enter the landlord, chambermaid, and boots—the first, to keep the peace, the second, to wind up the bride, and the third, to run for the constable. After thunder comes a calm. Papa begins to relent, and the lady begins to blubber. You make a speech; insinuate that he was once young himself, and fling yourself upon his humanity. Grand finale. Kiss, shake hands, order supper—out comes another cork—general peace proclaimed—and all again 'right as a trivet.'"

"I confess, my dear Peter, that the picture you have sketched of Border hymeneals is racy and exciting. One thing is certain, and that is, that in the marriage lottery you have drawn a prize."

"Oh! upon my conscience, Harry, I have no reason to complain. I left the settlement of my wife's fortune to the ould fellow, he took it as a compliment, and flung in five thousand more. He trates us dacently when we go to him; and, except when the wife catches me winking at the table-maid, or has a breeze with her mother-in-law, we get smooth enough on. One thing bothers us—the ould chap wants an heir to his estates; and, faith! it's long a coming. By the Lord! I have been thinking of taking her for a month or two to the ould country, and there's no saying what change of air, with fish and praties, might do."

As I strolled towards the hotel, I pondered on Peter's luck, and came to a conclusion that the benignant influences of Hymen's star are exclusively shed upon Irishmen. Why should I not imitate Captain Callaghan? But what was Crusoe without Friday? and where was I to find a Charley Ormsby? He was no longer an inhabitant of this fair, round earth; and, from Peter's repeated ejaculations touching the repose of his soul, the chances were that, for perjuries committed upon Penelope Winterton, like Hamlet's father, he was snug and warm in limbo—

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature
Were burnt and purged away.

No, no; a master-spirit, like an aloe-flower, was the production of an age; and another century might be required to produce another Charley Ormsby. Curtius might jump into a gravel-pit—Hercules skin a lion—and Van Amburgh dance the polka with a tigress—but would either of the three have trusted himself in the banker's garden with Penelope Winterton?

I abandoned all ideas of bankers' daughters and Gretna Green—declined watering-places—and, as my leave was rapidly expiring, I set out for Ireland, to retire from the trade of arms, and have a farewell *symposium* with my old companions. The regiment had changed quarters. I did not regret it; for my quondam friend and counsellor, Shawn Crughadore, had gone the way of all flesh.

I never met a being so original. His fancy was a singular one—to make the world believe he was cold, selfish, and indifferent, while, under the mask assumed, a heart surcharged with kindness was beating. The rapid insight with which he penetrated human character was astonishing; and any peculiarity, marked or trifling as it might be, was instantly detected, and turned to excellent account. I have met with reputed humorists; nine-tenths of what they uttered bore evidence of premeditation; but with honest Jack no effort was required; the difficulty was to repress the gushing of a fountain—boundless, inexhaustible. To tilt with him, was to interchange a pass or two, and receive a home stoccado in return; and yet the thrust was so exquisitely delivered, that the hurt—one laughed more than all the company besides. As a *raconteur* he was inimitable; eye, face, and mannerism, played the pantomime of his story, and his exquisite seasoning with idiomatic Irish, when colder Saxon was not sufficiently expressive, gave a point to the narration not easily imaginable. I have laughed at many an amusing companion, but I never heard a man who could tell a story but—Jack Bourke.

My friend and lieutenant was detached with the company at ———, and I started from head-quarters to pay both a farewell visit. Incautiously, I let the morning slip away, and it was two o'clock when I drove through the barrack-gate. The intended excursion was not very agreeable. I had twenty-four miles to accomplish; and every body knows that an Irish mile is measured by "a mad dog and a worsted string." The route was mountainous—the roads bad—the vehicle, a jaunting-car—the horse, an anatomical preparation, covered with skin—the driver, a living scarecrow—and, to top the whole, the country proclaimed.

For three mortal hours we toiled on, and at the end of that time had

barely traversed half the distance we had to go. An eternity of accidents interrupted the journey; one minute a trace went, and the next, we broke a buckle; a quarter of an hour was consumed at a forge in tacking on a shoe: and, at the conclusion of the operation, the driver modestly remarked that a couple of the others "would be better for a nail or two."

"Why, ye villain of the world;" I exclaimed, "do ye ever expect to reach Ballyraggett?"

Pat quietly turned round a face surcharged with arch expression, and replacing the *dudheine* he had been "drawing"* in the band of a *caw-been*, which no one but my friend George Cruikshank could pretend to draw.

"Aírah! what a plisant gintleman yer honor is! Rache Ballyraggett!—musha, by Gogstay! after I give the baste a little water at Corny Bryan's, wid a skitch o' male through it, the divil blister me af I'll be able to hould him, good nor bad, whin I face him at the hill. Has yer honor such a thing as a cobweb in yer throat? If ye have—such spe-rits ye niver tasted as ye'll get at Carrig-na-spidiogue—that's Corny's—and it's jist across the hill. Whoop! Go 'long, ye tulip! don't be afecard; we'll be at Corny's in a pig's whisper."

We reached the promised hostelrie. The horse had "the skitch of male," and Pat and I each turned down a glass of *potheeine*. On discharging the reckoning, my friend with the bad hat gave me an interesting specimen of Hibernian probity.

"What's to pay, Judy? Bad luck to yer manners! don't ye hear his honour spaken to ye, ye ould cannister?"

After making a mental calculation with the assistance of her fingers, Judy laid her damages at "two an' a hapeny."

"Two an a hapeny!" returned the driver, in a tone which seemed an echo of the lady hostess. "The divil blister the bit of the gintleman will be taken in, becaase he's a foreigner. Give her, yer honour, a couple of hogs. Bad luck to the *scallogae*, Judy, ye'll get no more."

I could not but smile at the scoundrel's cool assurance in protecting me from imposition. He struck a halfpenny from an account, which a jury of car-drivers would have limited to sixpence, and left an innkeeper's profit behind.

After toiling up a hill which seemed interminable, during which the danger apprehended from the meal and water fortunately did not occur, as the horse never evinced the slightest intention of running away, we commenced a long, circuitous descent which wound through a wild and savage moorland, here and there interspersed with bogs. Sometimes, miles intervened before the traveller met with a cabin—and a bleaker or more desolate line of country a wayfarer never traversed. On sweeping round a hill and emerging from a pass, we came suddenly on the intersection of four roads, and the gentleman with the bad hat reined in his "baste," an exploit that did not require any remarkable exhibition of muscular strength to accomplish.

"What the devil do you stop for?" was my interrogatory.

"Sorra thing," returned the Irish Jehu; "but to ask yer honour a bit of a question."

* *Anglice*—smoking.

"And could you not do that without pulling up that spavined hack?"

"Spavined hack!—arraah, how funny yer honour is. Didn't I give my good six-poun-tin for him—and feaks! if he has a spavin, the man didn't charge any thing additional for it, any how."

"But what do you wish to ask me, fellow?"

"Jist, yer honour, which of the three roads you would have a fancy for?"

"Get on, you scoundrel—it will be dusk in half an hour. Off with you to Ballyraggett!"

"Feaks! an I would do that same—af I only knew the way."

"Knew the way, you infernal ruffian! were you ignorant of the road, and yet had the audacity to drive me, a total stranger?"

"Oh, troth—I'll explain that to yer honour's satisfaction. Amn't I as well acquainted wid Ballybunnion, as I am wid Bannagher, where I was bred and borp—and, fait! Ballyraggett's so like Ballybunnion, that I mistook one for the other."

"And consequently, you infernal vagabond, I shall be benighted in these mountains, and robbed and murdered by your confederates. But, there's one comfort left," and I looked at the double gun and case of pistols beside me, "I shall be able to dose you and three of your gang, at all events."

"Arrah, blessed Virgin! Ye always stood my frind," ejaculated the proprietor of the spavined horse, without paying the slightest attention to my fears or threats. "That *gershagh** will put all right," and he pointed to a miserable-looking girl driving a cow before her, the perfect picture of starvation. "*Callieen bawn!*"† and Mr. Clancy—for so as I afterwards learned, my conductor was denominated—addressed the said *callieen* in, to me, an unknown tongue.

"Oh! *sha—sha!*" was responded—and she pointed to the road that branched to the right.

"'Pon my sowl! the divil a wink's on me, after all," said he of the bad hat, turning a gracious look upon me. "Feaks! I half suspected that was the road myself," and he winked his left eye significantly.

"Half suspected! get on, you scoundrel. By the Lord! if you haven't me safe and sound at the barracks of Ballyraggett before the drum beats *tattoo*, I'll stop half the fare, and have you tried to-morrow as a ribbonman!"

Mr. Clancy made no reply, but he used his whip liberally, and, as Evan dhu Maccombich properly observes, that "a haggis, God bless her, can charge down a hill," there's nothing to prevent an Irish jaunting-car from performing a similar exploit. We went on sportingly for half a mile, when, at the bottom of the descent, some strap or cord of Mr. Clancy's harness snapped—for it was difficult to decide whether in his horse's appointments hemp or leather prevailed—and we came accordingly to a stand-still.

The place where the accident occurred, as it turned out, had singular interest. There a village had lately stood, and, judging from appearances, but a few days had elapsed since the hearths had been extinguished for ever. The timber which had formed the roofs had not as yet been

* Girl.

† Pretty maid.

carried away, and the sods and thatch which had covered it lay in heaps beside the bare walls, as they had been rudely torn down. I saw a side-long scowl directed at the ruins by the driver, and inquired had the hamlet been voluntarily abandoned, or purposely dilapidated. Clancy looked up—

"The bird, sir," he answered, "won't harry her own nest—nor a man tatter down the roof-tree that he was born under. May the black curse of God attend him that did it, and him that ordered it to be done, day and night, sleeping and waking!"

There was a ferocious solemnity in the tone and manner in which the anathema was pronounced, which really made me shudder.

"What means this?"

"It manes," replied the driver, "that this blessed evening, thirteen families are roaming through the wide world without a *traneene** above their heads, because a middleman overbid them ten pound, and wants the land for a breeding farm."

"Can it be possible?" I inquired, with a shudder, "for ten paltry pounds, to turn thirteen families adrift? No, no! Some other cause remains to be explained."

"None," was the reply, and with an emphasis that surprised me. "Well, there's a God over all. We'll hear of something yet." He muttered a few words in Irish which I did not understand, the harness was mended, and the journey was resumed.

Evening had fallen; we were yet five miles from the barrack, and I urged the driver to get on. Considering the appearance of the animal, the nature of the country, and the roughness of the roads, he certainly made an astonishing progress.

Another mile was passed—Clancy remained gloomy and unsociable—for the ruined village appeared to have had a singular effect in depressing a spirit so mercurial. Night was gradually closing, and distant objects were now shut out, when suddenly a bright light gleamed from a hollow hardly a musket-shot off—it grew into a blaze—it scintillated, rose, and fell. Was it some signal fire? The barony was disturbed, and every night agrarian outrages were perpetrated.

"What light is that?" I inquired from the driver.

"Upon my conscience! it puzzles myself, yer honour, to give a guess. It's nather red enough for a still-fire or a lime-kiln, nor does it look like burning heather. And see, there's people about it too!—and *mona-sindiaoul*! I heard the cry of women. Whoop! get along!" and the whip was applied to the jaded horse, while, favoured by falling ground, a few minutes brought us to the spot, and presented a painful scene.

The ruins of a sheeling still wrapped in flames, were surrounded by a man, three women, and children beyond computation. It had been hastily erected against a rock on the roadside, and the slight inflammable roof made of bog-deal and dried bent, was totally consumed, and the turfs, with which the walls were formed, were charred and burning. The wreck of cabin furniture was strewn about, the children making a wild outcry, the women seated, as they term it in Ireland, on their hunkers, swaying themselves to and fro, and uttering a low, monotonous lamentation. The man, with his brow knitted and his arms folded on his breast,

* *Anglice*—a straw.

was gazing on the glowing ruins with a steady and despairing scowl. To the driver's expression of sympathy the women responded; but the man preserved a gloomy silence, and kept his fixed stare turned on the smouldering remains of the wretched hut, which had been his last night's shelter.

"In God's name, what means this?" I exclaimed.

Turning his eyes from the smoking ruins, and for the first time fixing a dark and angry glance on me, "It means," he said, "that on this day week my father's cabin was torn down—and this evening, that the sheeling his son had built to shelter a blind old man, a mother, a wife, and family, is what ye see it now—rubbish and ashes!"

"By Heaven, poor fellow, I feel for you!"

"I thank you, sir—in one's trouble a kindly word is pleasant. • But gazing on these smoking ruins will not shelter the poor children and the old people. Come, women, cease your noise—crying won't roof another cabin. Up and assist me."

"Was it accident by which the hut was burned?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes! some flax, for want of room, was unluckily placed too near the fire, a spark flew out, and caught it. In a moment the hovel was in a blaze, and we had scarce time to drag out the trifling things which you see scattered about, and were all that had escaped the middleman's rapacity."

"Courage, friend, you must rebuild your sheeling."

"'Tis readily said, sir, but rather more troublesome to effect."

"Come—don't be cast down—I'll give you a hand, myself, to-morrow. How far are we from the barracks of Ballyraggett?"

"You are four long miles," was the reply.

"Then night is falling, and it will be dark before we reach our destination. Farewell—God pity and assist you."

As I spoke, I slipped five sovereigns into the peasant's hand, and turned away to mount my vehicle.

"Money and kindness from a Sassenach!" the dark stranger exclaimed, in tones bespeaking surprise and incredulity, as, at the same moment the smouldering embers emitted a bright and transient flame. He glanced at my gift. "Gold, by the light of Heaven! Hold, sir; you have made a mistake."

"None, my friend. I gave you only what I can spare, and you require. Drive on, you scoundrel. If *tattoo's* sounded, you know the penalty."

"Arrah! the devil a scurrick yer honor will pay me the less for all that. Whoop, Bonypart. G'long wid ye, I say. Af there's oats in Ballyraggett, maybe ye won't have yer wicked will of half-a-peck!"

In less than an hour we entered that pleasant town—our advent being duly announced by the barking of curs, and women bolting to the cabin-doors to ascertain who the new arrival might be. As we drove to the barrack-gate, the bugle sounded the retreat, and its call was a signal for Mr. Clancy to make an outpouring of blessings to the Virgin, with a modest eulogy on himself.

"Arrah, captain, jewel, wouldn't ye trust yerself over the wide world with Pat Clancy after this, and let me rowl ye from Skibbereen to the rock of Giberaltar? Amn't I the boy that can make Bonypart step out, and isn't he the baste that can do it too? Isn't it a mortal pity that my mother hadn't more of me?"

"In that opinion I have no doubt the hangman would fully agree."

"Don't mention him, the thief of the world! Feaks, captain, Pat Clancy won't spoil a market if he can help it. Lord's blessens on yer honour—I knew ye would give me a trifle over an' above to drink yer health. May fist and purse never fail you; and bad luck to ye, af I wish it."

With this valedictory supplication, he of the bad hat wheeled round the namesake of Napoleon, and away he went, carolling an Irish song, as I entered the barrack of Ballyraggett.

To my worthy subaltern I detailed the evening's adventures, of which the destruction of the peasant's hut formed the leading incident. Bob Howard was a kind-hearted Englishman, and into the misfortunes of the desolate mountaineers he entered with warmth and interest. We spoke of the melancholy position in which decrepit age and helpless infancy were placed, isolated among dreary mountains, the hearth extinguished, and the hut a ruin.

"By Jove, Harry, we'll build the poor family an abiding place, and house them before to-morrow's sunset. Order an early parade, and after breakfast, we'll take a strong fatigue party out, and, in double quick, up with another 'mud edifice,' as the song goes. Without the blessing of holy church, this great work could not be expected to succeed, and I'll send over the way for the priest, and take him into the number of councillors."

Father Anthony M'Cabe at once responded to the invitation, and tendered his hearty assistance. Over a stoup of inimitable poteenie, the operations of the morrow were arranged. His reverence contracted to supply a sufficiency of implements, and we undertook to find enough hands to use them. We ordered rations to be issued to the men—I added the whole contents of the butcher's shop, a dead wedder to the stock—and the priest made a votive offering to the pious undertaking in the shape of a keg of whiskey.

I have viewed many a continental *fête*, and seen the civic and military authorities strangely combined in the pageant. I have witnessed the Lords of Session opening a highland assizes played into court by the pipers of a Celtic corps, but our expedition from Ballyraggett left both these immeasurably behind. The priest, without sending out the fiery cross, had quietly levied a nondescript collection of tag, rag, and bobtail. As Robinson Crusoe always is depicted as "doubly armed," so each of his reverence's contingent bore on one shoulder a trusty loy,* and, as a counterbalance, carried on the opposite an axe or shovel. That most indispensable appurtenance of war, the commissariat, was conveyed on a country cart; and, seated between the slain sheep and cask of poteenie, were the chief musicians of the village, who, when our bugle ceased, like true Arcadians, in turn, on pipes and fiddle, "discoursed most excellent music."

When we reached the height that domineered the burning sheeling, we observed the family busily employed in clearing the ruins of the hut away, a task which our unexpected appearance suddenly interrupted. The priest had trotted his pony on before the grand cavalcade, and we saw him conversing with the desolate family. That our intentions were charitable, the popping down of the women on their knees assured us

* *Loy*, a one-sided spade.

was perfectly understood; and while the *levy en masse* of Ballyragget proceeded to commence operations at once, we halted on a hillock, piled arms, divided the party into two reliefs, and while one remained in position to protect the munitions of war, the other stripped their stocks and jackets off, and proceeded to assist the pleasant people of Ballyraggett. All were volunteers on the occasion, and the soldiers and the peasantry vied with each other in hurrying the work of humanity on. Next to Aladdin's lamp, four score pairs of willing hands will soon construct an Irish cabin. Ere sunset, "a house, musha, that the priest might live in," was completed; and when the bugle played the party from the scene of their labours, a family houseless at daylight from the cradle to the crutch were covered by a roof; the hearth was lighted again; and that stern, dark man, the father, all desperate a few hours before, raised his eyes to Heaven, and implored blessings on the strangers who had succoured him.

If any proof of the mercurial character of the Irish were required, I had abundantly obtained it. Last evening, the most touching picture of distress that the fancy can imagine was presented to me on the level turf before the smouldering sheeling. Now, all upon that grassy plot was revelry and joy; the pipes and fiddle were plied incessantly; and, when one couple had "danced themselves out," another hopped into the gay arena. The priest's poteenie had been liberally shared by Trojan and Tyrian, soldier and peasant; and when we commenced our homeward march, a thundering cheer and a shower of benedictions followed, until distance shut them from the ear.

That the feelings of the peasantry were not confined to idle and evanescent assurances of gratitude, was amply evidenced next morning. A short time before a peasant had presented himself at the barrack, and offered to enlist. He was a remarkably fine young man, and he was instantly accepted. Piqued at the coquetry of a village girl he was attached to, and believing that he had been supplanted by a rival, he stoutly determined to abandon his false love, and adopt the trade of war. The rash step had scarcely been taken until the lady relented; and unmindful of his vow "to uphold the king's person, crown, and dignity," he listened to the contrition of his mistress, and, as Anthony of old gave up a world for love, Martin Cannavan abandoned his sentry-box outside the gate, leaving his musket, *locum tenens*. He was traced, apprehended, and was being transmitted to head-quarters, under a corporal's guard, to await the pains and penalties of military offending, when his escort was surprised when resting in a sheebecine house—the prisoner rescued—and, worse still, the arms and appointments of the party carried away.

Next morning, soon after the *reveillé* beat, a tap was heard at my door, and the serjeant of the guard entered. He came to announce that, within a few yards of the sentry-box, three stand of arms, in beautiful condition, had been laid, with the whole of the appointments taken from the party that had been surprised and disarmed. On examination, not a cartridge had been removed from the pouches. The *opima spolia* were faithfully returned; and, tied to a trigger-guard, was a short but expressive writing: "Cursed be that man who would not replace the musket in the hand of him who wielded the spade to succour the wretched!"

A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE LORDS STOWELL AND ELDON,

TOGETHER WITH SOME CORRECTIONS, AND ADDITIONS, TO MR. TWISS'S LIFE OF THE LATTER.

PART IV.

Admit that I have more than my share of the king's confidence.

Pitt's Speech in Answer to a Motion against his Ministry, Feb. 20, 1784.

In all families events occur, with which the public can have no concern; and for the communication of which, the world, instead of feeling the gratitude due to a properly placed confidence, merely sets down their first promulgator as devoid of common delicacy and common sense. The biographer of any distinguished personage, as well as those of his family who may supply the materials, will do well, therefore, to keep clear of such revelations as these. But neither the one nor the other has the slightest right to mislead the public by giving narrations which are inaccurate, or even such as are so curtailed and restricted in any particular part of a transaction, as to leave an erroneous impression of the whole. "*Tout ou rien, Monsieur,*" answered a sprightly Frenchwoman, to whom an Englishman offered his second arm, having already a lady on the other: and we will add that her maxim might advantageously be assumed as a guide to biographers in the communication of their anecdotes. When a disclosure is partial or inaccurate, as well as premature, a crime is added to a blunder, a folly is changed into a vice.

In passing through the volumes of Mr. Twiss, we confess that we were somewhat disappointed at finding that the fidelity of memory, in those from whom his information was derived, did not increase in corresponding proportion as the events recorded were of later and later occurrence. But the task of correction is invidious and distasteful; and becomes more so when the narrative is personal and the times are recent. We must be excused, therefore, if, in our concluding chapters, we attempt little beyond a bare outline of the lives of the illustrious lawyers to whom these pages are devoted. On this, however, will be grafted a few of the more interesting of their letters selected from the extensive and valuable correspondence which has come into our hands. Thus our own denuded wintry boughs may, perhaps, be found to possess an adventitious attraction, as disclosing some sprigs of the sacred evergreen of earlier time:

Quale solet silvis brumali frigore viscum
Fronde virere novâ, quod non sua seminat arbos.

The heart of old Mrs. Scott, which towards the close of the eighteenth century had throbbed with all a mother's pride at the successive recitals that her son William had been made judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and her son John a peer and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was saddened, ere the new century commenced, by the death of her son Henry, the letters to whom have hitherto afforded such valuable expositions of the feelings and opinions of his distinguished brothers.

Two brothers only were now left; of whom each was destined shortly to attain additional honours. The elder in March 1801 was elected member for the university of Oxford. With the history of the younger

we shall now proceed; and we shall find Lord Eldon henceforward applying to princes and to cabinets that tact and practical knowledge of the world, which he had early acquired in the courts of common law; where, in the conduct of his profession, he had to weigh conflicting evidence, to estimate opposing probabilities, to dive into hidden motives, to see through the cloud of obscurity in which human interests and passions involve the truth, and then, rejecting what was falsely stated, divining what was insidiously concealed, to apply boldly yet watchfully the results of his penetration and judgment, and to address his statements, his jokes, and his arguments, to the apprehension, the prejudices, the reason, and the various and varying tempers of the jury, and the bench.

In February, 1801, the ministry of Mr. Pitt was succeeded by that of Mr. Addington. As a part of the new arrangement, Lord Eldon exchanged the permanent and comparatively easy office of presiding over the Court of Common Pleas for the precarious and laborious dignity of the Wool Sack. The circumstances of this promotion we shall hereafter discuss.

The peace of Amiens was the most important,* if not the most approved, measure of the new cabinet. Its preliminaries were settled in the following autumn on the responsibility, of course, of the existing ministers; but under the advice and management of the ex-minister Pitt.† Several members of the cabinet were "rather against peace," and amongst these dissentients was, according to Lord Malmesbury,‡ the Lord Chancellor Eldon. If this allegation be true, there seems a difficulty in accounting for the language which the chancellor subsequently adopted; for in an ensuing debate we find him in his place in parliament, not only defending the preliminaries of the peace with the ordinary zeal of a minister, but authoritatively claiming them as his own special progeny. Perhaps he was hurried away by party exigencies or excitement: perhaps his practised sagacity suggested to him that the surest mode to obtain a commanding influence was to assume the appearance of possessing it.

The chancellor stated "He was firmly persuaded that the war had been carried on until it became hopeless to proceed any further. It was undertaken to guard the country against the effect of principles and practices which had been propagated and carried on by persons combined for the purpose of overturning the constitution. With this object in view, the war was attended with success; because those principles no longer existed to any extent that could be attended with danger. *In advising his majesty to make peace* he would perish sooner than he would sacrifice any of the essential interests of the country; but when he said that he must not be understood to vapour in praise of the peace as if it was a very honourable one. *His principal object had been* the attainment of

* When the preliminaries of this peace were beginning to be discussed, Lord Eldon mentioned to a friend that Pitt had said he would support the peace heart and hand. "But," stated his lordship, "Lord Melville is against us, Windham is against us," and then added, with a smile, "and my son John is against us."

With a mind of considerable cultivation, the delicate fabric of which was highly susceptible of the impression of classic grace and beauty, Mr. John Scott, the eldest son of the chancellor, was an enthusiastic admirer of William Windham, whose intellect had full as much of polish as of power; and whose speech, subsequently delivered against this very treaty, deserves to be ranked amongst the most finished specimens of eloquence in the English language. The life of Mr. John Scott was not long granted to the affection of his friends and the idolatry of his parents. He died in December, 1805, at the age of thirty-one years.

† "Lord Malmesbury's Diaries," vol. iv., p. 59.

‡ Idem, p. 60.

a secure and lasting peace, and the former ministers had often declared they had no other object in view.”*

The reader will have observed that the language originally used has not been “*our*,” but “*my* principal object,” and may perhaps consider the tone adopted to be that of a prime minister.

The spread of the democratic spirit of France had, indeed, been checked; but not her ambition for territorial aggrandisement. The peace of Amiens proved little more than an armistice; and England was speedily plunged again in a war with her continental rival. Mr. Addington then found that his government had not vigour for the mighty struggle; and, after having sought the accession of Pitt as his coadjutor, but on terms with which that statesman would not comply, commenced making overtures to some of the Whigs.† Before long the antagonist influences of Pitt and Fox arrived at a portentous conjunction, which might well be deemed to threaten a disastrous and violent dissolution to the ministry of Addington. But, while he was thus beating about for recruits, by means of whom to oppose this formidable confederacy, his official existence was terminated, in May, 1804, in consequence of a secret negotiation between Lord Eldon and Mr. Pitt, to which the king, latterly at any rate, had been a party. Pitt resumed office as prime minister; but he could not prevail on his majesty to admit his new ally, Fox, to his counsels, or on Lord Grenville to join an administration from which Fox was excluded. Lord Eldon continued to hold the Great Seal.

And here, perhaps, we may conveniently allude to a heavy accusation, brought in strong language, against the chancellor.

“Not once, but repeatedly, not in one, but in various forms, Lord Eldon,” according to a writer in the *Law Review*,‡ “would represent his acceptance of the Great Seals as forced upon him, as not according with his own inclination, as only occasioned by a promise which he had given to George IV., when he was raised to the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Now,” adds the reviewer from whom we are quoting, “there is a positive certainty that this cannot be an honest representation of the fact.” The article then proceeds to charge Lord Eldon with availing himself of little more than ordinary expressions of royal favour—such, indeed, in some instances, as had been subsequently used by William IV. to Lord Chancellor Brougham;—to represent that he owed his appointment entirely to George III. in contra-distinction to Mr. Addington, and to establish a “wary and subtle distinction between the king’s chancellor and a premier’s colleague;” § that thus he might, under the plea of his paramount duties in the former capacity, be defended against the accusation of having betrayed the ministry whilst sitting at its council-board—of acting the part of the treacherous ally who opened the gate of the citadel to the enemy, while his comrades slept.

This charge deserves the more notice, because it has been attributed ||

* “Hansard’s Parliamentary History,” vol. xxxvi., p. 171. The speech quoted was made November 3, 1801, in answer to one from Lord Grenville.

† In the early part of 1804, Addington offered the attorney-generalship to Erskine. “Moore’s Life of Sheridan,” vol. ii., p. 323. See also p. 324.

‡ Vol. i., p. 256.

§ Idem, p. 261

|| In a note to the sketch of Lord Eldon in Lord Brougham’s historical sketches (Knight’s weekly volume), his lordship has referred his reader for further information to the article from which we have been quoting; and that, without any disclaimer of its authorship, though he must have known it was attributed to him. We shall be excused then if we treat it as his.

to the pen, hardly less eloquent than the tongue, of "the most eloquent of living men;" and because its presumed author, himself at one time invested with the dignity of chancellor, must have been well aware how great was the treachery and falsehood, how doubly tangled the web of deceit, with weaving which he has accused one, certainly not the least distinguished, of his own predecessors.

It must be admitted that this charge seems, in some parts, not entirely without foundation; but even in these there are circumstances of extenuation which should have, but have not, been stated.

Lord Eldon's repeated assertions, that the office of chancellor was rather shunned than courted by him, that he consented, contrary to his own inclination, to accept it, appears at first not unsupported by probability. His prudent character, his far-sighted intellect might have led him to prefer a permanent situation, for which he was eminently qualified, to one, indeed, of greater emolument, patronage, and dignity, but from which the chances of party warfare, or the death or renewed insanity of the king, would, in all probability, speedily dismiss him to a hopeless banishment in the "cheerless barren regions of opposition." That Lord Eldon's declarations were strictly true, that his ambition was thus modified and restrained, it did not—we confess our simplicity—once enter into our head to question, till, opening the second volume of Mr. Twiss, we found that, after having, during his exclusion from office whilst the ministry of "the talents" were in power, exerted his best efforts to reorganise and invigorate the opposition,* whose victory would restore him to the Wool Sack, he again celebrated his elevation to office, when it actually arrived, in dirges instead of peans; writing to Dr. Ridley, that "the death of his friend Mr. Pitt, the loss of his poor dear John, the anguish of mind in which he ever has been, and ever must be, when that loss occurs to him; these have extinguished all ambition:"† and assuring Dr. Swire, that "the world should not have induced him to take the seal again, if the king's commands had been of such a nature as to leave him any choice."‡ The credibility, then, of both statements, candour compels us to give up; but in assigning a motive for the former of these, we differ from the reviewer to whom we have alluded. As, in the latter case, there seems to have been no important object to be gained by a disingenuous assertion, it is not unreasonable to presume that there was none thought of in the former. The reiterated attempts to represent the highest honours of his life as to him only grievous incumbrances forced upon his reluctant acceptance, were, in all probability, the mere result of that inveterate habit of canting, which, whether originally caught from the example of his old schoolmaster, Dr. Moises, or adopted to acquire admiration or disarm envy, disfigured and degraded a character in which there was much to admire and to love.

From that part of Lord Eldon's statement which refers more immediately to himself, let us now pass to that in which his majesty is most prominent.

The naked fact that the king, on appointing Lord Eldon to the chief-justiceship, did ask him to "promise not to refuse the Great Seal when he might call upon him to accept it,"§ seems to have been admitted by the

* See Lord Eldon's letter to Lord Melville. Twiss, vol. ii., p. 18.

† "Twiss's Eldon," vol. ii., p. 31.

‡ Idem, p. 34.

§ Idem, vol. i., p. 331.

reviewer : but that this was a mere common form of kingly condescension, —the unmeaning persiflage of courtly compliment, which could hardly have been uttered, and could not be narrated, with gravity,—a consideration of the circumstances of the times, including the expectations of Ireland, the intentions of the leaders of both parties, and the conscientious scruples of the king, will afford no ground to support.

We must now throw ourself upon the indulgence of the reader, while we glance at a few facts respecting the conduct of George III., Mr. Pitt, and Lord Eldon, in regard to the "Catholic Question."

His majesty having heard that Lord Fitzwilliam, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was, with the authority of his office, sanctioning the agitation of measures "in favour of the papists" (such is the royal language), wrote on the 7th of May, 1795, to Lord Kenyon, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, to ask his opinion respecting "the question" which he considered "had been so improperly patronised by the lord lieutenant;" and added that he should be glad if the chief justice "would also acquire the sentiments of the attorney-general on that most serious subject."* The attorney-general was then Sir John Scott: but we have not observed that his connexion with this remarkable correspondence has been noticed in any of the biographies of Lord Eldon which have yet appeared.

From Lord Kenyon's answer it is clear that he agreed with the king in considering that the coronation oath was binding upon the conscience of the sovereign in his legislative as well as in his executive capacity; for he said "to overthrow the church establishment, as he (Lord Kenyon) had then stated it, would, as it seemed, militate against the coronation oath, as settled in the statute I., William and Mary, and the act of union (with Scotland) and contravene an essential and fundamental part of the act of union." He added that "though the test act appeared to be a very wise law, and in point of sound policy not to be departed from, yet it seemed that it might be repealed or altered without any breach of the coronation oath, or act of union." And in answer to his majesty's particular inquiry, he declared that, "it would seem that a chancellor would incur great risk by affixing the Great Seal to a bill giving the pope a concurrent ecclesiastical jurisdiction with the king." He stated, too, that "he had conferred with the attorney-general, and believed there was not any difference of opinion between them."

What, then, can be more probable than that the king, seeing the accession of support to his own views to be acquired by placing in the cabinet a chancellor with such pre-ascertained sentiments, should have from that time determined that the attorney-general should eventually succeed to the Great Seal? What more natural than that a king, entertaining such a project, and notoriously persevering in all projects which he had once entertained, should, on raising that attorney-general to a peerage and chief justiceship, dread lest his intended coadjutor, released from his heavier toils, should reject higher but more precarious preferment; and hence seriously extort from him a promise not to disappoint his cherished expectations?

* Correspondence of George III. with Lord Kenyon in 1795, and with Pitt in 1801, on the subject of concessions to the Roman Catholics, published in 1827. It is to be remarked that it is mentioned in Mr. Twiss's work (vol. i., p. 361) that Lord Eldon unsuccessfully attempted to stop the publication of the Pitt correspondence; but we have not there observed any allusion to Lord Eldon's original connexion with the Kenyon one.

And here let us pause to reflect upon a remarkable coincidence. Neither was the repeal of the Test Act effected, nor the Catholic Emancipation Act passed, till Lord Eldon had finally relinquished the Great Seal; but both these measures, which characterised the reign of George IV., were deferred till the chancellorship of his successor, Lord Lyndhurst.

Previously to the passing of the act of union with Ireland, Mr. Pitt had suffered his own desire to be promulgated through that country, that this ministerial measure should be followed by one removing the disabilities from Roman Catholics. His intention also was to substitute for the sacramental test an oath of allegiance to the king and constitution.* Thus would he throughout the empire have admitted all dissenters to the privileges of office; and the adherents of the Church of Rome to parliament, from which they only were now excluded. The priests, too, of the latter, in Ireland, were under conditions, to have received some payment from the national purse.† But when, after the union with Ireland, Mr. Pitt found the mind of the king unalterably prepossessed against his proposals, he, together with several of his friends, withdrew from the administration; and, in February, 1801, Mr. Addington succeeded him at the helm of government. Lord Eldon on this occasion accepted the chancellorship.

In allowing the resignation of Pitt rather than concede to his requirements, the king had made a great sacrifice of his personal feelings to his conscientious opinions. He was now attacked by a feverish disorder; and his mind was for a short time affected. In the early part of March, when somewhat convalescent, his majesty desired one of the Messrs. Willis, his medical attendants, to write or speak to Pitt. "Tell him," said the king, "I am now quite well, quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for who is the cause of my having been ill at all!"

This communication affected Pitt deeply: he immediately wrote an answer "most dutiful, humble, and contrite," in which he promised he would henceforward "give up the Catholic question."‡ Lord Eldon had originally accepted the Great Seal with the approbation§ of Pitt, and appears to have continued with him on friendly intercourse; he therefore, probably, had been all along anxious that the ex-minister should return to a connexion with government, especially since he must have been made acquainted with the concession which he was now willing to make to the wishes of the king. But, with the increasing exigencies of the state, increased the hostility of the former friends, Pitt and Addington. The commencement of 1804 was rendered still more gloomy by the king suffering some return of his old mental malady; whilst at the same time the ministerial ranks in parliament were daily diminished by desertions to the opposition. In this emergency we find the chancellor, unknown to his colleagues, volunteering, on the 20th of March, a communication to Mr. Pitt; on which the latter writes to say he will "put him confidentially in full possession of all the sentiments and opinions by which his conduct will be regulated;"|| and we find the same minister, a little later, becoming a medium of intercourse, through which Mr. Pitt, still in opposition, communicates with the king.

* "Lord Malmesbury's Diaries," vol. iv., p. 1.

† Correspondence of George III., p. 32.

‡ "Diaries of the Earl of Malmesbury," vol. iv., pp. 31, 32.

§ "Twiss's Eldon," vol. ii., p. 17.

|| "Twiss," vol. i., p. 438.

In the extraordinary, and indeed unprecedented, circumstances of the times, the chancellor's conduct will certainly find a justification or an excuse. Mr. Wilberforce, who was intimate with both Pitt and Lord Eldon, and who was aware of the negotiation whilst it was pending, writes, after conversing with Lord Eldon, that "his sentiments and language did him the highest honour."* Acquitting, then, the chancellor, as we are here bound to acquit him, of all base, all interested motives, yet we must admit that, however the debilitated energies of the country might demand that some change should be wrought suddenly, however the tottering mind of the king might require that the change should be wrought quietly, still it would have been more analogous to the ordinary principles and common conduct of gentlemen, if he had himself retired from the ministry, when he considered it too weak to serve the country efficiently, before he entered into a secret negotiation, which might end, as it did end, in its subversion.

And now we will take a passing glance at the newly-returned premier. And we may here state that Pitt had been originally most desirous to avoid the anti-revolutionary war with France,—so much so, indeed, that Lord Eldon has, in private conversation said of him, that in no other matter did he so much question his judgment, as in his unwillingness to enter into it. The great minister shrunk from bringing this country into collision with the unknown but expanding energies of the young republic. Still, there can be no doubt that when war was once adopted, and when again after its temporary cessation it was again rekindled, he applied all the vast resources of his mind to organise Europe against the common aggressor.

In this, Pitt's last and brief administration, his zeal taxed too heavily the powers of his frame. His constitution was prematurely worn out by incessant labour, and his spirit broken by the successive disappointment of all his plans for resistance to France upon the continent. Scarcely had his hopes begun to revive through the glorious victory of Trafalgar, when they were crushed again by the disastrous intelligence of Austerlitz. The blow which seemed fatal to Europe, was fatal to him. He expired on the 2nd of January, 1806.

The coalition ministry of "all the talents" was then formed under Lord Grenville. It comprised Fox as Secretary for Foreign Affairs and leader of the House of Commons; and Erskine,† now created a peer, as

* Letter to Mr. Wilberforce to Lord Muncaster, dated May 1, 1804. "See the "Life of Wilberforce," vol. iii., p. 156.

† When Erskine had received the Great Seal, he, with kind consideration, said to some of the secretaries and official staff of his predecessor, "Keep your places, gentlemen." Dick Wilson, who has already been introduced to the reader (see the September number, p. 214), took him at his word; but Lord Eldon, though he continued to cultivate the intimacy of his old friend, did not, on returning to office, reappoint him to his situation.

William Villiers Surtees, a young barrister and nephew of Lady Eldon, answered a similar offer, on the same occasion, by expressing his thanks, but adding that he had received too much kindness from Lord Eldon to be willing to serve under his successor. With this answer Lord Eldon, when he heard of it, was greatly pleased. In very advanced life the attachment of Lord Eldon to this gentleman became remarkable. He was unwilling to be long separated from him; and could hardly be induced to undertake a considerable journey without his company.

On the first two visits, which, after Lady Eldon's death, he paid to his Durham estates, near Rushyford, he prevailed upon his friend and early *protégé* to accompany him. In the spring of 1834, Mr. W. V. Surtees died; and on the 3rd of July following, Lord Eldon is found, in a letter to a surviving member of his family,

Chancellor. But Fox was soon destined to find, beneath the roof of Westminster Abbey, a quiet resting-place by the recent grave of Pitt. Nor was it long before the king, quarrelling about some suggested concessions to the Roman Catholics, eagerly dismissed the now enfeebled and disunited cabinet.

During the interval just mentioned, which broke Lord Eldon's long tenuro of office, his time appeared to hang heavily upon him. His resources for occupation were limited: literature he had not cultivated since his Oxford days; in composition he was neither practised nor successful; and his political talents, though exerted on this occasion, were always of a kind better suited to the cabinet than to the debate. Through long habit his nature had grown professional; and, as is commonly the case, he loved the pursuits in which he excelled. The form of the ex-chancellor was then often seen to haunt the inns of court, the scenes of his departed glory: and often would he drop in to the chambers of his old friends; and, in the enjoyment of his pleasing conversation, make others as idle as himself.

In the spring of 1807, the Duke of Portland, for the second time premier, took office, accompanied by the Tories, heirs, in most measures, of the policy of Pitt. As members of the duke's administration, Spencer Percival was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards Earl of Liverpool) was Secretary for the Home Department; and under these three personages, as they succeeded each other in the dignity of prime minister, Lord Eldon, who now again resumed the woolsack, continued uninterruptedly, for the space of twenty years, to hold the Great Seal, and to sway the cabinet.

We shall now conclude this chapter by presenting the reader with two letters from Lord Eldon, written during the earlier part of his second chancellorship; and one letter from Lord Stowell, written about the same period.

The first letter, which we are about to quote, requires some little preface. It relates to the duties of the chancellor in dismissing or retaining justices of the peace. The theatre of the contention to which it alludes was the county of Durham. And so great there has been the change in the lapse of between thirty and forty years—the temporal power having passed from the bishop to the lord-lieutenant,—so general the death of the parties connected with the dispute, that, whatever objections of delicacy there may have been to its early publication, it is now scarcely fair to withhold* from the public a document which can be offensive to no one, and which is replete with sound constitutional doctrine.

At a general meeting of the magistrates, held, according to statute,† for the purpose of granting licences to publicans, a licence had been refused to one of the applicants. This refusal was the result of the influence of the Bishop of Durham; nor has it been suggested that the

alluding tenderly to "those whom dear William has left;" and then immediately adding, "The recollections which press upon my Mind, whenever I think of whom I have been deprived, so oppress me, that I hope you will excuse a shorter Letter than it was my Intention to write."

* A small portion of this letter was, in 1840, published by Mr. Taylor, in his memoir of Surtees of Mainsforth, author of the "History of the County of Durham," to the fourth volume of whose work the memoir is prefixed. The quotations will be found at p. 46.

† 2, Geo. II., c. 28, and 26, Geo. II., c. 31.

interference of Dr. Barrington, the Prelate Count-Palatine, was tyrannical or groundless. The publican next preferred his claim at some petty sessions, held at Rushyford, in 1808; and the licence was there granted by two magistrates,* one of whom was a clergyman. They had, however, mistaken and exceeded their powers; for a licence could not be legally conferred at the sessions in which they had assumed to confer it. According to the then existing custom of the palatinate, the commissions of the peace were of annual duration, and renewed each year. And the bishop, being in those days *custos rotulorum*, and, conceiving that this conduct, on the part of the clergyman at any rate, was dictated by a desire to annoy him, took the course of rejecting from the list, which, according to custom, he annually sent up for the approval of the chancellor, the names of the two offending magistrates; and that, without calling the attention of the chancellor to the fact of their rejection. The commission of justices for the following year, being as usual a mere echo of the recommendation, had the same omissions. In 1809, therefore, the county of Durham was in a ferment. The lay magistrates, comprising a local aristocracy ever jealous of episcopal encroachment, declared their independence was undermined. Several gentlemen of consideration voluntarily withdrew from the commission; whilst others approached the bishop with a remonstrance, courteous, yet firm, stating that, "however satisfied they might feel of the purity of his lordship's views, they could not acquiesce under a power which might hereafter be exercised by others with very different intentions."

With an allusion to this remonstrance, Lord Eldon thus commences a letter to Lord Grey:—

" March 30, 1810.

" My Lord,

" Your Lordship having communicated to me an intimation that Mr. Hutchinson and the other magistrate who had addressed the Bishop of Durham, had expressed a wish to know the sentiments which I had stated to the Bishop, I have no difficulty in communicating the precise substance of them, under a full understanding that no such communication as this should be published in print, which I think very objectionable.

" I told the Bishop that what he proposed prospectively accorded very much with my sentiments; that I took it to be quite clear that a person holding the Great Seal was the only person who could expunge the name of a Magistrate from the Commission existing; and, as the Act of that Person is necessary for such a purpose, there never had been, I believe, any doubt or difficulty arising out of such a case; and that when any application is made to the Person holding the Great Seal, to expunge the name of a Magistrate from the Commission, whose conduct has not been otherwise judicially examined, upon that application the Party accused should be heard. I further represented that, where a new Commission of the Peace is proposed, I take the correct course to be, that those, who, from their situation, recommended to the Chancellor, should state specially the names of such Gentlemen, as being Magistrates in former Commission, are proposed to be omitted in the new Commission, and the reasons with reference to which it is thought fit that their names should be omitted. That the Chancellor ought also to afford those Gentlemen an opportunity of being fully heard against the Proposition.

* Mr. Currie and the Rev. Robert Spencer.

I further represented that I was afraid that this attention, so obviously due as a mere act of Justice to Gentlemen who have acted under former commissions, from a practice too lax had not been sufficiently attended to by many whose situations called upon them to recommend persons to be named in new Commissions of the Peace; and that I should not act as candidly and honourably as I ought, if I did not add, that those holding the Great Seal had not been sufficiently anxious to require that this special statement should always be made, or sufficiently careful in examining, when no such special statement is made, whether any names are omitted in the new Commission—that, if I had accurately attended to my own duty, according to the sense of it which I had expressed, the Bishop would perceive that before the Commission complained of was sealed, the circumstance which had occasioned the uneasiness which had led to the correspondence, would have been satisfactorily adjusted. I further added that I was happy in knowing that such a circumstance could not occur again in the County Palatine while the Bishop lived and I held my office; and that as the matter had been matter of great publicity, and the Bishop had my Authority to communicate such my sentiments, I hoped no occurrence of the same kind would happen between the Magistrates of the County and our Successors.

“I have only to add, that by authority to communicate my Sentiments—I meant to communicate them to any of the Magistrates concerned, but not to give them to the public by printing, which I cannot approve.

“I am, my Lord, with much respect,

“Your faithful humble servant,

“ELDON.

“The Right Honourable Earl Grey.”

On the subject of this letter we will now only add that in 1811 the displaced magistrates were restored to the commission by the chancellor.

In the following year the corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne being anxious to adorn the walls of their Guildhall with the portraits of their most distinguished townsmen, requested Sir William Scott and Lord Eldon to sit for their likenesses. The request, as we shall find, was complied with. And there at this day the portraits of these profoundly learned judges, together with that of their gallant schoolfellow Lord Collingwood, form a spectacle well calculated to awake the emulation and stimulate the energy of the native youth.

The reader shall no longer be detained from the answers which the two brothers on this occasion addressed to the Mayor of Newcastle. He will be prepared silently to accompany each writer in turn to his desk. It may be that the paper is filled slowly—that the raised pen is long suspended: but he will pardon the mournful reverie; he will not disturb the moral retrospect. The home of their childhood, their school, the struggle of their youth, and the triumph of their age, the death of friends who had grieved over the one and rejoiced at the other, the vanities and vicissitudes of fleeting life with its unavailing sorrows and its empty joys—all these crowd upon the mind, oppress the heart, and dim perhaps the eye.

(Lord Eldon's Letter.)

“Dear Sir,

“I beg you to be assured, and that you will be pleased to assure the

Aldermen and Common Council, that I am impressed with a very warm Sense of Gratitude for the Mark of Respect and Regard, which is mentioned in your letter of the 13th instant. In complying with the Request contained in it, which I am satisfied is dictated more by their kind Partiality, than by any claim, which I can have to the distinction offered to me, I would willingly indulge the Hope that the Measure, which has been proposed, may occasionally and usefully suggest to the descendants of our Fellow Burgesses that in this great and free Country the industrious Exercise of moderate Talents may, under the blessing of Providence, raise them, before the Close of Life, to those Situations in the State, to which, in the beginning of Life they could hardly aspire, and may ensure to them also the solid Gratification, which flows from receiving in advanced Years Distinction and Honour from that Part of the Community, among whom were passed the days of Infancy and Youth.

“ I am, Dear Sir,

“ Yr obliged and faithful Friend,

“ July 26, 1811.”

“ ELDON.

(*Sir William Scott's Letter.*)

“ My dear Sir,

“ I beg you will take an early opportunity of presenting my sincere Thanks to the Corporate Body, over which you at present preside, for the high and unexpected Honour they have been pleased to confer upon me, in requesting me to sit for my Picture to be placed in the Guildhall in Company with the Pictures of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Colingwood.

“ It cannot but be highly gratifying to me, on every account, to be thought worthy of such a Distinction by the Gentlemen of Newcastle. I received my Education amongst them; and to that Education, under God's good Providence, I owe every thing that can have obtained for me so flattering a Declaration of their Regard. I am happy in feeling that, in their opinion, I have not dishonoured It in the Course of a Life that has passed under some degree of Publick Observation. It is a testimony to my Character, to which I hope my Family will in all future time advert with peculiar Pride and Satisfaction—as conveying the Sentiments of those who have had the best Opportunities of judging upon the general Tenor of my Conduct; It is with real Elevation of Mind that I receive the Result of their favourable Judgment, in their associating me upon such an Occasion with two Individuals who have made a more splendid Use of the same early Advantages in Life, and whose more important Publick Services have united for them the Applause of their Country with the honourable Approbation of their native Town.

“ I beg that you will present my particular Acknowledgments to Mr. Clennel and Mr. Reid.

“ I have the Honour to be, Mr. Mayor, with particular Regard and Respect,

“ Your obliged and faithful humble Servant,

“ WM. SCOTT.

“ Early Court, July 27, 1811.

“ To the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle.”

LITERATURE.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

AT this season of the year, illustrated works appeal to the eye and intellect in every variety of taste and splendour, attesting the progress of art, or reviving in an almost marvellous manner, the fashion of book ornament of the middle ages. Amid such profusion, the perfection of art, the successful embellishment of standard literature, and the combination of the useful with the pleasing, claim precedence, and every year distance more and more the ancient race of competing annuals. A mediocre literature made to illustrate a mediocre art, is not only bad in itself, but is in a similar false position of things, as life imitating sculpture or painting in those most tasteless exhibitions designated *tableaux vivans*.

The union of the highest achievements in art with the most exquisite melodies in the English language, in the illustration of Moore by Maclise, may be considered as the triumph of this season, 1845-6. Next in importance, both as a work of art, and as illustrative of a deservedly popular literature, is the embellishment of Goldsmith's fine thoughts and fancies by the members of the etching club, all names of high distinction. In the "Sacred Gift," the art of engraving is made subservient to the art of painting, and literature to both; while the three combine, at the same time, to the highest of all purposes. The "Rhine Book" illustrates best our idea of the combination of the useful and permanently valuable with the pleasurable, as in a similar manner, the "Oriental Annual" devotes itself to the praiseworthy and instructive illustration of life in the long valley of the Nile.

Distinct in conception and purpose, is the "Rose Garden of Persia," in which the gorgeousness of oriental illustration and perfection of ornamental art, is made subservient to the introduction of a new and musical world of literary composition, while the most sumptuous of almanacks, "the Illuminated Calendar," devotes itself, with unexampled brilliancy and elaborateness of execution, to the illustration of the history of decorative art. A work of a somewhat analogous, but more comprehensive character, is also announced under the title of the "Book of Art."

The "Evenings at Haddon Hall" with their revival of the gorgeous costumes and picturesque incidents of chivalric life, and the appropriate and correctly beautiful illustrations by Cattermole, withdrew itself, by the liberty given to its contributors, and its skilful and tasteful union of art and literature, from the common place of ordinary annuals. Even the "Book of Beauty" has an object, transient as it may be. The "Drawing-room Scrap Book" still remains at the head of the annuals in which an attempt is made to wed the poetry of the moment to newly illustrated subjects, drawn from the legitimate sources of nature and art; but with this exception, the old class of "Keepsakes" and "Forget-Me-Nots" appears to be fast fading away before the combined beauty and purpose of the more recent illustrated works.

With this glance preliminary, we proceed to give some brief notice of such of the above works as we have as yet had an opportunity of examining with loving and curious eye.

The artists who have united to throw their force into the first collected edition of "Goldsmith's Poems" that has hitherto been published,* are Messrs. C. W. Cope, T. Creswick, J. C. Horsley, R. Redgrave, and F. Tayler. Mr. Creswick has taken the plurality of landscapes, beginning with the "weary waste" of the Campagna, which is presented to us in all its desolate vastness, once a theatre of immortal exploits, now a silent valley of death. A cold and formal Italian scene and a very ordinary Swiss vignette, are redeemed by a delightful Dutch creek with its "gliding sail" and a dreamy and exquisite artistic embodying of "creation's mildest charms." The same poem—"The Traveller"—has life and reality thrown into it by the pencil of Mr. Cope in his "Modern Italians," but the "Mirthful maze" looks as if copied from an oak carving. Mr. Redgrave's Miser is a good earnest Scot, not the wretch bowed by premature age and anxiety, who "sighs, for hoards are wanting still;" but the same artist's other contributions to the "Traveller" are most eloquent. 'Tayler's "Struggling Savage" is the crowning effort.

In the "Deserted Village," naturally Creswick has "Sweet Auburn;" and the same pencil has sketched the preacher's modest mansion and the exterior of the ale-house, than which nothing can be more perfectly lovely. Tayler again throws life and animation into the poem by his "Talking Age" and "Whispering Lovers," but far more so by his imploring famine and houseless female, upon which whoever can ponder with contemplative yet unmoistened eye, is not much to be envied. Horsley's death-bed scene is too grateful to affect otherwise than pleasantly, and Cope's schoolmaster, the man "stern to view," is very successful; but we are again compelled to return to Tayler, whose crouching tiger is the very perfection of the repose of strength and swiftness.

Among the number of other illustrations, we may particularly select as happy efforts, Creswick's illustrations of the Hermit, Horsley's Flavia, Tayler's Mrs. Blaize, and the skilful portraiture of the half-drunken admiration of the young beaux in Redgrave's "City Dame." It ought not to be omitted that the engravers, Williams, Thompson, and Green, have carried their art to the highest perfection that it has yet attained.

Mr. Bolton Corney, in his "Biographical Memoir," omits all notice of the statements made by Mr. Douglas Allport, and published in his Collections illustrative of Camberwell, that Goldsmith was really usher in Dr. Milner's school at Peckham, at the period when he is usually supposed to have been at Leyden, or wandering on the continent. "Are we to suppose, therefore, that Mr. Allport's discovery is apocryphal? We think not.

The Gulistan and Bustan, the "land" of roses and the "garden," are combined in a beautiful work of Miss Louisa Costello's,† which, if laid at the feet of Shah or Padi-Shah, would be accepted with exclamations of Kitab al Kutub, "the book of books!" so richly and profusely is it ornamented in the most tasteful and gorgeous style of arabesque illumination. It is, however, written in the English language, and, we believe, does not so much profess to be a new version of Persian poems, as it purports to

* The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., and illustrated by wood engravings, &c. Edited by Bolton Corney, Esq. Longman and Co.

† The Rose Garden of Persia. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 1 vol. Longman and Co.

render them more familiar to the general reader, by moulding them into the genius of our own idiom. There is more merit in this, if we understand the author's claims aright, than appears on the face of the undertaking. The existing translations are scattered through a number of works in different European languages, and often difficult of access; and although we cannot go so far as the fair author, and call the Persian the richest language—a proud distinction belonging, we suspect, to the Arabic—still there can be no doubt that the Persian poetry is as musical and expressive as that of any country.

The Rose Garden of Persia lays open, then, a charming and much neglected field of literature, and brings the "legitimate magic" of the polished Sufis, Iranis, and Tajiks, within the reach of all persons of taste. Miss Louisa Costello hoped and felt that an unlearned hand was best adapted to render existing versions familiar, and she has ably proved the fact, while her intimacy with the spirit of the "Songs of Solomon," has enabled her to place, in a clear and distinct light, the principle of Sufism, aiming perpetually, as an emanation of divinity, after that which is beautiful and good, venerating wine as the symbol of power, and yearning after spiritual love, even under a worldly imagery.

There cannot be the slightest doubt, but that the very beautiful annual expressively called the "Sacred Gift,"* will find many readers to whom subjects of a lighter and less holy character, would not be so acceptable. The experience of past ages has shown, that the chastening influence of religion has ever been propitious to the loftiest and most impressive branches of art. Not as puritanical fastidiousness would have us believe—the adoration of images—but the having recourse to images or pictures for the purpose of concentrating, vivifying, and exalting the faith of worshippers—borrowing from the external world, in fact, types of holiness and sorrow—gave birth to the art of painting; and it was in the cause of religion, that it attained its highest perfection. Those who can truly feel the exquisite beauty and simplicity, and the inexpressible pathos of Veit's "two Marys at the tomb of our Saviour," cannot easily turn to types of a less impressive character. That the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools in the house of mirth, is tangibly and irresistibly placed before us. This is the poetry, as it is also the religion of painting. It is a source of real gratification to find among the contributors to this book of pictured holiness, the names of men of such exalted piety, yet liberal doctrines, as the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, the Rev. R. W. Evans, and many others of equal eloquence and learning.

The "Rhine Book,"† as combining beauty, utility, and cheapness, is our greatest favourite among all competitors. The wood engravings are not so highly-finished, nor so poetical, as some illustrations of the river of castles and legends, that have gone before it; but we like them all the better, there is so much truth and detail in them. These illustrations are positively profuse, and advantage has also been taken of wood-cuts to

* The Sacred Gift: a Series of Meditations upon Scripture Subjects; with twenty finished engravings after celebrated paintings by the Great Masters. Second Series. By the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A. Fisher, Son, and Co.

† The Rhine; its Scenery and Historical and Legendary Associations, By Frederick Knight Hunt. Dedicated by permission to her Majesty. Jeremiah How.

give even remarkable houses and isolated monuments of art; while the utility of the work is further enhanced by plans of the chief towns, by maps, and by all necessary useful information. It is decidedly the most agreeable, as well as thoroughly practical and useful, guide-book that exists for the tourist on the Rhine.

From the Himma-lah's heights and the streets of Canton, to tranquil Baïæ and "Arcadian shades;" from the "mourning o'er Jerusalem," and remote Canute, to "morning prayer" and Sir Edward Codrington; distance of time and place, are annihilated, to be made subservient in the elegant annual, modestly called the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book"* to art and poetry.

A short time back, Chinese scenery was almost limited to a reproduction of cup or tea-chest landscapes—the river at Canton, or the tower at Nankin—now we have all the details of a marriage procession, droll and amusing domestic scenes as in the Chinese eat merchants, or others suggestive of more serious reflections, as in the "Opium Smokers." "A few days of this fearful luxury," says Lord Jocelyn, "when taken to excess, will impart a pallid and haggard look to the features; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot—skeleton." Mrs. Norton illustrates this fearful sight, by a "Song of the Opium Eater," which is, like the drug itself, deceptive, and wants a moral.

"Arcadian Shades," by Beckwith, from a painting by Rubens, in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch, is, undoubtedly, the gem of the work. It is untiring to look at.

"The Voyage of the Bird" would appear, from the illustration, to be the navigation of a frail bark so called, while the poem gives the history of a feathered and alien songster.

There is a portrait of the Lady Adela Villiers, taken when very young, by Sir W. C. Ross, upon which Mrs. Norton queries with considerable feeling and evident personal interest in the young lady's fate.

Wilt thou dwell in peace apart, happy in thy own young heart?
Gentle mother—faithful wife—star of a retired life?
Or will charm and beauty be, things of notoriety;
Like hers, whose haughty pow'r defied, the coming of the royal bride?†
Wilt thou in thy beauty's bloom, learn to rule, yet not presume,
Keeping safe the meeker way, loved and honour'd—who shall say?

Now which of these shall seem to thee, the better worldly paths to be,
Lies folded in the future years, which hold thy joys, thy hopes, and fears.
The good choice lies far off, before thee!

A speaking portrait and correct likeness of Mehemet Ali, introduces us this year to the "Juvenile Scrap-Book."‡ This little annual contains many pleasing engravings, among which we may especially notice, "England's Hope," "Frithelstoke Priory," and "Rich and Poor." The literature is also of a hearty and sound character, and is well adapted to inspire correct feeling, and drive away old prejudices from the minds of the rising generation.

* Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1846. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 4to. Thirty-six Illustrations. Fisher, Son, and Co.

† See the account given of the arrival of Caroline of Brunswick, in the lately published "Letters of the Earl of Malmesbury."

‡ The Juvenile Scrap-Book. By the author of the "Women of England," 1846. 8vo. Sixteen Illustrations. Fisher, Son, and Co.

POMFRET; OR, PUBLIC OPINION AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT.*

THIS is an elaborate novel, but into the object, plan, or plot of which, it is, notwithstanding the key given in the title page, difficult to enter. When we fell into company with easy and unorthodox Cousin Pomfret, and fiery dissentient Parson Tyrwhitt, we fancied that we were at once upon the right scent, and that the laborious struggle between the opinion of one and that of the many, would be evolved in a theological novel of deep interest and learning. But we were quite wrong, and stumbling upon some caricature sketches of the love of cheap pleasure and cheap art, we again thought that we had got into the literary battle ground so long portended; but we were wrong again; and have left off with the conviction, that the transfer made of his affections* by an English gentleman of fortune, from a faultless poor parson's daughter, to a prima donna, who, in the exalted sentiment of private judgment, would carry her lover triumphantly to the ringed apex of the pyramid of romance, or in the commonplace experience of public opinion, swamp him in a very unusual matrimonial gulf; is the real illustration of the position taken.

Apart from this strange exposition of the occasional variance of private and public opinion; we have said that the novel is elaborately written. The characters are not only life like, but are fair sketches of modern society; the descriptions are good, and there is a vein of the deep simple pathos of the old novelists, in the characters of Cousin Pomfret and of the mournful Grace, which contrasts vividly with the more modern instances of the proud, passionate, self-willed, Helena Porzheim, and the gentlemanly scamp and adventurer, Golstein. As to Carew, the hero, he is nobody—a kind of block for wigs—an instrument for others to play upon—an improbable admixture of generous weakness and puling sentimentalism. The illusion of the old novel adapted to the faults and errors of the present times, is prettier sustained by a kind of epistolary and fragmentary style, but not by the incompleteness of detail which is carried even to the conclusion.

ARRAH NEIL.†

AT this distance of time, few facts stand more prominent in the history of the great rebellion, than how easy a matter it was at the commencement of the parliamentary struggle, to cover gross treason, not only to the king but country, with fair pretexts of freedom, or to hide what the puritans called the most carnal self-seeking with the garb of religious zeal, and to give the fairest names to the blackest passions of our nature.

Two other facts, equally remarkable and well worthy of being treasured up by posterity, were, how petty were the events, and how small were really the men, by whom great objects were effected, mean charac-

* Pomfret; or, Public Opinion and Private Judgment. By Henry F. Chorley. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

† Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

ters gaining a reflected sublimity from the vastness of the results obtained; and, lastly, it is not less worthy of philosophic contemplation, that the usurpers raised out of the turmoil into power, were the ambitious and not the patriotic; human selfishness alone ensuring the necessary continuity of effort to command success, and alone discarding those doubts and hesitations which caused high-minded and patriotic men to waver in the path of crime.

No work of historical fiction has yet appeared in which these wholesome truths are so clearly and ably expounded, or in which the contrasted characters and actions of the Malignants and Puritans—Cavaliers and Roundheads—Royalists and Rebels, are so graphically portrayed, as in Mr. James's new novel. Captain Barecolt and Mr. Ezekiel Dry of Longroaken, are undoubtedly extremes of their class, but such inimitable portraits will be at once admitted as embodying the most generally received, and probably the most correct idea, of the men of the times—times full of stirring adventures, chivalrous and perfidious deeds, trials and enterprises, which the great master of moving and active fiction has grappled with, with more than ordinary felicity and with almost unwonted power and vigour. It is James in his happiest moments, such as have heretofore suggested and now again suggest, comparisons between himself and the "Wizard of the North," far from unfavourable to the former.

DUNSTER CASTLE.*

THROUGHOUT the whole range of English history, there is not a more remarkable epoch for the admirers of heroic daring and romantic incident than that of the Civil Wars. Mr. D'Israeli truly remarks in his "Commentaries," that "their local traditions are scattered over the land, and that we may listen to the narrative of many an achievement of chivalric loyalty, whilst on the very spots of their occurrence." The author of "Dunster Castle" has felt this in all the vividness of strong local associations essential to success in a novelist. A pleasant sail in the "*Blossom*," of Minehead, to certain revels to be held at the hamlet of Culbone, also in the British Channel, introduces us to Hugh de Mohun, a *protégé* of Thomas Luttrell of Dunster Castle, and Master Julian Bachell, son of the Master of Ashley Combe and Lord of the Manor, both bound to partake in those English sports, which the canting Puritans would fain have put down "as wicked and abominable, and savouring of prelacy and popery."

The games were interrupted by Master Roger Priver, parliamentary High Bailiff of Dunster, who, with the Reverend Robert Browne, and six men, dressed and armed like their gaunt leader, that is to say, in sort of half military suits of shabby leather, rusty breast-plates, iron caps with leathern thongs, long pikes tipped with steel, close-cropped hair, and sour and morose aspects, called upon the crowd, in the name of the Parliament of England, to abstain from forbidden sports and pastimes. The crowd, however, was unwilling to stop their games, and from fair

* *Dunster Castle: an Historical Romance of the Great Rebellion.* By J. T. Hewlett, M.A., late of Worcester College, Oxford. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

words to foul, and sneers to blows, the stalwart rustics and seamen, despite of the efforts of the two young gentlemen to prevent them, were severely handled; the Puritan priest, with his large, loose, calf-skin boots, enormous-brimmed hat, and great bible, with gigantic clasps, were together committed to the mercies of a brook close by, at the bottom of which he was turned over and over until nigh drowned.

At this moment, but after Master Julian and Hugh de Mohun had been recognised by the Roundheads, the heavy tread, as of a body of horse, was heard coming down the rocky path beside the brook, and in a few minutes Master John Pym, dressed in a horseman's suit of dark gray, with a cloak, falling collar, and large steeple-crowned hat, a huge rapier, called a tuck, at his side, and a large pair of pistols, at his saddle-bow, rode from under the trees, followed by a troop of soldiers, to the number of twenty, and all heavily armed.

It was now a case of *sauf qui peut*, and an escape the more easily effected as, before proceeding to make arrests, Master Pym proceeded in a voice "drawlingly slow," to read the parliamentary order "a long rigmarole, couched in the puritanical and half blasphemous style of the age, against wakes, revels, junketings, church-ales, bride-ales, and such-like ungodly sports." As the impeacher of Buckingham and Mainwaring resolved, however, after dispersing the crowd and securing one or two laggards, to proceed from the scene of the revels to Ashley Combe, to secure Master Julian, and thence to Dunster Castle, with similar amiable intentions towards Hugh, the two young gentlemen warned by the inhabitants of Minehead on their return, repaired for the night to Hones mouth, where a solitary store-house afforded them shelter.

It so happened that Master Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, not to interfere as a loyal sheriff with the revels, had gone the same day to meet his ward, Miss Prudence Everard, at Clevedon, she having just completed her studies, in order to convey her to Dunster Castle. The boat conveying the party was led astray by the light in the store-house, which the master of the cutter mistook for that on the pier of Minehead, and going ashore, the whole party would have been lost, but for the runaway revellers: Hugh de Mohun having the special pleasure of saving the fair young ward.

The return of Master Thomas Luttrell to his castle, and his meeting there with Master Pym and his followers in possession of his castle, and that at a time, when by the loyal gentry these new officers were considered as unlawfully appointed by the parliament, is graphically told. It was with difficulty that bloodshed was avoided in getting rid of the unwelcome visitors, but the loyal inhabitants of Dunster did not let them off so easily, intercepted on their way into the town, each and all, master, bailiff, priest, and troopers, were hurried away, prisoners to the iron mines at the foot of Dunkerry Hill, into which they were turned for the night, and in the darkness of which, Master Pym has a disagreeable visit from the ghost of Strafford. They were, however, liberated the next morning by the loyal gentlemen, Master Luttrell and Master Bachel, whom they had so grievously offended.

Domestic occurrences now come in, to mingle more human interests up with the excitements of an approaching civil warfare. The fair Prudence becomes unfortunately the object of attachment to both Hugh de Mohun and

Julian Bachel, and the latter in his jealousy, taunts Hugh with his unknown origin and supposed ignoble birth. For some time, King Pym, as he was generally called, and his parliament, were too much busied with the Scottish Covenanters to concern themselves with a breach of their authority in an out-of-the-way nook in the west; but during the same interval the parliamentary party were everywhere making progress, and on every heath and common, and in every street and market-place, crowds were to be seen assembled round preachers who were instilling into the ears of their hearers a poisonous belief that our king, yielding to the advice of Laud and the bishops, was about to suppress the reformed religion and re-establish popery in its stead. In proof were adduced some such trifles as have only excited in the present day an increased interest in art and archæology, the restoration of painted windows, or of stone altars, and the use of credences and the surplice in the pulpits.

At length, after several rather tedious chapters of love-sickness, Pym of Cutcombe comes down to his own neighbourhood, and in an affray with the Bachells, the father is slain, and Julian worsted, by the courageous old puritan himself; while Dunster Castle is put in a state of defence by the loyal Colonel Wyndham. At this period of time Hugh is sent to Oxford in company with young Charles "the black boy," who arrives at Dunster Castle *incog*. Julian, taken prisoner by Pym, in a disastrous attack upon the puritan's house, partly from vexation at his rival's successes with Prudence, and partly by a new admiration awakened for the daughter of the parliamentary leader, abandons his king and his cause, and goes over to the Roundheads, or, as the priest expressed it, "the young man had found, and eaten of the true manna of righteousness."

Julian's residence at Oxford is by no means the most amusing portion of the narrative. The antiquarian lore displayed anent all the old buildings, colleges, and chapels of that ancient city, is out of place at such moving times, and we feel glad when the high-spirited young man is enabled by the arrival of the king himself, after the engagement at Edgehill, to doff the cap and gown for helmet and cuirass. He is soon, indeed, engaged in the turmoil of civil war, and after the affair at Wycombe, so successfully assailed by Prince Rupert and his dragoons, the prisoners made at that assault were put under Hugh de Mohun's charge, with orders to conduct them to Oxford at dawn of the following morning. The duty which he had to perform was likely to be attended with danger, as he had to pass between Lord Essex's forces which were quartered at Thame, and another body of the Parliamentarians that were stationed at Watlington.

Conveyed to Oxford, severely wounded in a combat with Julian Bachel, he becomes accidentally acquainted with his mother, a French lady of title and fortune, who is in the suite of the queen; and being after his recovery charged with the safe conveyance of the Duke of York to France, his mother accompanies him, as well as Prudence Everard, to share the broad lands in that country which are his by inheritance. The unfortunate Julian, after repudiating the daughter of Pym, falls at Dunster, in an unsuccessful attempt made to seize the young prince.

Thus, by a curious circle, like the navigation of the Blossom, the tale ends at the pier of Minehead, from whence it started; and we feel certain to have said enough to invite many readers to the perusal of these volumes, indited in a right spirit, and carried through with an easy and graphic diction, that never fails to keep the attention awake, and the interest rivetted to the fate of all its various characters.

THE PRINCE CHARLES STUART.*

WITHOUT wishing to doubt or question the legitimacy of the Prince Charles Stuart, we would be ready to question his claims to be raised to the throne of England. Twice had his ancestors been tried, and twice found to fail. The establishment of a despotism worse than that of a venal court, by a successful and unscrupulous ambition, had brought to the throne the second Charles and James II., the abettors of popery and despotism. A second and more glorious revolution than that of the puritans, established William and Anne by Divine Providence, at the head of these realms, and the operation of the Protestant Act of Settlement, brought in the house of Hanover.

It was then at a late moment, after two revolutions, and a succession of almost three dynasties, to attempt in the reign of George I. to set up the pretensions of the son of the last and most fanatic of the Stuarts. He may have possessed courage, wisdom, and goodness, every practical virtue and every possible merit, his ancestral crimes and turpitudes had forfeited his hereditary claims, and the divine right of legitimacy was for ever swamped with the wreck of Romish servitude. The restoration of the Stuarts was an impossibility in Protestant England.

But the attempt made by Prince Charles to recover the crown still forms an important episode in the history of this country. It contributed in no trifling degree to the present intimate connexion between the two chief divisions of Great Britain, and the biography of such an individual fills up an indispensable want in historical literature. He was a man, his able historian, Mr. Klose, teaches us, endowed by nature with every quality that might have entitled him to a happier lot, he strove with energy and perseverance to attain the goal to which those qualities enabled him to aspire, and his daring efforts carried him within view of the point he aimed at, only to consign him to a fate more painful perhaps than any member of a family, expressly devoted to misfortune,† had ever experienced before.

Mr. Klose truly remarks that almost the whole that is ever looked to in the life of the prince are the military events of 1745 and 1746 ;

* Memoir of Prince Charles Stuart (Count of Albany), commonly called the Young Pretender; with notices of the Rebellion in 1745. By Charles Louis Klose, Esq. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

† Mr. Klose combats with much wisdom an opinion entertained by the most brilliant writers on the Continent, as by Voltaire, Von Raumer, and A. Dumas, the "unhappy destiny" under which the Stuarts lay. He satisfactorily argues that there was no "inexplicable fiat" in that destiny, but an uninterrupted course of errors continued through a series of generations.

whereas his biography exhibits a long life, characterised by the same adventurous spirit which has ever invested the "young chevalier" with the interest of romance.

Born at Rome, on the last day of the year 1720, from the union of the Chevalier St. George (James III.) and the Princess Clementine, daughter of the Prince James Sobieski, more than two hundred persons of high rank, and of both sexes, were present at the birth of the Prince Charles Stuart. As early as in his fourteenth year he was allowed to witness military operations in the war of Charles VI. against the Spaniards, and his conduct at the siege of Gaeta, was marked by extraordinary coolness and intrepidity. Urged on by the exhortations of Scottish Jacobites, and assisted by France, he assembled a small corps off the coast in the spring of 1744, but the first attempt failed by adverse winds. He ultimately landed on the 2nd of August, 1745, off one of the smaller Hebrides, and the transactions that followed, now matters of history, are here presented to us with a completeness and accuracy of detail never before attained. The intrepidity and daring manifested in his advance to Edinburgh, the victory of Preston-pans, the onward and triumphant progress to Derby, present a continuation of glorious and unexampled successes, which were only destined to be marred by divisions of councils and the approach of a superior hostile force, after which all the movements of the rebels assumed a retrograde character.

At length, after the fatal battle of Culloden, came privations, trials, and sufferings, such as few young princes ever underwent, nor did these cease when he gained the continent. It is sufficient to be unsuccessful to be persecuted, and the prince was compelled to pass beyond the frontiers of once friendly France. But from the Forest of Ardennes, whither he had repaired, after a brief residence in Italy, ostensibly to enjoy the sports of the field; he made one more adventurous journey to London, which he left upon the failure of the last Jacobite plot, to return again to Italy.

It appears that the young prince was attached through life to a Miss Walkenshaw, who bore him two children. It was not then likely, that when a *mariage de circonstance* was effected at the age of fifty-two, with the Princess Louisa Stolberg-Gedern, that happiness could follow such an union. It appears, indeed, only to have tended to deprive him in his declining years of domestic consolation. This marriage is, accordingly, soon followed by the account of the last years, and final illness of the prince. The history of his adventures and misfortunes will, however, always be read with interest and sympathy by partizans or otherwise; and the biography by Mr. Klose is so perfect and complete, that it leaves nothing to be desired in further elucidation of that remarkable and most romantic episode in our domestic history, which is for ever associated with his memory.

LA SOUBRETTE.*

WE cannot say that the theme is a pleasant one, but this novel is written in that plain, easy style that indicates the familiar pen, and

* *La Soubrette*; or, the Adventures and Recollections of Theresa Dornay. A Narrative founded on facts. 3 vols. Madden and Malcolm.

wins sympathy and interest far more than more elaborate and ornate literary efforts. Such simplicity is, indeed, the perfection of novel writing, although useless without a quick invention and animated descriptions. Such are supplanted in *La Soubrette* by a truthful and affecting history of a young lady who by family misfortunes is reduced to become a governess in a titled family, but the most penurious, exacting, and unreasonable that can be possibly imagined. From this painful initiation into a governess life, she is relieved for a time by a remove to a palatial home, but icy and formal, which said ice and formality are, however, soon broken through by the young Earl of Beaulieu, who becomes captivated by Theresa's beauty. The orphan governess is in consequence dismissed as a dangerous inmate, at a moment's notice. At every house, intrigues of servants, selfishness of corrupt children, or jealousy of mammas bring new trials, and perpetual changes to one of a persecuted race of beings. Disgusted with a governess's life, Theresa finally takes the place of a soubrette, or lady's maid. Her adventures in such a situation, it would not be fair to anticipate. "All is well that ends well," and so it is with Theresa Dornay, whose fortunes help to fill up a novel of more than ordinary pretensions, and which displays all the tact and ability of a practised and successful pen.

THE IMPOSTOR.*

THE "Impostor" is the son of a poor Italian bookseller, or, as he himself opines, from a club-foot and other singularities, the illegitimate offspring of Byron. His father dying in his low shop in the "oriental moiety" of the English metropolis, bequeaths him two thousand seven hundred pounds, odd, the fruits of his savings. Alfred Milford disdains to enter an inn of law or walk an hospital, or join the "mob of artists," or "scribble food for harsh and careless critics to snarl at in their ignorance," or "strut in gaudy livery, an ill-paid warrior in country quarters;" no, in the "lofty pride of intellectual power," he resolves to be Count Mesmer de Biron, and enters life accordingly.

His first feat is to manœuvre an honourable man out of his house, and then to marry his niece with thirty thousand pounds. • This not sufficing, he gambles, and by means of a *clairvoyant* subject, ruins half the banks on the continent. His subject, a poor friend, being of no further use, he is thrown into the Seine. He next divorces his wife under false pretences and murders a nobleman to gain the hand of a duchess; pending which, he sets up an harim at Willsdown, of which he becomes the lord and master. He rids himself of a certain Cashall, whom he had previously robbed, by the Bibliophil Jacob's *poudre de succession*, blows up his own house, and ultimately dies by the hand of his natural son, as the "Red King" of the Indians.

In order that nothing shall be left for the imagination, this romance of romances is illustrated by physiognomical and phrenological developments of all its leading characters, and it advocates the latter science, the Water

* The Impostor; or, Born without a Conscience. By the Author of Anti-Coningsby. Phrenologically Illustrated in 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

Cure, and Mesmerism ; but disavows being “materialist, organisationist, or cerebrationist.” The author also professes to belong to the male sex. “Shall I,” she says, “who am a man—shall I, then, be silent?” We say *she*, for the internal evidence is too strong for even an assertion to the contrary, to satisfy our minds. One proof will suffice; the reviewer in “*Fraser's Magazine*,” of a work by the same author, ventured to say with some circumlocution, “Go, woman, and sin no more.” None but a woman would have conceived that there was any thing “vulgar and foully malignant” in this sentence, or have thought of reminding the reader, to whom it was originally applied. The only thing that startles us is the claim the author makes of having examined embryo fœtuses and brains at the museum of the King's College, to test the theories contained in the “*Vestiges of Creation*.” This would argue a profound skill in anatomical investigation which few possess, and is scarcely to be expected in a lady.

The author, so exceedingly spiteful against ignorant critics, enters the jousts herself with unlimited self-confidence. Mrs. Gore is an impudent imitator (vol. i., p. 180); Dumas, “a fool” (vol. iii., p. 218); Ainsworth and Dickens, vulgar; D'Israeli, a buffoon, and Young England barbarous, despotic, and papistical. “Remember,” says the author, “Youth of England, that these are the words of one who really and practically belongs to *the new generation*.” *Transcendently so*, we say.

ITALY.*

WE take blame to ourselves for not having hitherto noticed a work by M. Mariotti, now published some time back, on that “weary land, which lies in a southern clime; amidst the silent waves of a tideless sea,” and which is calculated to take its place by the side of the best works illustrative of that remarkable country. The middle ages are viewed in reference to the races of people that may be said to have sprung out of the barbaric invasions, to the political, religious, and moral elements of social order; and to the sources and elements of the revival of learning. The epoch of the Italian Republics, again is viewed, as illustrated by the genius of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The fall of Italian liberty, and the establishment of Italian principalities, as bringing with it the revival of classical literature, but also as the age of Ariosto, Tasso, and of the rise of science and art. Recent times, leads to more difficult, and if possible, still more interesting themes, discussed by M. Mariotti, with an ardent and generous love for the welfare of his country. The objects, indeed, embraced by this eloquent work, are of a vast and most comprehensive nature, and the author has accomplished his task ably and well.

* Italy: General Views of its History and Literature in reference to its Present State. By L. Mariotti.

WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.*

THE genius of the author of "the Purgatory of Suicides" has devoted itself in these two volumes to the further delineation of the struggles and sufferings of the poorer classes. The cause of humanity is well served by such graphic appeals to sympathy, and would be still more so, if those who are not actually or outwardly suffering, were not almost uniformly represented as heartless. This is a mistake, which we suppose it would be as difficult to eradicate from Mr. Cooper and those of his school, as it would be to satisfy the English gentleman that moral, social, or political revolutions and regenerations, are absolutely necessary to better the condition of the poorer classes. Nothing can be more *ogre*gious. Moral and political wisdom must keep the lever to the task, however it may be surrounded with difficulties; the wisdom of contentment and religious fortitude can alone do the rest. Mr. Cooper advocates, however, an acquiescence in the slow development of what will and ought to be, rather than encourage that impatience which impedes the work it would hasten, embitters suffering, and ruins individuals, thus affecting society at large. The work is dedicated to Douglas Jerrold, as a brother toiling "to aid the *right*!" God forbid that any wise man, whose pen, like his heart, is with God and his country, should knowingly toil for the unjust or the oppressor.

THE O'DONOGHUE.†

ANOTHER of those racy, and spirit-stirring, tales, from the inimitable pen of Charles Lever, in which, as usual, it is impossible to say, whether fun or pathos most predominates, or whether the interest of the story, or the high and humane purposes of the author, stand most prominent. Mr. Lever's animal spirits appear never to flag. We have the same rapid succession of adventures as in his best productions, with the Lever and Lover-like sense and appreciation of the national proneness to blundering, which is so perpetually leading to the strangest possible dilemmas, droll situations, and farcical scrapes. The O'Donoghue is as profusely illustrated as it is redolent with entertainment, and it will be welcomed by a large class of readers to their winter firesides, as a pleasurable resource, for which they really owe a debt of gratitude to the ever-toiling author.

PAULA MONTI.‡

THE claims of literature and art are so nicely balanced in this work, that we scarcely know in what point of view to bring it most prominently

* *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*. By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. 2 vols. Jeremiah How. London.

† *The O'Donoghue; a Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago*. By Charles Lever, Esq. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. W. Curry, jun., and Co., Dublin.

‡ *Paula Monti; or, the Hotel Lambert*. By Eugene Sue. From the French. With Twenty Engravings, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from Designs by Jules David. Chapman and Hall,

forward, as a new translation from the most popular of French authors, or as an illustrated work, a moral, or present-book, for the season. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the interest of the story, but it was a novel feature to combine at once the acknowledged power possessed by French artists in drawing, and the accuracy which a native would be sure to give to national manners and costume, with that perfection of engraving which is only to be found in our own country. These advantages, thus combined by the spirited publishers of "*Paula Monti*," render that work as remarkable in an artistic point of view, as it is a literary; and introduces France to the English reader, with the same beauty and skill, and perfect drawing, by which our own national manners have been illustrated by Cruikshank or Browne.

GITHA OF THE FOREST.*

THIS might almost be termed an Ossianic romance, so dark and dreamy is every thing connected with the remote epoch of the Danish invasions. The Archæologist can with difficulty, by his disinterred objects of art, lend life to times enveloped in the dim obscurity of semi-barbarity, and the history of the sea-kings handed down in the chronicles of the Ice-lander, failed to give accurate notions of the social condition of the islanders at that epoch of human sacrifices made at the altar of religion as well as that of war. Whether the roving fancy of the author of "*Githa*" has correctly embodied the idea of that period, we can scarcely venture to say; but she has certainly portrayed with much power of invention, the scenes and positions, which we can suppose to have belonged to such an era, and the feelings and passions by which we can imagine such persons to have been actuated. The result is a romance belonging to a peculiar and almost bygone school, but crowded with startling and almost supernatural events, told with skill, and narrated in a rapid and vigorous manner.

THE WEST INDIES.†

THIS is a very simple and unaffected, and yet detailed and satisfactory account of the West Indian Islands. If there is no descriptive ambition, nor strong political bias, there is an honest, straightforwardness, and gentlemanly forbearance, which is far more pleasing and gratifying. Trinidad and its bitumen lake, is described at length, and speaking of the industrious classes, the gallant colonel says: "How greatly superior are the advantages of the poor here, with their liberal wages, comfortable cottages, provision grounds, climate, &c., to those of the corresponding working classes throughout Europe!" Martinique with its deep ravine on one side, and precipitous mountains on the other, like a picture in a frame, follows; after which, the splendid Grenada; Tortola, an island

* *Githa of the Forest*. By the Author of "*Lord Dacre of Gilsland*," "*Ronde-hurst*," &c. 3 vols. E. Churton.

† *Sixteen Years in the West Indies* By Lieut.-Colonel Capadore. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

of mountains ; Santa Cruz ; Nevis, like its mountain namesake ; Antigua, with its prettiest of harbours ; mountainous Dominica ; temperate Barbados (a redundant "e" being very properly clipt off) ; lovely St. Christopher ; St. Vincents and its Volcano ; frowning St. Lucia ; the unfortunate Guadeloupe : Tobago, disliked by soldiers ; Guiana and Venezuela ; all come in for a share in the account of a prolonged residence, and industrious wanderings, amidst these rocky but fertile islands. The tale of a Father-in-law and his dowry of ten thousand dollars, or a pond with as many fish ; and that of the Crupper, with its Oriental apologue, are amusing, had we space for them. The author attests everywhere, that the islands are prosperous under the new state of things, and that if the produce is not equal to what it was, it is on account of the lowness of wages.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.*

A CRITICALLY humorous notion forces itself upon us on seeing how much care and luxury has been bestowed in rendering knowledge palatable in this gorgeous tome, that the British and Foreign Institute is to the aristocratic classes, what the Mechanics' Institutes are to the industrious. Lord Brougham and Mr. Buckingham have both toiled earnestly and assiduously in the cause of the diffusion of knowledge, as well as in bettering the moral and intellectual condition of the lower orders, and it is certainly an equally creditable undertaking to look to the true interests of the higher, and teach them that those interests do not lie in keeping the people in ignorance, but in placing themselves as much above them in knowledge, learning, and morality, as they are in the accidental circumstances of rank and riches.

To do this, however, some circumlocution, a certain persuasiveness, and many little resources of a facile literature and an ingenious art, are necessary. The British and Foreign Institute boasts of many comforts and pleasing appliances for the physical as well as the intellectual man. The senses are appealed to at its *soirées* by music of the highest order, and the sister art of painting lends its attraction. A Delhi Nabob, Kashmir prince, or Russian admiral, is promenaded as a tame lion, while model specimens of art and science, and objects of *vertu* dragged from some curiosity shop, are profusely scattered about. Such slight and most excusable adjuncts render the discourses of Mr. Buckingham, Mr. Jones, M. de Vericourt, or Signor Mariotti, the more acceptable, and prepare the mind for the learned expositions of Professor Grant, Dr. Camps, Dr. Lankester, and Mr. Partington. Now and then a little discussion for and against tea-totalism—not temperance, for upon that subject, there can be only one opinion—affords a diversity, or a New Zealand youth is exhibited by the side of a model, so accurate, that many are stated to have been deceived as to which was the youth and which the model. There are hopes, that from the seed now sown a pleasant fruit will be gathered, and heartily do we wish every possible success to an institution, the objects of which are as praiseworthy as they are deserving of patronage and encouragement. The volume devoted to the

* Transactions of the British and Foreign Institute. 4to. Fisher and Son.
Dec.—VOL. LXXV.. NO. CCC.

reports of these various evening meetings, conversations, discussions, and lectures, is as elegant as it is entertaining, and reflects greatly upon the taste and judgment of the director, whose courtesy and amiability is so highly estimated by all who have the pleasure of his personal acquaintance.

GUICCIARDINI'S MAXIMS.*

THE maxims of the worthy old Florentine, a contemporary and follower of the renowned Macchiavelli, are presented to us in the dress of the middle ages. The maxims themselves are amusing in their quaintness, and possess much shrewdness and worldly experience, if not high philosophical attainments, and the manner in which they are now presented to the public, would appear to give them a certain weight and importance. Guicciardini, however, except his sly hits at the power of the Medici, took little part in the great movement of the age in which he lived, that of the emancipation from the scholastic philosophy, from authority in matters of judgment, and from the religious yoke so long imposed upon the world. The passage given by the translator from Bacon, "chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands," is not only not a parallel to any thing in Guicciardini, but is an age in advance of his philosophy.

MR. HALLIWELL'S CASE.†

THE whisperers away of a man's reputation, are by no means a small class in this scandal-loving community of ours. The tyrannical oppressors of the young and the weak, are fewer in number, but by no means unknown, especially among public societies and institutions, where the blame can be transferred from one iron conscience to another, still more callous to self-reproach. The case of Mr. Halliwell is of so flagrant a character, as to have justly roused one loud and irresistible cry of indignation. The great men—the oppressors—appear, however, to have been instigated by a prime mover in this nefarious proceeding, if we understand the first and second pages of this statement aright. It behoves them then to stand by, and substantiate their acts of overt oppression, as necessary acts of justice; or to denounce the subtle and satanic agency, by which it has been so foully and malignantly attempted to blight the prospects and to crush the reputation of one of the most promising, amiable, and rising young men of the present day.

CONFESSIONS OF A WATER-PATIENT.‡

THIS is a reprint of a letter, which appeared in a late number of the

* The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini. Translated by Emma Martin. With parallel passages from the works of Machiavelli, Lord Bacon, Pascal, Rochefoucault, Montesquieu, Burke, Talleyrand, Guizot, and others.

† Statements in answer to reports which have been spread abroad against Mr. James Orchard Halliwell.

‡ Confessions of a Water-Patient, in a letter to W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.,

"New Monthly Magazine," and which excited a profound interest from its very remarkable exposition of the advantages to be obtained by the novel system of water-treatment of disease.

THE BRITTANY REVIEW.*

THIS review, published in the ancient and brotherly territory of Bretagne, is remarkable for its Anglican partialities. The number now before us contains three articles translated from the English, besides the commencement of the "Revelations of London," which is to be continued in subsequent numbers.

"Cet ouvrage fantastico-sérieux," says the editor, "du à la plume célèbre de M. Harrison Ainsworth, a obtenu à Londres un succès de vogue, qui ne peut se comparer qu'à celui des 'Mystères de Paris' chez nous. Même puissance d'imagination, même force dans les caractères, même intérêt prolongé. Ce roman, dont les divers chapitres paraissent mensuellement dans le 'New Monthly Magazine,' est encore en voie de publication. Nous pensons que nos abonnés nous saurons gré de les faire jouir d'une œuvre aussi remarquable, que nous continuerons sans interruption."

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE regret not having been able to afford space for the notice of several works more adequate to their merits. This is particularly the case with the "Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic," a work in which a portion of the western coast of Ireland, that exceeds any thing in the British Isles, in beauty, variety, and grandeur of scenery, is faithfully and amusingly described. Also in the case of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, who have favoured us with two volumes of their library of choice reading, which come most unquestionably under that denomination. The first volume is devoted to tales from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, a remarkable man, whose autobiography has also been lately published in this country. —We have not read, since the days of Swift, a more pointed tale than the "Fool of the Nineteenth Century;" nor one in which satire was more skilfully masked in adventure than in the "New Year's Eve." The second, under the title of "The Wigwam and the Cabin," contains seven different spirit-stirring tales, illustrative of border history in the southern states. The life of the planter, the squatter, the Indian, and the negro, of the bold and hardy pioneer, and of the vigorous yeoman, are given with a truthfulness that leaves the namby-pamby imitations, extolled as Cooper-like in this country, far, far, in the back-ground.—Burn's excellent little "Fireside Library," prospers in every respect. It has an immense advantage over competitors, in having first given the inimitable stories of Hauff, Chamisso, Woltmann, and Musæus, in a form which

Editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Henry Colburn.

* La Revue Bretonne et Etrangère. Quatrième année Nouvelle Serie. Tome I. No. I.

places them within the reach of all readers. Imagine Peter Schlemihl for sixpence! Under the title of "Notes of the Wandering Jew; on the Jesuits and their Opponents," an anonymous but able member of the Society of Jesus, has also placed within the reach of a British public; the best and most succinct account that has been hitherto published on the origin, history, objects, and character, of that eminently pious, and learned body, who might be designated as the Pope's life guards. It is impossible to read such a book without deriving benefit from it, and learning to respect the followers of the Knight of Pampeluna, although we do not consider their principles favourable to the religious liberty of the subject.—Apropos of moderate-priced books. The cheapest book published in modern times is "How's Manual of Heraldry." It contains four hundred engravings, illustrative of that interesting subject, for four shillings, and it is the best introduction to the science extant.—Dr. Forbes continues his critical and able inquiries into the hysterical character of mesmerism, and the illusions of clairvoyance, in additional illustrations, published by Mr. Churchill.—The admirers of Robert Browning's poetry, and they are now very numerous, will be glad to hear of the issue by Mr. Moxon, of a seventh series of the renowned bells and delicious pomegranates, under the title of "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics."—The Rev. Henry Christmas has published a pamphlet, open to much discussion, on capital punishments being, *in toto*, unnecessary in a Christian state, and unsanctioned by the Gospel.—Messrs. J. and W. Boone have published among the works which cannot but be considered as very appropriate to the present condition of the Church of England, a cheap reprint of Conyers Middleton on the "Primitive Fathers," combined with short letters against Calvinism, Romanism, &c.; and recommending a revision of our articles, liturgy, &c.; very much after the manner of Ronge, in his effort to produce a *primary* reformation in Germany; also a reprint of "Bishop Newton on Revelation," urging a movement in the Protestant line, and not in that indicated by the Tractarians, which is a return in a great measure to the Church of Rome.—A most worthy man, driven by political persecution from his own land and property, Guido Sorelli, now a professor of languages, and much deserving of a kind patronage, has published a useful little volume, called "The Student's Help to the English, French, and Italian Languages."* We wish any notice of ours could benefit his prospects.—We would also call attention to the journal of the British Archaeological Society, as one of the best conducted, most amusing, instructive, and profusely illustrated periodicals of the day.†—Mr. Adshead has published an able work called "Prisons and Prisoners"‡ to establish a difference which has been frequently neglected by writers upon the same subject, between the separate and the solitary systems, in the one the prisoner being only separated from the evil society of his fellow prisoners, while in the solitary system, the prisoner is secluded from all human society. This is an important distinction, the one being a humanizing and reforming system, the other only calculated to reduce human beings to the condition of the brute.

* Hatchard & Son, 187, Piccadilly, and J. Nesbet, & Co., Berner's-street.

† Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden.

‡ Longman & Co.

